CHAPTER I
Home and Family

My Uncle George had just read Paradise Lost when I first made my debut here on these low grounds of sorrow and disappointment, and he was so enamored with it he insisted on naming me Milton. My father, whose only reading was the Bible, compromised by prefixing the name of "Moses." Possibly the name of these two great authors are responsible for this page. It is lucky for yours truly that in these days of big claims for damages that neither of these great authors were alive to start suit. (The Holton Recorder, September 8, 1927.)

There may have not been as much politics to the square foot back in the 40's as there is now, but what little we had was of pretty much the same kind and character as that which now afflicts the county. Then they had no populists, but they had "Barnburners." They did not have third party prohibitionists, but they had "anti-Masons" and "Morgan Killers." Instead of calamity howlers they had "Locofocos," and the tariff reformers of the time howled for "free trade and sailor's rights." There were no green backers, but plenty of "hard money Democrats." The relations of gold and silver were reverse of what it is today. Then silver was the scarce metal, and not infrequently it commanded a premium over gold.

The first political campaign in which I "took an active part" was that of 1840. I do not remember much about it, as I had been a resident of this country a little less than two years. This short residence, however, did not make me backward about asserting my political convections. I have been credibly informed that the first connected sentence I learned to utter was "Hurrah for Tip and Tyler, too." So it will be seen that I was a Whig of the strictest type. Although, as I have said, I do not remember much about the "log cabin and hard cider campaign" of 1840, I do remember that there were numerous large gatherings or rallies, and that work was largely suspended and farmers would go for miles and take the whole family to hear the speaking and enjoy the excitement. The Democrats raised tall hickory poles, on which a possum would be perched, and the Whigs would then overtop their adversaries with an ash pole on which would be seen the emblematic 'coon. The hickory was in honor of "Old Hickory," the Democratic idol, and the ash of Henry Clay, whose home was at Ashland, Kentucky.

The first political speech of which I have any recollection was made by Caleb B. Smith, at Centerville. The crowd was so dense and I was so small that my father held me in his arms so I could hear and see and not be crushed. The only features of the address that impressed themselves on my mind sufficiently to be retained until to-day was a peculiar lisp of the speaker and the frequent repetition of the words "Rio Grande." I suppose the address must have been largely on the subject of our trouble with Mexico. I can remember yet some of the campaign songs with which the people were enthused, and I declare that they were just as silly and senseless as the same class of literature in later years. The Democrats had advertised a "grand rally" at a little town in the neighborhood, at which great speakers were announced in immense wood type on the bills. The day came, and at the same time the fall equinox storm, and it rained all day and the democrats were sadly disappointed and the Whigs were correspondently happy. A local genus of the Whig persuasion in our neighborhood, who, like Silas Wegg, sometimes "dropped into poetry," or what he imaged was poetry, composed a long song on this democratic calamity, the only part of which I remember was the refrain at the end of each verse:

"And the rain it made their chances flat
As polk root juice and 'possom fat."

The "polk root" referred to the Democratic standard bearer, James K. Polk.

News in those days did not fly over the railroads and flash over electric wires, but came lumbering across mountains, rivers and plains in stage coaches and on horseback, and it was only a few short hours after an election before the result was known. I remember very distinctly when the news came to our neighborhood that Polk was elected and Clay defeated and what a cloud of gloom and despondency seemed to enshroud the Whigs. I have a distinct recollection of somehow realizing that a great and overwhelming calamity had overtaken the country and that there was henceforth little in this world worth living for. Henry Clay was the idol of the Whigs. They almost worshiped him. I doubt if there has ever lived in this country before or since a man as popular with the rank and file of his party. James G. Blaine probably approached the nearest to the Clay standard in this respect. When the news of his defeat came to his enthusiastic followers, those of course who did not understand the inside workings of political campaigns were stunned. They could not realize it, and it was weeks before many could be made to believe the, to them, terrible fact. To the surprise of many the country did not go smash, as had been predicted, and as they had confidently expected. But the Mexican war resulted, and soon patriotism

triumphed over partisan feeling and the sympathies of the masses soon veered to the side on which our armies, led by the brave generals, Taylor and Scott, battled, although sentiment was greatly divided as to the principles and causes which led to the war. (The Holton Recorder, March 8, 1894.)

It was nearly a hundred years ago, in the campaign of 1840, that the Whigs rejoiced over the Maine election in a rhyme which has been repeated in some form ever since. The Whig candidate for governor was named Kent, the Whig candidates for president and vice president were Harrison, whom they called "Tippecanoe", and Tyler. This was the word sent out by the Whigs the day after the Maine election.

Have you heard the news from Maine?
Maine is loyal, Maine is true,
Hell bent
For Governor Kent
And Tippecanoe and Tyler too! - Hutchison news.

That was the first campaign I ever took interest in. I was nearly two years old and was learning how to talk.

My folks were ardent Whigs and the first sentence that they taught me to say was "Rah for Tippecanoe and Tyler too." They informed me later that I insisted on shortening it up to "Rah for Tip and Tyler too."

General William Henry Harrison commanded the army that defeated the Indians at the decisive battle of Tippecanoe near the seat of the city of Lafayette, Indiana, which ended the Indian War in what was then called the Northwest Territory.

President Harrison died soon after being elected, and Tyler became president. Tyler was a Virginian. He won the reputation of being something of a traitor to his party, and was the cause of the beginning of the disintegration and final disappearance from the map of the Whig party. (The Holton Recorder, September 13, 1928.)

How many readers of the Recorder remember when Daniel Webster and Henry Clay were the leading statesmen and most eloquent orators in this country? They both belonged to the Whig party. John C. Calhoun at that time was the leading Democrat. I remember of hearing Henry Clay make a speech in 1843 or 1844 at Cambridge City, Indiana. I do not remember much about the speech, as I was only six years old. (The Holton Recorder, June 7, 1928.)

The crowds that have attended the notification ceremonies of Hoover and Smith recall the nomination of Clay and Polk in 1844. I can remember the excitement of that occasion, though only in the sixth year of my age. Then there were no railroads to speak of and no telegraph wires. Anything like radiola for carrying news had not been even dreamed of. My parents and all my relatives were ardent Whigs and they almost worshiped Henry Clay. I remember how disappointed and sad they all were when it was finally ascertained that Polk was elected. (The Holton Recorder, August 30, 1928.)

The next political contest, in 1846, was peculiar. The Democratic administration had brought on the war, and carried it to successful termination. The country Whigs, as well as Democrats, were proud of the success of our armies and proud of the result. It would certainly seem under these circumstances that the Democratic party had extraordinary chances of success, and ought to win hands down. But they made a complete and conspicuous failure. Looking at the matter from my present standpoint, the causes of their overwhelming defeat seems to be that the Whigs out managed them and stole from them the glory of victory to which they were clearly entitled. This was done by the Whig nomination of Gen. Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready" as he was first affectionately called by his solders, and afterward by everyone. The Democrats nominated Lewis Cass, an old politician, who, in the then state of the public mind, stood no chance with the hero of Buna Vista. There were many other causes that entered into the contest to which I have no time to refer, except the principal one, namely, that then, as now, the incapacity of the Democratic party to successfully conduct the affairs of government when they had full control had been so clearly demonstrated under the administration of Van Buren and Polk that the object lesson could not fall of its legitimate effect. (The Holton Recorder, March 8, 1894.)

When I was about seven years old I indulged in my first show. I think it was Forepaw's Menagerie that came to Centreville six miles from where my father lived. My brother six years older and I had enjoyed the promise of a holiday for several weeks and in some way we had saved up pennies and five cent pieces until we had enough to pay our way in.

We lived close to a church of which my father and mother were strict and devoted members. As bad luck

would have it a sermon by a noted minister was advertised at eleven o'clock on the day of the show and the only condition under which we could go to the show was to first attend the meeting at the church.

I do not remember the text or anything the preacher said. My readers most of whom have been seven some time in the past, can imagine the interest I took in that sermon by that noted preacher. Mother favored us and hurried up dinner as soon as possible after the sermon which was an hour and half long and we had about forty minutes to go the six miles, both of us on one farm horse. I remember my father noticing my impatience became facetious and remarked that I should not worry and the main feature of the show could not go off until I got there. Isn't it a little strange how we remember the small details of unimportant things that happened so many years ago and how we are prone to forget important facts of last year? Well we got there on time, thanks to the speed (?) and vitality of "Old Bill" and I had the time of my life. I have attended many shows since ranging from Uncle Tom's Cabin to Grand Opera by Lillian Nordica's Company, but I am sure I have never enjoyed one so well as I did that Menagerie. (The Holton Recorder, July 7, 1910.)

During the crash that followed as the result of Democratic misgovernment from 1838 to 1841, my father, who had purchased a farm partly on credit, lost all his property and found himself in debt several hundred dollars, and we were compelled to give up our home and become renters. The years following, until I was twelve or thirteen years old, were years of hard work and self-denial in our family. The constable, was a frequent though unwelcome visitor, and gave us great trouble. The law then allowed a family only $100 worth of property exempt from execution for debt, and it will be readily seen that a cruel creditor had a poor man with a large family at his mercy, and creditors were no more lenient, as a rule, than now. To illustrate some of the straits to which poor people were sometimes reduced, I will relate a single incident out of many. My father had been sued for ten dollars, and the constable was about to levy on the only cow we had that was giving milk; and in this emergency my father went to his landlord, a wealthy farmer to get help. He stated the case and managed to excite the sympathy of the rich man, who, after much hesitation, offered to let him have ten dollars on the condition he would work for him in hay and corn harvest twenty-six days, a "dry month" and board himself. Ordinary wages then were fifty cents a day, the laborer to eat his breakfast and supper at home and his dinner with his employers. Of course my father had to accept the hard terms, and about the first "working out" for wages I ever did was to assist my brother to "make a hand" in payment of that ten dollar debt.

One of the great industries of our neighborhood was raising and feeding hogs for market. In the early winter buyers would come around, purchase the hogs and drive them in huge droves sixty miles to Cincinnati to market. My recollection is that the prices paid ranged from $1.25 to $2.25 per hundred. Well grown up boys and young men were employed to drive the hogs, and I can remember what heroes the lucky one were considered when they came home and related the wonderful adventures in the city and on their journey. I think the height of my ambition was to be large enough to be employed to drive hogs to Cincinnati, but my aspirations were doomed to disappointment, as before the happy time arrived the White Water canal was built from our county to the metropolis, and transportation was cheaper than driving.

Notwithstanding this, the hue and cry of the present for more currency, those living now can have no conception of the great scarcity of money from 1840 to 1855. Take a family of to-day in ordinary circumstances and I believe it no exaggeration to say that the boys and girls over fourteen each handled and spent as much money in the course of a year as did some whole families during the period alluded to. There is no question but families worked a great deal more and got much less for their labor than now. To illustrate, an average day's labor would then purchase eight pounds of raw sugar, now it will buy twenty-two pounds of granulated sugar. Then it would purchase three and a half yards, now twenty of good prints. Then it was about equal to two and a half yards, now to ten yards of bleached shirting. Then it took a man two months to earn a nice Sunday suit; now he can buy two suits as good for the proceeds of one month's labor, and so on through nearly the whole list of such necessities as were brought in those times. There were but few luxuries indulged in even went by the wealthy. Although we lived in one of the best and wealthiest farming districts in the state there were but two or three family carriages in the township, and the man that could support a top buggy or carriage was looked up to as a nabob. If there was a piano or organ or other musical instrument except violins (they called them fiddles then) in the entire county I never heard of it.

Previous to the completion of the canal, above alluded to, my father usually made two or three trips a year to Cincinnati taking down a load of produce and bringing back a load of goods for the merchants, and a few article for family use. I remember, I think it was about the year 1843, when he brought home a cook stove, one of the first purchased in that neighborhood. It was a great curiosity, and the neighbors came in from quite a distance to

see the modern wonder. There was considerable solicitude as to what the result would be when a fire was kindled and it was put to the actual test of cooking. "Would it bake bread?" was an important question; and "What about it keeping fire over night?" The latter was a very momentous consideration, for lucifer matches were not then in general use. I remember numerous times that I have been called up early, while it was yet dark, and sent off a half mile to a neighbors to borrow fire to start the blaze on the hearth. But the cook stove worked all right, and it baked splendidly; and if my recollection serves me that stove lasted many years, and was in about every respect equal to the modern nickel mounted kitchen ornament. (The Holton Recorder, March 1, 1894.)

I have concluded to write a piece about matches, not the matches that are said to be made in heaven, but those that are made on earth originally called "lucifer matches." I am not sure but "Lucifer" sometimes has a hand in the making of the other kind.

The people of today can not realize the difference in comfort and convenience now and sixty years ago just because of the manufacture and cheapness of matches. I can remember when matches were a luxury only enjoyed by the wealthy; when very few country people's houses were supplied with this luxury. The reason was that the matches five cents will now buy would then have cost thirty or forty cents and at that time five cents was harder and more difficult to get than thirty or forty cents is now. In those times when the fire went out which it frequently did in most homes where only the open fire place was used, a flint and a piece of punk was the last resort. If the flint and punk was lacking as was generally the case, a boy hiked out to the nearest neighbor's to borrow a few live coals. I remember once when we had all been off to a distant point in the circuit to quarterly meeting and on account of rain and storm had been detained over night, that when we retuned home the next day in the cold fall rain, of course the fire was out and I being just the size for an errand boy was posted off to a neighbor's a half mile distant for the fire. As I went by the old barn I picked up a couple of old clapboards that had blown off of the roof. Arriving at my destination I soon had a small fire brand between the ends of my boards. The top board kept the rain from putting the fire out and the seasoned boards soon began to burn freely. When about half way home the bottom board burned off letting my fire fall into a puddle of water. I then had to go back and get another supply of fire. Profiting by my former experience I got safely home, and it was not long we until we had a blazing fire in the fire place and in the cook stove, and soon a plate of fried ham, a pot of coffee, hot biscuits and butter made me forget all about the hardships and privations of this world of trouble. I presume my experience on this and the same on a score or more of other occasions has been the experience of most of the older readers of the Recorder-Tribune.

The writer remembers that on more than one occasion he was wakened up in the early morning by his father's voice calling, "get up, Adam, and run over to Smith's and get some fire." (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, December 13, 1906.)

These recollections of the past, in which I have been indulging, seem to be as popular with the public as Castoria is with children.

They are clamoring for more.

I am strong on "recollections."

One advantage I enjoy is that I date the incidents so far back that there is no one living who can rise up and dispute the record.

In this respect, "recollections" have a very decided advantage over theories as to who elected Wilson or why he was elected.

Back in the forties the exemption law gave only $100 to families, not subject to execution.

My father, while accumulating a good sized family, owing to the money panic and hard times, lost his farm.

There was no bankrupt law in operation then and "once in debt, always in debt," until the last farthing was paid.

We lost our farm, but we saved up a lot of debts, which were a constant draft on our resources.

The constable was a more or less regular visitor at our house.

On one occasion the constable appeared with a judgment for $10 and demanded payment or he would levy on one of the horses of our only team.

It was during the crop cultivating season, and we could not very well spare a horse.

The constable finally agreed to give us one day's grace.

We were living on a farm belonging to an old tightwad, the richest man in the community.

He owned some seven or eight hundred acres of as fertile land as could be found in Indiana, and had stock of

all kinds, also a balance in the only bank in the county.

My father went to see this magnate. They had been neighbors and friends for many years.

"Phillip, you must let me have ten dollars," begged my father. "They are about to levy on one of my horses." "All right, Bill," hesitatingly replied Phillip; "when and how can you pay it back?" "I will pay you in corn just as soon as I gather my crop," replied my father, "or I will work it out."

"All right," said Phillip, "I will let you have the ten dollars on condition that you will help me in corn gathering twenty-six days."

"But," argued my father, "that is only $10 for a dry month, while I will board and lodge myself. You pay your hand that amount for a wet month and board and lodge him."

"But," argued our tightwad neighbor, "I am paying you nearly six months in advance. That is the best I can do;" and the ten dollars was paid to the constable the next day and we saved our horse.

I said in former recollections that I never hired a farm hand. I did not mean from that I did not frequently work for a day's wages.

My brother, who was older than I, with what help I could give him, could make a full hand, so one frosty morning we went to work to pay our debt. It was understood that we should eat our dinner with our employer. When it came dinner time he appeared troubled and finally relieved his feelings by protesting against giving one hand two dinners, and my brother started me for home. I had got as far as the gate when our neighbor's wife called me back and informed her husband that I could have her place at the table and she would fast until the next meal. This settled the dinner question; and I doubt if the old man ever tried to send another hungry boy away from his table.

I relate this incident, to show that poverty was inconvenient, not to say a crime, seventy years ago, just as it is now, and that we not only have the poor with us always, but also the tightwads, and that the tightwads are frequently the cause of poverty.

Another incident that occurred a year of two later;

We ran out of corn one season, before the crop was finished, and we borrowed a wagon load of corn from our landlord.

That season he let us boys clean up an acre or two of new ground and we were to have what we could raise off it.

When corn harvest came we paid back the load of borrowed corn, and out landlord suggested that he thought he was entitled to some interest on the borrowed corn, and that Adam, meaning me, might gather a couple of bags of corn out of the boy's crop and bring it to his barn, which I did, transporting it from the field to his crib on an old blind horse.

We moved away the same year and my father went back to the old home to get the remainder of our belongings and stayed all night with his old landlord, and the next morning paid 50 cents for the horse feed.

About 30 years later my brother and I were driving through the old neighborhood viewing the old landmarks, and passing the old home we saw an old man digging potatoes. "I believe that is Uncle Phillip," remarked my brother, "shall we stop and say hello to him?" "Sure," I said; "expenses are no object to me on an occasion like this." The old man came to the fence and when he found out who we were, he was greatly pleased to see us, and with tears in his eyes and voice, insisted on us making him a visit, which we did staying with him over night.

The next morning he took us over to the new church he had erected, in place of the old one where we janitored at $12 a year; himself contributing most of the $10,000 it cost.

It is probably unnecessary to say that he presented no bill for entertaining man and beast, when we went to leave.

We learned from the neighbors that Uncle Phillip was a changed man, and contributed liberally not only to the church, but to relieve the poor of the neighborhood.

Which means that the most of us have good in us, provided the crust of selfness can be removed and the good given a chance to develop. (The Holton Recorder, December 2, 1916.)

How many of the reader's of today's Recorder ever saw a canal boat? I think it was in the year 1845, when the White Water Canal, from Lawrenceburg on the Ohio river, a few miles below Cincinnati to Cambridge City, in eastern Indiana, was completed. I remember when our whole family attended a celebration of this event at Milton, some two miles below Cambridge City. There were a number of things that make me remember this event. One was it was the first time I ever saw or heard a brass band. Of course it was the first time I ever saw a canal or a canal boat. As well as I can remember the canal was some twenty-five or thirty feet wide and the water

at the shallowest deep enough to float the flat bottomed boat. The boat was sixteen to eighteen feet wide and from forty to fifty feet in length, and two stories high. The lower story was exclusively for freight. The upper had some state rooms and a small sitting room for the few passengers who had the leisure time to travel in that fashion.

There was a tow path along one side where the horse, hitched to the tow line could walk. This horse was the propelling power. The "deck hands" consisted of three or four husky fellows, who, with poles, kept the boat in the center of the canal. The speed was from three to five miles an hour, or from 75 to 100 miles every twenty-four hours.

I do not know how many tons was a boat load, probably twenty or thirty. The boat was raised from lower to higher levels, and from higher to lower, by the means of locks, which were built in every few miles, and passing through which made the traffic slow.

There were a number of canals in the east, the most lengthy of which was the New York and Erie.

My recollection is that this White Water Canal was the farthest west canal ever built. Soon after this was completed, railroads were beginning to be built and it was soon demonstrated that the slow going canal boat in competition with the rapid running rail car was not in it.

The New York and Erie Canal started at Albany on the Hudson and its terminus was Lake Erie, giving water transportation, such as it was, via the Hudson river, the canal and Lake Erie from New York to Cleveland and other western cities.

I have stated the dimensions of canal boasts, and the width of canals solely from memory of impressions received when I was a kid. I never measured a boat or the width of the canal, and my figures may be incorrect. As a water craft the canal boast was compared with the Great Eastern and other ocean steamers of later construction about as the usual spout from the acorn compares with the giant oak.

The ox team that traveled from 12 to 15 miles per day, was, so far as I remember the first means of transportation and travel. Then came the canal which meandered along at some 60 or 70 miles a day. Then the railroad train that passed over some 400 or 500 miles every twenty-four hours. Now we read about the air plane that is reported to have obtained a speed of some four or five miles per minute. What may we expect next, or have we reached the limit? We are, sure, progressing. (The Holton Recorder, October 21, 1925.)

It will not be long now until we will date it 1930. I remember dating my first letter written to my aunt, Mary Starr 1846. It was not much of a letter but it pleased Aunt Mary. It was different then. Mail in Indiana all was carried on horseback and by coach. There were no railroads in what was then called the west, now called the central. It was in 1849 the first railroad in Indiana was built from New Albany to Indianapolis. As we were moving from the eastern part of the state to the western part of the state, I saw for the first time, a railroad train. (The Holton Recorder, October 31, 1929.)

This being harvest time, my thoughts naturally travel back to a time when I was a "harvest hand." I think I was about seven years old when, one morning, a company of some seven or eight grown-up harvesters passed our house and called me down to the roadside, and wanted me to carry water from a spring distant from the harvest field a few hundred yards. All day I met those seven or eight men at certain points with a bucket of cold water from the bottom of the spring. It was no eight hour day, either, but nearer twelve hours. For several days nothing was said about paying me until it became almost a neighborhood scandal. Then one morning the man who had hired me called me down to the roadside and magnanimously gave me a mutilated dime. (The Holton Recorder, July 8, 1926.)

John Doddridge was a bachelor school teacher, taught school in the winter time, and cultivated grain fields in the summer. When I was nine years old, he had a field of wheat get ripe, and hired a couple of shockers. He secured my services as water carrier from a spring some three or four hundred yards distant. I worked all day, meeting the laborers every time they worked around, with a vessel full of cold spring water. Several days passed and John said nothing about paying me, and the hired thirsty men for whom I had carried the water began to talk. John evidently heard some of the things they said, and one day as he was passing he called me down to the road and gave me a mutilated silver dime. I finally managed to get rid of the mutilated silver currency for five cents. (The Holton Recorder, November 3, 1927.)

When I was a kid some time nine or ten years old, a farm hand was supposed to be able to prepare the ground, plant and cultivate twenty acres of corn. A neighboring farmer employed two young fellows, one of them a boy

my grandfather raised, at $10 per month. They cultivated 40 acres. The next year the farmer proposed to increase the acreage planted to corn to 60 acres, and though to employ a third man. The two young fellows proposed to him that if he would raise their pay to $12 per month they would work a sufficient number of extra hours to take care of the crop. The farmer consented and I well remember seeing those two fellows out in the field before breakfast and after supper. During the planting and cultivating season those two hired hands worked on an average of fourteen hours a day for $12 per month, or 46 cents a day. Of course they received in addition board and lodging. (The Holton Recorder, September 15, 1927.)

When I was about seven years old I did my first traveling. An uncle and aunt had moved to the western part of the state, and my grandfather and grandmother and another aunt concluded to visit them. How they came to invite me to go along is a problem I have never been able to solve, except on the theory that old men and women, then as now, had a kind of sentimental weakness for grandchildren. Anyhow I became one of the party. We traveled in a two horse covered wagon, I think without springs. That was before spring seats were invented. Four chairs, a small one for me, served as seats. The distance was one hundred miles, due west, most of the way over the old National road. This road was the result of the internal improvement spasm which had attacked the country most acutely some ten or twelve years before, and one end was at Washington City and the other at St. Louis. The road was perfectly straight and laid out one hundred feet wide. It had been graded through the state and all the streams bridged. The bridges were covered and built on heavy stone abutments, and though built of wood, were so well constructed that some of them are still in use. A great many towns and villages had sprung up along this thoroughfare, and the traveler was hardly out of sight of tavern signs, which hung from tall poles erected by the roadside. The invitations to travelers painted on these large signs were of various kinds, all, however, in the most attractive and persuasive phraseology. The following are some of those I remember. “Entertainment for Man and Beast,” “Traveler’s Home,” “Wayfarers’ Inn,” “Ballard’s Tavern,” and many others which have escaped my memory. I recollect distinctly, however, that there was not a “hotel” or a “house” anywhere on the entire route.

I remember what longing and lively anticipation I felt to reach Indianapolis, and with what awe I was inspired, when late in the afternoon of the second day, the spires of the city first came in sight. As we drove through the main street I became almost bewildered with the sights, all of which it was impossible for me to take in at the speed which we were traveling. I hinted to my grandmother that I wished Grandpap would drive a little slower, which desire she communicated with him, but without much affect, as he argued that it was getting late, and, the nearer the tavern at which we would “put up” was to the city, the higher the price we would have to pay for our lodging. I remember the ruling prices charged travelers at country taverns. Supper, lodging and breakfast for one person, fifty cents. I remember once hearing the mail carrier say that he had a standing arrangement by which he paid 17-½ cents at an Indianapolis tavern for supper, lodging and breakfast and for feed and stabling his horse. Indianapolis at this time has some two or three thousand inhabitants, not as large as Holton by considerable.

There was a regular stage route on the old National road from Washington City to St. Louis. The stage coach was an institution, and the driver usually a character. He was looked up to by the common people and envied by all the young fellows. The coach was a large, lumbering vehicle, made very heavy and strong with a capacity of from four to eight inside passengers and from two to six outside. There was a rack on the rear sufficient to hold a half dozen trunks. It was drawn by from four to six horses, which when the roads were at all tolerable traveled from six to eight miles per hour. The horses were changed every ten or twelve miles, and in ordinary weather traveled from 100 to 150 miles every twenty-four hours. This was the only public conveyance except the canal boat on our canal and the steamboat on the river. Most of the traveling was done on horseback. The equipment for travel on horseback were a pair of leather saddle bags, a leather or oilcloth roll strapped on behind the saddle, and if it was winter, a long overcoat, leggings and buffalo overshoes. Women as well as men sometimes made long journeys on horse back. I remember a neighbor woman, who I think must have been at least sixty years old, who rode horseback to Plymouth and back, 300 miles, to look after and pay taxes on some land. She had several grown children, but preferred to attend to the business herself, and did not seem to regard it as a hardship. (The Holton Recorder, April 12, 1894.)

If we did not occasionally have bad roads for a day or two, would we appreciate the good roads we travel nearly all the time? I have a distinct recollection, when in my youthful days I accompanied my grandfather on a 100 miles trip through Indiana over roads much of which were paved “corduroy,” when we came to or near a town of importance and would get on a plank or macadamized road. My, what a change and how we enjoy the

change.

A "corduroy" road was made of logs from 6 to 10 inches in diameter split, laid with the flat side down and the round side up. If your imagination is sufficiently vivid, you may imagine how a wagon would go chug-chug over such a road. (The Holton Recorder, February 25, 1925.)

Speaking of vacation trips and excursions reminds me of a trip I took when I was 7 years old, with my grandfather, grandmother and aunt in a spring covered wagon from eastern to western Indiana. At the suggestion of my mother, I took with me a small blank book in which I wrote down the names of the towns we passed through in the hundred miles travel. As well as I remember the towns were Milton, Cambridge City, Doublin, Charleston, Knightstown, Indianapolis, Danville and Winchester. I have taken some trips since, both in America and Europe, but I never experienced the interest and excitement I remember to have felt on that first trip. (The Holton Recorder, August 23, 1928.)

The boys and girls of today can have but little conception of how small an amount of money a large family could live on a half century ago and be comfortable and happy. In the neighborhood where my father lived there were many well-to-do and a few wealthy farmers; that is they were considered wealthy as compared with their neighbors, and there were a good many poor people, "renters," who cultivated other people's land and got half of what they raised. When I say with the unimproved and crude instruments in use at that time an able bodied, industrious man could at the most plant and cultivate twenty acres of corn and sow and harvest ten acres of wheat and a small patch of meadow, and then have to divide this with the owner of the soil, it can readily be seen how they would have to economize to support a family. Corn usually sold at from 15 to 25 cents per bushel; wheat, 50 to 75 cents; butter, 5 to 12 cents per pound, and eggs 3 to 6 cents per dozen. Except corn and wheat, there were no cash prices for produce. These products had to be taken out in trade. On one occasion I got permission of my mother to save up eggs to by me a "palm leaf" hat, so I set about it and in the course of ten days or two weeks I had nine dozen on hand, which I took to the store and was allowed 3 cents per dozen for them. There were a number of them "cracked" in transportation, so they just paid for a 25 cent hat. I can now buy two as good hats for one dozen eggs. The farm and the loom then furnished most of the necessities of the family. Coffee, tea, spices and salt were about all that we had to purchase for the table, and many families were very economical in there use of these luxuries. A calico or lawn dress each for the girls and women in the spring and a "worsted" dress for Sunday wear in the fall and winter were indulged in by the "aristocracy," and the men and larger boys of this lucky class were supplied with a suit of "store clothes" once every year or two, but many of the poorer people depended on "home made" clothing nearly altogether. Every house was supplied with the old spinning wheel for spinning "rolls" and making yarn for knitting stockings and socks, I have no recollection of any one wearing "hose" and "half hose," and weaving jeans for the men's and boy's wear, and flannel and linsey for the women and girls. A few raised flax and made linen cloth for summer wear, both for the boys and girls, and table clothes, towels, and sheets for family use. Coverlets, blankets and counterpanes were mostly home made. Every family had a flock of geese which supplied feathers and feather beds, an article which by most people was deemed indispensable for comfort. As may well be imagined this all made a great deal of work, especially for the women. The men and boys usually "sheared" the sheep and the females of the family would do the rest, which consisted of washing and picking the wool, and after it came back from the carding machine in the shape of rolls, they would spin, reel, scour, warp and weave the cloth. Generally it was considered women's work to pick the geese. However, in some few families the hardest and most disagreeable of these jobs would be assumed by the men. In addition to the above "division of labor" the women and girls of many families assisted in planting corn and sometimes in harvest. (The Holton Recorder, March 1, 1894.)

A half to three quarters of a century ago most farmers had a flock of geese, also a flock of sheep. The geese were picked some two or three times a year, for their feathers, and the sheep sheared once a year, generally in the spring, for their wool. I have a somewhat vivid recollection of sheep shearing. After the wool was sheared off the sheep, it was washed, then picked. The wool picking was made the occasion of social gathering, at which dinners were served. After the wool was picked it was taken to the carding machine where it was made into rolls. The rolls were spun into thread on the big spinning wheel and then woven into cloth on the loom. The cloth was mostly jeans for men's wear, or flannel or linsey-Woolsey for woman's wear. It took a lot of work to dispossess the sheep of its coat and have it made into a coat for people to wear. (The Holton Recorder, April 11, 1929.)

I recall an occasion when I was about 9 years old, I gathered and carried to market 9 dozen eggs for which I

received a 15 cent straw hat, ten cents worth of pepper and two sticks of candy. The market price of eggs at the country store was three cents per dozen. (The Holton Recorder, January 21, 1926.)

A great number of former attendants of the Doddridge Chapel church and their friends were in attendance at the services last Sunday which marked the 112th anniversary of the founding of this little church and which occasion was made a real homecoming. Rev. W. C. Watkins of Milton is the pastor of the Doddridge Chapel church along with that of Milton M. E. church. - Cambridge City (Indiana) Tribune.

My home from infancy until I was eleven years old was within an eighth of a mile of this church of which, father, mother and older brother and sister were members. Aunt Avis Doddridge, the widow of John Doddridge, lived near the church and was a near neighbor. She was a remarkable woman, could exhort and preach with as much zeal and effect as the pastor himself. She also practiced midwifery, and presided when I made my advent into this world of trouble and tribulation. In early times when church was built a patch of ground nearby was secured as a cemetery. I have a number of relatives buried in the Doddridge Chapel cemetery. (The Holton Recorder, August 30, 1928.)

Fifty years ago nearly every home in Indiana had a trundle bed. The homes in that day were small, most of the farm houses being cabins, so to economize on space the trundle bed was invented. It was a low bed on castors, that could be rolled under the big bed, as they called it, out of the way during the day time. Now in the crowded apartments it's a drop in bed, but the idea is still the same. - Jayhawk Notes in the K. C. Kansan.

I was not in touch with Indiana customs fifty years ago, but I distinctly remember that eighty years ago we had two trundle beds above described, in our house and that nightly I occupied one of them. They may not have gone out of fashion thirty years later. (The Holton Recorder, June 2, 1927.)

I remember many unique signs of rain that were quoted and really credited by many, when I was a boy. It is remarkable how well we remember the unimportant and sometimes silly things that occurred in our childhood, and how the important and sensible things that transpired later have became effaced from our memory. For instance, I have read Shakespeare's plays from one to three or four times each and have witnessed most of them enacted on the stage, and yet it difficult if not impossible for me to make an appropriate quotation correctly without reference to the printed page. It is entirely different with ditties I read and things I heard when a boy. Going back to rain signs, many of them in rhyme, I think I remember nearly every one. I quote a few:

"A rainbow in the morning is the sailor's warning;
A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight."

Of course there cannot be a rainbow at night, but poetic license permitted "night" to be substituted for afternoon for the sake of rhyme.

"If the sun sets clear on Friday night it will rain before Tuesday morning."

"A cricket singing on the hearth means that copious rains will flood the earth."

"If the sun sets clear it will not rain before morning."

"When old Betty's joints began to crack the wise farmer will cover his stack."

"If it commences to rain before seven it will quit before eleven."

The so called Indian signs, which was always to be depended upon, was, "Cloudy all around and pouring down in the middle."

"The camp meeting will bring rain all right;" and it generally did. I remember an argument between two neighbors as to what was the most effective rain producer, the camp meeting or the circus. As I remember it the camp meeting man got the best of that argument solely on the ground that the camp meeting lasted ten or fifteen days and the circus only one. (The Holton Recorder, July 3, 1913.)

We old folks often revert back in memory to when we were boys and girls ranging in age from 6 to 15. The most pleasant of these memories was my going fishing in Nolin's Fork, a good sized stream about a mile from our home. The fish was supposed to bite best warm summer days after a shower of rain. As I remember I generally wended my way home along about sundown with a tolerably respectable string of perch and sunfish. The "suckers" were the most numerous brand of fish but suckers would not bite at a hook, but had to be caught with a seine or snare. Catfish bit better at night than in the day time. Bass were the larger species but also about the scarcest and the most difficult to catch.

I recall that my fishing experience afforded me two exquisite pleasures, the pleasure of catching fish and the pleasure of eating them. Readers of the Recorder who never ate fried fresh fish have missed one of the

gormandizing pleasures of life. (The Holton Recorder, August 9, 1928.)

There are a large number of Fords in this "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave" besides those in river crossings, and many of them seem to have the faculty of getting into the newspapers. When I was a youth we lived on the banks of a stream between two fords, one called "Fergeson's Ford and the other Beck's Ford. (The Holton Recorder, November 28, 1930.)

Few of those who indulge in the "maple syrup" sold in Kansas grocery stores have any idea of what real genuine maple syrup made of the sap of the hard maple tastes like. I presume for every gallon of maple syrup made there are fifty gallons of the so-called article sold. As long as people don't know any better it is all right. It is a case in which ignorance is genuine bliss. I am unformed that in these latter days the farmers have learned the art of adulteration, and much of the "genuine" syrup sold by farmers is adulterated before it leaves the possession of the original makers.

Thirty to fifty years ago maple syrup was not only a luxury, but a necessity of life. The farmer who was lucky enough to have a maple grove on his farm, if he was not too lazy and indolent, utilized it, and his family used a great deal more sweets than the family of him not so lucky or so industrious. I can remember when "New Orleans" sugar was scarcely over used at our house. Then, later, when the towns became larger and there was more demand for maple syrup, we would manufacture the product in our "sugar camp" into syrup and trade the surplus for "store" sugar. My recollection is that we would get eight to ten pounds of raw "New Orleans" sugar for a gallon of syrup. Now the money that it requires to buy a gallon of the adulterated syrup will buy thirty pounds of granulated or thirty-six pounds of raw sugar.

To the boys and girls on the farm the sugar making season was looked forward to with many pleasurable anticipations. During the winter after the corn was gathered preparations were made for the sugar making, which consisted of preparing fuel, making "sugar troughs" and spiles. The "troughs" were made by selecting a straight ash, popular or white walnut tree, twelve or fifteen inches in diameter. Cutting it down, and then into lengths from twenty-four to thirty inches, which were split in the center. Each half was then chipped out with an ax and foot adz, and made to hold from two to six galleons each, the capacity depending upon the size of the timber. The spiles were made by gathering alder canes, from one to one and a half inches in diameter, and sawing them into lengths of ten to twelve inches, and then punching the pith out, making them hollow, and whittling one end to proper size to fit the sugar hole bored into the tree. A furnace was also prepared on which the kettles were set, from four to six in number, holding from twelve to twenty gallons each. This was before the patent sheet iron boilers had been introduced.

Along about the latter part of February or the first of March when the sun would begin to shine warm during the day and the ground to thaw out, we would "tap" the trees. This was done by boring with a three-quarter inch auger a hole in a sound part of the tree a foot and a half above the ground and driving the spile in firmly so it would not leak the sap. Then the trough would be set under so the sap would drip into it from the end of the spile. If the temperature was just right, or, in the common parlance, if it was a "good sugar day," the water would drip rapidly and sometimes run in a small stream. During the warm part of the day a tree would usually drip from two to four gallons. Good sap runs always followed cool frosty nights when the temperature would fall low enough to freeze ice, followed during the day with a temperature warm enough to thaw in the shade. When the cool of the afternoon would begin to stop the flow of the sap, or before the trough would get full, we would gather in the sap, which was done by placing one or two barrels on a sled and driving around though the grove and transferring the water from the troughs to the barrels, which when full we would take to the camp and empty into barrels or large vats of various sizes, from fifty to five hundred trees. My father's consisted of about two hundred, and when the troughs were well filled would supply eight to ten barrels of sap. The "camp" was where the boiling was done, and was generally a shed or a log hut in which barrels vats and furnace were protected from the weather. With kettle capacity of say sixty gallons we could "boil down" from eight to ten barrels of sap a day. It required an average of about forty gallons of sap to make one gallon of good thick syrup. So it will be seen that our capacity was from eight to ten gallons of syrup per day. When the run was copious and continued day and night, as it sometimes did, we would have to boil at night, but this was seldom the case, and the night work usually consisted of the "stirring off" process. The syrup would be taken from the kettle before it was nearly boiled down to a consistency suitable for the table. It would first be "clarified" by putting a little milk in each kettle just before the syrup was dipped out, and then allowed to stand to settle, after which it would be strained or filtered and all put in a large kettle.

Now the fun commenced. How many of my readers remember when with their girls, or beaus, they visited the sugar camp? Or rather, who that has ever spent an evening in a camp, can ever forget it? The "taffy pullings" of this age give but the faintest idea of the enjoyment of sitting around a bubbling cauldron of luscious maple syrup, gradually thickening, first getting into the "wax" state, then to "graining," and finally to the "stirring off" process, when the big kettle would be taken from the fire and stirred until it became a great mass of rich yellowish brown maple sugar. Of course, when we made the product into syrup it was taken off just when it arrived at the right consistency. But this never prevented us from putting a liberal supply into a smaller pot and having our candy pulling fun. Young people of Jackson county may have just as much fun and enjoy the sweet things they say to each other, but in my opinion there is nothing ever invented that promotes so effectually genuine enjoyment and pure unadulterated happiness, which in the end leads to finally to "wedding joys and connubial bliss," as a maple sugar "taffy pulling" in an old fashioned Indiana sugar camp. (The Holton Recorder, March 29, 1894.)

I remember we used to call the kind of weather we have had, "sugar weather"; cool, frosty, slightly freezing at night and warm during the day, but when the sap would run freely. But we never, back in Indiana, had any of this kind of weather until March or April. There the "sugar season" lasted from, say, the last week of February until the middle of April, but only at intervals during this period. Many real winter days occurred in the month of March and occasionally one in April. (The Holton Recorder, June 13, 1927.)

I remember some seventy or seventy-five years ago when along about the middle of February we began to look forward to and prepare for maple sugar making. The preparations consisted of digging a furnace, setting the big 20 gallon iron kettles and making sugar water troughs and spiles. A sugar water trough was made by sawing or dropping a section of soft maple or white walnut tree some three feet in length of a three 12 to 14 inches in diameter, with an ax and adz digging it out until it would hold three or four gallons. The best sugar weather is when the ground is damp and there is a slight freeze at night followed by warm sunshine.

We had in our sugar camp on my father's farm some 200 hard maple trees, when the troughs were well filled, we would gather in six or eight barrels of water, about what we could reduce to syrup by boiling the day. Average sweet water would make about eight pounds of sugar or one gallon of good thick maple syrup per barrel. There was a lot of hard work about the business, but we, especially we young ones, enjoyed the sugar making season. The season usually began along the latter part of February and continued through March. (The Holton Recorder, February 16, 1928.)

Most of the sugar water was caught in troughs hewn out of logs which would hold from three to six gallons. To prepare for the sugar making season we first made the troughs and spiles. The spiles were made of elder stems and were about twelve inches long. A five-eights inch auger was usually used for tapping the tree, the spile was whittled down to fit the hole and served to convey the sap to where it would drip into the trough. It took about a barrel of sugar water boiled down to make a gallon of maple syrup or six the eight pounds of maple sugar. Sugar making was hard work and not fun except when we would "stir off" at night with sort of a candy making folic. (The Holton Recorder, February 14, 1929.)

The first tomato I remember seeing was in my grandfather's garden, planted and cultivated mostly by my grandmother. They were small, red, and looked luscious, but no one thought of eating them as they were thought to be poisonous. (The Holton Recorder, August 12, 1925.)

Eighty years ago when the Beck family moved from eastern to western Indiana in a "covered wagon", Indianapolis as well as I can remember, was a town of some 2,000 inhabitants. The only railroad then in the state, the New Albany and Salem, had just started running cars from Indianapolis to New Albany. At that period people traveled mostly by wagon and on horseback. What was called a good saddle horse was a valued possession. (The Holton Recorder, May 30, 1929.)

In 1849, my father, with his family, moved from the eastern to the western part of the state. The third night out we camped ten miles east of Indianapolis. The first railroad built in the state, that from Madison to Indianapolis, had been finished only a short time before, I think about a year or less. I had seen a picture of an engine and cars in my geography, and this was the extent of my knowledge of this modern means of transportation. We learned from the tavern keeper that the train left Indianapolis at 9 o'clock a. m., and my older brother and myself determined to satisfy our curiously by starting early enough to reach the capital in time to

see the train start. We had along an extra horse, a young filly, which about daylight we saddled up and mounted, I behind, and started. The country east of Indianapolis is quite level and during the rainy season would get so muddy as to become impassable. Hence much of the national road through this flat country was improved *a la* corduroy. This was done by "paving" it with round logs or poles from six to ten inches in diameter, and laid side by side. When new this kind of road is terribly rough for wagons, but when a little old and every few feet of the log has decayed and disappeared, this jolting is indescribable. This was the kind of road we started on to "see the cars." The young mare was loath to leave the other horses and kept looking back. She also probably had an idea that two on one wasn't exactly fair, but we urged her into a fast trot, and when about a half a mile ahead of the wagon she stumbled and fell turning a summersault. Fortunately the girth of the saddle broke and saddle and boys landed ten or fifteen feet in advance on the corduroy logs. The mare made her way back to the team and we gathered ourselves up and were ready to catch her and renew our journey as soon as they came up with us. We had no further mishap and arrived in the city in ample time to make the train. We were afraid to ride the mare down to the depot so we put her up at a livery stable and walked down. The train was standing on the track and we cautiously approached to within fifteen or twenty yards and halted. We didn't care to take any extra risks, and we felt that this was one of those peculiar views to which a reasonable distance would lend enchantment. I do not remember just how long we stood there in awe and admiring silence, when without warning the engine gave the most unearthly shriek I had ever heard. I can not say with accuracy just how high I jumped or how pale I felt, but I can say with truth that fourteen years later, when Bragg's massed artillery of forty guns suddenly and without warning opened up on our position at Chickamauga, I was not scared half as bad as when the locomotive whistled. In a few minutes, and before I had regained my composure, the trains started and rolled out for the Ohio river, and I felt glad that it was gone. I did not get over my scare for some time, and felt that I had experienced a hair breath escape, for which I would ever after feel thankful. My brother, who was some six years older than I was, has always maintained that he was not at all frightened, and as he is a preacher I have never dared to dispute his word. Some two or three years later the second road built in the state, the Terre Haute & Richmond, was completed and ran only some six miles from where we lived, and in 1854 the New Albany & Salem railroad was built and missed us only by a mile and a half, so that I finally got used to the whistle, and even brave enough to ride the cars. (The Holton Recorder, April 19, 1894.)

The first railroad built in Indiana ran from Indianapolis to Jefferson City and was finished and had cars running in the summer of 1847. That fall, in October, we moved from the eastern to the western part of the state. Our road lay through Indianapolis. We camped ten miles east of the city and early the next morning my brother and I mounted an extra horse we had along and rode to the city in time to see the train start out. It was several days before we finished telling the rest of the family of all the things we saw and experienced. I remember we successfully described everything but the whistle. That was too much for us.

A little reminiscence squib on another page of this issue says. "The first railroad built in Indiana ran from Indianapolis to Jefferson City, and was finished in 1847." It should have read that the road run from Indianapolis to Jeffersonville, and was finished and had cars running in the summer of 1849." (The Holton Recorder, September 31, 1922.)

I remember making a trip from the eastern part to the western part of Indiana over the old National road of upwards of eighty years ago, the rivers and creeks were spanned by covered bridges. There are no covered bridges anymore. It is said the last one in Kentucky is being replaced by an uncovered stone structure. The old National road from Washington city to St. Louis was laid out, bridged and made a road over which people could travel by the government. The covered bridges were of wood. I recall that near and through most of the larger towns the roads were piked, either with broken stone or coarse gravel. Evidently Uncle Sam did not know then how to make cement surfaces. (The Holton Recorder, July 12, 1928.)

When the road from Holton to Topeka is surface graveled to the south line of the county where it will be connected with the concrete surfaced road in Shawnee, some of us old fellows will be reminded of the graveled roads we drove over in our younger days. There, however, will be this difference, there will be no "toll gates" to pass through on the modern road, as there were six or eight decades ago. I do not remember the distance between toll gates, but I do remember every few miles we had to cough up from five to ten cents, road fare. A toll gate usually consisted of a small box-like shelter for the keeper and a contrivance like what was called a "well sweep" that the keeper could pull down, which served to stop the traveler until the fare was paid. In those

days a graveled road was considered a good road and I predict that in the future on many county roads where gravel does not have to be hauled too far, it will be used instead of concrete. In those early times in Indiana and many other states there was, the "macadamized road", which was made by surfacing it with broken up limestone instead of gravel. In those days these surfaced roads were generally called "pikes." (The Holton Recorder, June 6, 1927.)

A young farmer, who, after we moved to the western part of the state, was one of our neighbors, in 1841 had brought an eighty acre farm, raised his first crop of corn with which he had fattened thirty head of hogs. As he owed a considerable payment on his farm, it became incumbent along late in the fall to turn his hogs into cash, but unfortunately there were no buyers. After waiting in vain for a purchaser, he went over to a neighbor, who had fifty or sixty head of fat hogs of his own raising, and after consulting they decided to buy up enough to make a respectable drove and drive them to Madison on the Ohio river, 120 miles distant. This was before the Wabash canal was built, and Madison was the nearest market. It was no trouble to find the hogs. There were plenty of them, and they soon had a drove of 250 purchased at prices ranging from $1.25 to $1.50 gross. Hands were employed, and they started out along in the first days of December on their sixteen to eighteen day's drive. It rained and snowed, and the roads were muddy, and rivers had to be crossed, but time and perseverance conquered all the difficulties and overcame the obstacles, and finally Madison was reached. But the market was gutted and prices exceedingly low, and our speculators finally decided to have their hogs butchered. The younger partner remained to oversee the job and dispose of the backbones and tenderloins and look after the rendering of the lard. Before he left he made a sale of that part which had been converted into "mess pork." The hams and shoulders had been salted down. Early in the spring the other partner rode on horseback to Madison to try to sell the hams and shoulders, which had been cured and smoked, and were ready for sale. The market was dull, but he finally closed them all out at three cents per pound and took his pay in state script, worth fifty cents to the dollar in gold. Fortunately this script would pay debts and taxes at its face, and our speculators owed enough to consume the bacon brought and, unfortunately, a good deal more. After paying for the hogs purchased and all the cash expenses, they realized a little less than $1.25 per hundred pounds gross for the hogs they had raised. They had all the fun of riding on horse back to Madison and return three trips for their profit. I relate this as a sample of how the farmers used to "coin money" in those good old Democratic times before the country was "cursed with Republican robber protection." (The Holton Recorder, April 12, 1894.)

Seeing the truck loads of hogs gliding past the office reminds us of a conversation we had with Uncle Billy Samuels, before he went away. He said: "Mickel, when I was a young man in Illinois we used to drive our fat hogs 125 miles to market, received $1.25 per hundred for them, took the pay in State Bank money, and when we got home it was not worth a cent." And he did live to see an automobile. - Soldier Clipper.

I remember those days. Our market for hogs was Cincinnati, 60 miles distant. The hog buyers would drive them to market in droves from 150 to 300. They hired drivers at about 50 cent a day. As there were no ice plants or refrigerators in those times the hog drivers had to wait for cold weather in December. If a drover happened to get to market during a warm spell, he was compelled to keep his hogs in the stock pens and buy corn at a high price to fed them until a cold snap blew up, and see his profits go glimmering. Always one, two or three wagons accompanied each drove to haul the hogs that broke down or gave out. The drivers returned to their homes in these wagons. It took about six days to get the drove to market and the drivers and teamsters were allowed and paid wages for a day and night in the city to see the sights, and for two days going home. This made nine days at 50 cents a day. The boys had $4.50 less the amount spent going to the theatre, and the proceeds of the trip. In addition they had the distinction of having been to the city and seeing the sights of the same. I can remember, as a lad, of listening to them recount their experience, which caused me to long for the time when I was grown up enough to make the trip. But alas! When I was grown up there had been dug a canal, and builded a railroad to take stock to market. (The Holton Recorder, February 7, 1924.)

A postoffice inspector told us this one. He was down in Kentucky not so very long ago on departmental business. When he arrived at a certain town and approached the post office he found it locked and the postmaster nowhere in sight. A loafer told him the postmaster was fishing. The inspector went to the river, close by he saw a man in a boat fishing and asked him if he was the postmaster. "Yes, I be the postmaster," the fisherman replied, "what is your name?" "I'm So-and-so," the inspector said, giving him his name. The postmaster raised up a little so he could reach into his hip pocket, pulled therefrom a bunch of letters, thumbed them over, spat out a wad of tobacco, turned to the inspector and said: "Nothin here for you." and resumed his fishing. - A. E. Palmer in the

Kingman-Courier Leader.

The above reminds me of the stories of "Uncle" Alex Dunington, who was postmaster at Bainbridge, Ind., in an early day, before the daily newspaper became common. Uncle Alex was seldom in his office after the semi-weekly mail was received and "spread." The postmaster was a great politician and would rather argue politics with some disputant on the other side than to eat, although he was something of an eater too. It was said to be his habit, in distributing the mail, when he came across a letter addressed to one of his patrons with whom he loved to argue, to put it in his coat pocket and would deliver the letter when he made his rounds, when he did not forget it. It is said that he carried some letters that were so pocket worn that they could not be read. (The Holton Recorder, March 27, 1924.)

Do any of you fellows who have been gallivanting around over the country, stopping at hotels, paying $1.50 for a meal, remember when President Miller lodged and boarded students in Campbell College for $1.50 a week?

No one is old fashioned enough to admit now that he once drove ten miles an hour and thought he was going fast.

In out little town "Boss" Carter was the principal horse man in the late fifties. I remember, he had purchased a somewhat noted trotter, and one day hitched him to a two-wheeled vehicle, to see how long it would take him to drive to Greencastle, ten miles distant and back. The time keeper reported the time just two hours. There were those who never that believed that Boss went all the way to Greencastle. (The Holton Recorder, December 2, 1925.)

When I was a kid, there were no women traveling over the country, instructing fathers and mothers how to raise a family of children and how detrimental it was to make them work. Possibly that is the reason why I never amounted to much. My father was a poor man, with a family of nine to fed and clothe and furnish with school books, and at the time it appeared to him that everyone who could, ought to help. Anyway when I was seven years old, I learned to drop corn and help in the cultivation of the crops. And by the time I was ten, I seldom was out of the corn, wheat and hay fields during the cultivating and harvesting season. If we kids had not worked, it would have meant short rations on the table and a lack of clothing. However such a program may have effected marred or otherwise, my career, I call to mind some very excellent citizens, men and women, the result of such a regime as I have described. That generation furnished this country some of the greatest statesmen and men and women of force, men who in their boyhood picked brush, planted corn, pulled weeds, raked hay and husked the down-row. Women who cooked, washed, ironed, spun, cleaned house, and sometimes worked along with their father and brothers in the fields. (The Holton Recorder, April 29, 1920.)

A farmer friend desires to know why I do not write more agricultural items. Well one reason is that about all I know about farming was learned when they got ready and ran furrows four feet apart in the field. Then the planting commenced. Cross furrows four feet apart were made. A man or a boy, sometimes a girl followed dropping three to four grains of corn where the furrows crossed. This process was followed by three men, sometimes boys and occasionally a woman, with hoes covering the grains.

When the corn came up cultivation was commenced by running one or two furrows with a single shovel plow between the rows. Sometimes a harrow was used for the cultivation. Then another cultivation with the shovel plow. Then if the ground was foul, which it usually was, all the able bodied members of the family would go over the field with hoes, chopping out the cockle burs, Spanish needles, smart weed, fox tail and other various weeds that had escaped the plow. Next the crop was "laid by," with the single shovel.

With a limited knowledge of farming a half century or more old, my advice to farmers would be about as much valuable as would be the advice of a person on the fashion of woman's dresses, who had been asleep since the days of long dresses, wide spreading hoop skirts and tight waists. (The Holton Recorder, March 27, 1924.)

This being fashion week in Holton, of course the Recorder needs to have a fashion editorial. But, of course the readers of the Recorder who have seen me will be surprised that I assume to know anything about fashions. There is just were they are wrong.

In my personal habits I never attempted to follow the fashions, but all the same I have kept my eyes open and learned from observation.

When I was a kid, a matter of four score years ago, I distinctly remember that women, I mean the fashionable women, wore tight long waists with pleated bosoms and long peaks stiffened with whalebone down in front. They wore bussels over the hips and just under the waist to make the dress stand out. These bussels were round

rolls of some light weight stuff, from four to five inches in diameter and long enough to reach across the back and over the hips. They were shawls and occasionally a cloak was seen. To wear a Pasley shawl was a label of aristocracy, recognized by everyone. The Pasley shawl was an imported article and cost from $20 to $40 as I remember. The skirts were long, sometimes so long as to trail the floor or ground for several inches.

The next fashion as I remember was the wide spreading hoop skirt. The hoops were sometimes ratan sometimes metal, but made as light as possible.

Then some genius who wished to cater to curious men with an investigating disposition, invented the tilter. The tilter gave only a momentary glance but in most cases that was sufficient to satisfy the glancer. The style was very different from the present day skirts. I do not remember just the date but I do remember the big sleeves that took almost as much cloth as a 1925 gown.

The old fashioned bonnet with its little crown to cover the back knot of hair and the head, and then the flaring expanse that shaded the face would now be considered a fright. I cannot describe that wonderful headpiece, than to say that it was just the opposite that is worn at present.

The style of over wear has changed about twice a year as far back as I can remember.

The style of woman's dressing in every age has been designed to make the wearers more attractive to men, and as ridiculous as some fashions now seem to be, I think they generally succeeded in accomplishing the object. Men have always fallen for what tyrant woman has demanded of them. (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1924.)

Surely! I remember some thing about men's fashions of an early day. I remember there were "dandies" instead of "dudes," in those times. The "dandies" were recognized by them wearing dress suits to church on Sundays. Well I presume they were excusable for the reason that in most neighborhoods society events were few and far between. The churches all opposed private as well as public dances and would expel anyone found guilty. We had no Episcopal church in our locality. Some of the "dandies" when decked out in a dress suit made themselves still more ridiculous by adopting a peculiar strut in their walk.

In those times men and boys journeyed to places they could not reach by stage coach, traveled horseback, and they wisely arranged their dress to suit the mode of travel. Over the ordinary suit they first wrapped their legs from the hip down to over their shoes in leggings. The legging was a square piece of woolen cloth, generally green in color, in which they would wrap their legs, the protection reaching down over the buffalo overshoe. The overcoat was of some sort of woolen felt cloth and made to come down to the ankle with a long cape that fell well down to the hips. About the most ridiculous article of apparel many wore was the "stove pipe" hat, a stiff, tall head piece that was neither comfortable nor handsome; even more uncomfortable than the flaring bonnets worn by the women.

To people who have observed the fashions of men and woman and the frequent changes from bad to worse for the past seven or eight decades, when it comes to criticizing present fashions, they are inclined to modify their voices. (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1924.)

Looking over some old papers the other day, I ran across an old record which told of the results of farm operations that year. The document was not dated, but I think it was about 1852 or 1853. Father and sons, one son 20 the other 14, were the laborers.

"Raised and harvested 12 acres of wheat which averaged 14 bushels to the acre, 6 acres of oats, only moderate yield, 10 acres of meadow, clover, timothy and red top mixed, yield about 12 tons, 40 acres of corn, cultivated 5 times with a single shovel plow, 4 times two furrows in a row, last time three furrows, yield an average of about 30 bushels to the acre. Fed 35 head of hogs which averaged 275 pounds, which sold for $2.75 per hundred. Corn was worth 30 cents per bushel, but after feeding the hogs had none for sale. Wheat was worth 65 cents per bushel, but after feeding a family of eight, had none to sell. The year was about average for crops, prices a little advanced on what they had been a number of years." (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1924.)

Seventy-five years ago a steam larger than Grasshopper creek ran though my father's farm, but unfortunately the public road followed the banks of the creek for three or four miles, which prevented us kids from enjoying the bathing and swimming privileges. That was before bathing suits had been invented - at least, it was before they had been introduced in our neighborhood. (The Holton Recorder, October 11, 1928.)

I frequently read fish stories that remind me of when I used to go fishing in "Nolin's Fork" in Wayne county, and in "Big Walnut" in Putnam county. The brand of fish in these waters were perch, red horse, cat, sunfish and suckers. The suckers were the largest, but they did not bite at a hook and bait, and had to be caught with a snare

or seine. Cat fish, perch and sunfish were the biters and could be caught by the angler. Perch were the best when cooked. Cat fish were the only kind that would bite and could be caught in the night time. While going fishing was regarded as a kind of sport, it frequently furnished the breakfast, dinner or supper table with food that was luscious. (The Holton Recorder, November 22, 1928.)

It reminds us of our kid days when we dug fish worms for bait. We lived on the banks of a creek that we sometimes called a river. There was a deep hole a half mile above our house and the "big drift" was half or three-quarters miles of a mile below. We caught mostly black perch and "red horse." There were plenty of suckers, but suckers would not bite and were caught only with a seine, a dip net or a snare. It required some skill to catch them but more to eat them without getting some of the numerous fish bones lodged in the throat. (The Holton Recorder, August 14, 1930.)

A man in Brown county owns a "coon dog." I remember back in Indiana when many owned "coon dogs" and where raccoons were quite numerous. In the fall and early winter evenings coon hunting was a popular sport. Coon skins were valuable in proportion that the fur was good. (The Holton Recorder, November 28, 1930.)

I think no one deprecates profanity more than I do. The habit some men acquire of swearing is not only wicked, vulgar and evidence of bad breeding and worse training but it is silly and as a general thing without excuse. Possibly there may be exceptions as to it being entirely without excuse. I remember when I was about thirteen or fourteen years old we cleared up a piece of new ground some fifteen acres in extent. It was covered with stumps and the ground was full of roots. In breaking up the ground, the roots would be broken and frequently one end would remain fast in the ground. When the corn was large enough to cultivate, I was set to work with a single shovel plow, drawn by a large old half blind horse named "Bill." The horse was always hard to get started and when going was still harder to stop. When the plow would strike an unseen obstruction I in a measure realized how it was when "an irresistible force ran up against an immovable body," and I was compelled to be constantly on the alert to keep the plow handles from knocking me out of the game. But the worst I had to contend with were those roots with one end fast in the ground. The plow would run under the root maybe two or three foot long, pull the loose end forward and when it let go, the thing would spring back almost without warning and if I were not watchful would rap me across the shins. Finally this is just what happened. The springy root came back with such force that I thought at first the bones must be broken. It hurt terribly and when I finally got old Bill stopped I sat down and cried. Crying did not seem to met or in the least modify the situation and I deliberately concluded to try swearing. I had never in my life sworn an audible oath but this did not deter me so I blurted it out.

The sound scared me, at first, and I remembered my next sensation was one of gratitude that no one had heard me, not that I realized the wicked enormity of my conduct but because of my awkwardness on constructing the expletive. I am satisfied there never was a more ridiculous sentence constructed, and I then and there resolved that if I had to learn before I could swear respectably and scientifically I would give it up. I have never attempted to indulge in profanity since. (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, June 13, 1907.)

Speaking of labor saving machinery recalls to my recollection the laborious method of getting in the spring corn crop. If it was a stalk field we cut the stalks with a hoe, raked them into piles with a horse rake, burned them and were then ready to introduce the stirring plow. After breaking up the ground, it was then harrowed to break up the clods, then furrowed off with a shovel plow in furrows four feet apart. Then it was ready for planting. The planting process was as follows: Cross furrows four feet apart where run with the same old shovel plow and the corn was dropped, 3 or 4 grains, by hand, where the furrows crossed. Three men or boys with hoes followed, covering the dropped corn. There are probably some corn raisers who still follow the old custom, but most farmers now use the planter, a machine that drops and covers the corn. It used to take five to plant say 8 acres per day, work now accomplished by one man, a planter and a pair of horses. (The Holton Recorder, March 1, 1928.)

When I was a boy I remember in our neighborhood there was a lane between a couple of farms about five feet wide, grown up with weeds and brambles. As nobody seemed to travel it and it seemed to be put to no use whatever I was at a loss to understand it. When I grew up and come to know a little more I discovered that it was the dividing line between two hardheaded, contrary old farmers. These two men were both church members, in good standing and professed Christians. They both died long ago and after their death one fence was sufficient

to divide the two farms. I have often wondered if there are any line fences in heaven, and if those two men happen to join, whether or not there is a five foot lane between them. (The Holton Recorder, March 10, 1904.)

I am not a friend to the fly, the common, ordinary, everyday, too numerous to mention house fly and never have been.

For a man who is not bald headed I suppose my antipathy to the fly is as deep seated as most people's, and yet it seems to me some persons of the feminine persuasion exaggerate their troubles because of the few flies that stray in when the screen door is flopping. Fifty years ago there was not a window or door screen in our entire neighborhood and so far as I know in the universe. Wire screens are a modern institution. In those times the pestiferous flies wandered at will in and out of the kitchen, the dining room, the sitting room and the bed room. When the dining room table was set for a meal, some one had to be detailed to keep the flies off. In our domicile the job frequently fell to me. Some of the more wealthy and aristocratic people could afford fly brushes made of long peacock feathers but the poorer class, of which I was a distinguished member, had to use a green switch with the leaves on. I can remember how tired I used to get standing and waving the bush over the table while the dinner was being prepared taken up and placed on the table. And then frequently when we had company the table would be full and I had to wait and as I had nothing else to do I was required to hold my position as shoo fly general.

I remember how it tried my patience as well as my boyhood to have to stand by and see the very best parts of the chicken, the pie and pound cake disappear and to see my chances to get a square meal of the things I liked the best dwindle and finally disappear. I imagine Rockefeller if he has to pay that $29,000,000 fine will not begin to feel the regret I did when the last piece of raspberry or currant pie went the way of all earth. I remember I then made vow that if I ever had children of my own and happened to be in a position to be able to control matters, they should never be required to wait if I could manage to in some way get lumber to make the table large enough and dishes to fill it, and I have always religiously or otherwise kept that vow. (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, August 15, 1907.)

Cigarette smoking women don't shock Clyde Gerard. He writes, "The girls who smoke haven't anything on their grandmothers if they go back far enough. We can remember when many, if not most of the country women smoked little clay pipes. When a few of the neighborhood ladies called for a social afternoon they would sit outside the cabin under the trees and enjoy several hours of visiting and smoking and it was an exception when the husband didn't both chew and smoke. As the country prospered and became more thickly settled and other forms of social life presented themselves, the habit of smoking among the women disappeared." - Manhattan Republic.

Where I spent most of my boyhood days in Indiana pipe smoking among elderly women was very common.

I remember an aunt I used to visit. After supper every evening she, her husband and her husband's mother always lit up their pipes and filled the room with tobacco smoke, which to me at that time was very offensive. This was not on the frontier or back woods, but in one of the oldest settlements and best neighborhoods in the state. (The Holton Recorder, April 29, 1926.)

Smart paragraphers and other Alecks have much to say about "hen-pecked husbands", but I do not now remember of ever reading anything about a roosterpecked wife. My observation convinces me that more woman suffer in this line than men. I remember when I was a kid, we had a neighbor, Wyley Tacket by name. Wyley was a big fat lazy specimen who never worked when he possibly help it. He complained of being an invalid, and had his wife and children completely locoed. They did the work on the little farm, and it was said, frequently went hungry, and denied themselves sufficient clothing that "pap" might be well fed and clothed, and it was said that they did so willingly and cheerfully. Wyley has a notion that fat meat did not agree with him, so at the table he would strip out the lean, for himself, leaving the fat for the others.

A story went around the neighborhood, that on one occasion, a little son whimpered to his mother to give him some of the lean, and that she reproved him by saying "papa is sick dear, and must have the lean."

How many readers have known of similar conditions in families of their acquaintance. I have known a number of "Wyley Tacket's" whose treatment of their wives made the average "hen-pecked" husband look like a pampered favorite of fortune. (The Holton Recorder, February 6, 1913.)

What would the young farmers of Jackson county think, if this spring they had been compelled before putting in a crop to spend two or three weeks grubbing, burning and picking brush before they commenced stirring the

ground. Then when the ground was plowed, of that portion of it not taken up with stumps and roots, it would have to be harrowed to break up the clods, "crossed off" both ways with a single shovel plow, then the corn was dropped by hand, three grains to a hill, then covered with a hoe, then cultivated with a single shovel plow, at first two and then three furrows to a row, going over it at least four or five times? With this process in mind they can understand how it was that their fathers and grand fathers were not able to cultivate more than fifteen acres to the man, and had to work from twelve to fourteen hours a day to do that. I have omitted one important feature, I see, and that was the hoeing. A great many people thought they could not raise corn without least one hoeing. If I recollect rightly it did do a great deal of good in the stumpy fields, where the roots prevented effective cultivation with the plow.

Then, when harvest would approach, the "cradles" would be taken down from the peg in the barn or outhouse, where they had reposed since the last harvest, and such repairs made as were needed to put them in working order. I do not allude to the cradles in which babies were rocked, although this kind was a necessity, too in every well regulated family, and were in use much more continually than the grain cradles. This was because the crop of children as about as sure and nearly as frequent as the wheat and oat crop, and the harvest lasted longer. One good cradler could cut about three acres per day, and it required an expert binder to keep up with him and transform what he cut into bundles. Then in the evening, and sometimes after night, all hands, frequently with the women of the family to assist, the bundles would be put in shocks. This process, slow and tedious compared with the way grain is harvested now, will explain why ten or fifteen acres was a big wheat crop for only one or two hands,

Swapping work was very popular and became a necessity in harvest time. Four or five farmers who lived adjoining would all go into the first field to ripen, harvest it in a day or two, and then to the next field that was most matured, and so on until all had their harvest in the shock. Great preparations were made in the house as well as out doors. A fat heifer would generally be killed for beef, spring chickens, which if they had been planted early enough in the spring, were ripe enough to pick, and bacon and beans also supplied an important place on the table and filled a long felt want in the stomachs of the hungry men. The harvest was on this account a kind of frolic, in which the youngsters, and I think the older ones, too, looked forward with pleasure, rather than regret because of the hard labor. The oat and hay harvest followed, but the rush was not so great, because the oat crop was not so large, and the grass could wait a few days without great detriment to the crop. Then would come the stacking and threshing. This latter process differed greatly from the present method. I can remember when threshing machines were very scarce, and what there were did their work very crudely. Such a thing as a "separator" was unknown prior to 1844. The machine threshed the grain out of the straw, but did not separate the grain from the chaff. This was done afterward by a fanning mill. Nearly every farmer then had what was termed was a "barn floor." This was a large floored space under cover, usually between the crib and the stable. The wheat bundles were taken in, the bands cut and the bundles spread out in a circle as large as the floor would admit, say twenty feet in diameter, to a depth of a foot or eighteen inches. Then a horse, or generally two horses, were driven or ridden over it until by this tramping process the grain was all forced out of the wheat heads. Of course it was a slow process, but much more expeditious than the still more primitive "flail." The "flail" consisted of two stout poles some two inches in diameter, one about six feet and the other three feet in length. These were fastened end to end with stout whang leather, the fastening serving as a joint. The thresher would grasp the long piece and with a dexterous movement bring the short piece down on the wheat or oats and keep hammering away until the grain was thoroughly separated from its original place in the wheat heads. Even in my recollection there was yet an occasional farmer who cut his wheat and oats with a sickle and threshed it with a flail. Of course, to such low price of wheat did not seriously effect his finances, as no effort was made to raise more than was required to "bread" his family and supply a limited amount of feed for his team.

The harvest season has been in full swing this past week. Harvesting is different from what it used to be. When I was a young man and worked on my father's farm, I never heard of harvest hands being shipped to the wheat growing regions in droves. Every farmer with his boys and possibly a hired hand, expected to, and did his own harvesting. There were few big wheat fields of hundred of acres in those days. From ten to twenty acres was the ordinary wheat crop on a farm. The process was as follows: Three or four farmers would combine and would go into the first field that ripened, say with three cradles, three binders and a shocker. The seven or eight men would harvest on an average of ten acres a day. Then they would go into the next field that ripened. Generally in a week or eight days the wheat would all be in the shock and the farmers would go to "laying by" their corn. They would do this by going three furrows in the row with a single shovel plow. By this time the corn would be up to the

horses sides, making it very hot work for both man and beast.

It took a pretty good horse to "lay by" two acres a day. After the corn plowing was finished, hay harvest was on hands. The hay was cut with a scythe, and spread out so that it would cure, with a fork. Then it was raked up into swatches and pitched up onto the wagon with a fork, hauled to the stack or barn mow, where it was pitched up with a fork and stacked or stored away in the mow.

The whole business of harvest required hard, strenuous work which was as different as possible from riding on a harvester or mower spring seat or driving a hay loader and stacker.

We did not get to go to town very often and when we did go we did not ride in an automobile, but on the back of old Dobbin, or a skittish colt that needed breaking. There were no picture shows, carnivals or other entertaining features to make town attractive so we were content to plod along in the wheat or hay field. (The Holton Recorder, July 8, 1920.)

I cannot say how it was a hundred years ago, but I have a very distinct recollection of how harvesting was done eighty years ago. A fairly good cradeler would cut three acres a day and an extra good one would sometimes cut four acres between sun up and sun set. A good binder, would, as it used to be termed, "keep up with the cradler." One man would be able to shock as much as three or four cradlers would cut. In busy harvest time in those days there were no eight hour days. (The Holton Recorder, November 3, 1927.)

I wonder how many people there are, readers of the Recorder, who ever saw the old traveling threshing machine in operation? The motive power of this thresher came from one of the hind wheels which was heavy with corrugated tire surface. In front of the thresher proper was a rack that would hold ten or twelve dozen sheaves. The machine was powered by four or sometimes six horses. After the sheaves were loaded at the stack or from the wheat shocks, the power was attached and business started. The track was generally over a level strip of blue grass pasture and was of sufficient length to thresh ten or twelve dozen sheaves. The threshed wheat, mixed with considerable chaff, was caught in a chest under the back part of the machine which was emptied onto a wagon cover or other canvass spread out on the ground. The wheat had later to be run through a windmill to separate it from the chaff. After the threshing the straw was distributed over a track a quarter or half mile long, was collected and racked.

A "Traveler" as they were called, could thresh, if well managed and kept busy, about 90 or 100 bushels a day.

It required at least four men to run the threshers, the feeder, the driver, the sheaf hander and the band cutter. In addition it required at least three men to clean and take care of the threshed grain; one to turn the crank of the windmill, and two to measure and put in bags the cleaned wheat. Seven men in all, who if they had to be paid the wages of today, and the wheat threshed had been sold for the price then prevailing, the outfit would at the end of each day, have come out in debt. However, in those days in old Hoosier, very little was sold in market. It was used to furnish bread for the family. Except the threshing gang labor was not hired, but farmers swapped work. (The Holton Recorder, May 14, 1924.)

When I was a boy in Indiana, farm work was about the only employment within reach of the young man.

Then there were no big manufacturing establishments, no railroads, no telephones, no electric plants, no nothing to speak of, where wages could be earned, except on the farm.

Things made of iron and wood were manufactured at the neighboring blacksmith and cabinet maker's shop. There were carpenters to build the few houses that were not made of logs.

Things made of leather were manufactured at the neighboring shoe shop and saddle and harness shop.

I have no recollection of ever seeing a pair of ladies' shoes with anything resembling the French heels, that now disfigure woman's pedal extremities; or of ever hearing of anyone paying from eight to fourteen dollars for a pair of fashionable shoes.

Men's boots (the men all wore boots) cost from $3.50 to $5.00, and woman's shoes from $1.50 to $3.00.

The regulation wage paid farm hands was $10.00 a month, board, lodging and washing.

If a young man was able to own a horse, his horse was pastured in the bargain.

With most farmers, wages were paid only through the crop season, say from April 1st until Christmas.

In some cases the farm hand was kept all winter, but without being paid wages. He would chop wood, make fires and help take care of the stock for his board.

There was no eight hour business in those days. During the crop season the hired man was up as soon as it was light enough to do the chores, and was expected to work as long as it was light enough to see, whether that time was twelve or sixteen hours.

Once in awhile the farm hand and the farmer's daughter would fall in love with each other and light out and get married.

It very largely depended upon the disposition, temper, etc., of the old man whether or not that farm hand subsequently had the soft snap he had calculated on.

As a rule, farm hands, if they were respectable, were received into the neighborhood society, and were accorded about the same consideration as were farmer's sons. I think all classes were accorded consideration on their merits more than they are in these more or less degenerate times.

I never worked as a hired man on a farm, but I worked as a hired hand in a store, and put in on an average of 14 hours a day, six days a week, for which I received the first year, besides my board and lodging, $6.25 per month. The second year $12.50 per month. When my wages got up to $40.00 per month, I considered I was going some. I did not in the least envy Nicholas Longworth, who was regarded as the richest man in Cincinnati.

In those times when hired farm hands were receiving $10 per month, congressmen got $8 per day, and the president received $25,000 per year.

Now when farm hands demand and get $25 to $30 per month, congressmen have fixed their own salaries at $25 per day, and the president's salary at $75,000 per year. So you see the proportion between the farm hand's salary and the salary of presidents and congressmen is about the same as it was sixty or seventy year ago.

Hired farm hands were not, and are not now allowed to loaf on their jobs like congressmen are.

As a matter of fact, congressmen and U. S. Senators get a matter of forty dollars for every day they actually put in saving the country.

In those times a good reliable farm hand never had any trouble getting employment. A poor hand who shirked and slighted his work, was not considered worth "his board and washing." (The Holton Recorder, December 14, 1916.)

My readers have frequently heard the expression, "Take turns like going to the mill." In the early days there were mills scattered all over the country, where ever sufficient water power could be found. Some of these manufactured flour and meal, and some of the smaller ones only corn meal, and here and there one was found with a "still" attached that made whiskey. Sometimes the farmer would take several bags of wheat and corn to the mill in his wagon, and sometimes only a single bag of wheat or corn on his horse, and once in a great while a customer, generally a hard customer, would go to the mill with the "still" with a little corn or a big rock in one end of the bag and a jug in the other end. Each customer had to "take his turn" and wait for his grist until that turn came. If the mill was somewhat behind he would go home and come back another day, but if not he would only have to wait until the dusty miller "could grind his grist." I well remember the fun we used to have fishing and swimming while waiting for our grist. (The Holton Recorder, May 10, 1894.)

In the good old days when the meal barrel began to run low and the old man, after supper, brought in a bag of corn to shell, to take to the water mill the next day to have it ground into meal, or carried on a horse to the mill to be ground into flour, hog killing time was a great event.

Hog killing generally came in two relays. The first was as soon as the weather turned sufficiently cold in December to make it safe; the second was a month or six weeks later. This making two killings was to have the spare ribs, back bones and sausage fresh and palatable during the winter.

When hog killing time came around the boys of the family were hustled out of bed early in the morning, to start a fire and prepare to heat water in the big iron kettles, used for scalding the hogs. When preparations were complete the hogs were killed with a rifle or knocked in the head with an axe. Then they were doused, one end at a time, in a barrel of scalding water - the barrel fixed so to slope at about forty-five degrees, to make it convenient to get the porkers in and out. Then the hair was removed by pulling and scraping, the hog hung up and "dressed." "Dressing" a hog was in some ways similar to undressing a person.

After the dressing process and the animal heat had been evaporated, the porker was "cut-up," the lard portions removed and the "trimmings" for sausage.

Generally the sausage meat was ground or chopped and "stuffed" after supper, and this being a somewhat laborious and tedious job. We would not get through before midnight.

The next day the lard would be rendered out, and the feet and heads would be cleaned and cooked for "souse" or head cheese. Hog killing was a great event on the farm, and the boys, and girls too, of that day, will never forget the glad time. We had a good many meatless days in those times, but they did not occur in the weeks succeeding "hog killing."

As we remember it now, there was much hard, disagreeable work connected with "hog killing," but then we boys regarded it as a kind of folic, and enjoyed it, too. (The Holton Recorder, January 3, 1918.)

I was reminded of the good old times of spare ribs, back bones and home made sausage the other day when my neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zabel, sent me over a good big mess of that same old country sausage such as my father and mother used to make. Say! Those hog killing times were great; but I hardly think we kids appreciated them at their full worth.

The boys of the family were up early and by breakfast time we had the out-door fire made and the big kettles on, filled with water, and the sloping barrel in position in which to scald the porkers. When night came and the butchered hogs were sufficiently cooled we would carry them into the smoke house, cut them up, cut out the sausage meat and lard, and them chop up the sausage or grind it, if we could get a sausage mill. I can remember when there was but one sausage grinder in the neighborhood. That mill was kept in use constantly thorough the butchering season, but many could not secure its use and chopped their sausage with an axe or cleaver. (The Holton Recorder, December 23, 1920.)

Yes, we used to enjoy the Christmas holiday just as much, and I am not sure, but a little more than people do nowadays.

If there was snow on the ground and the sleighing was good, how we would enjoy it.

Father would put the wagon bed on the old wood sled or on bob sleds, fill it up with straw and blankets, boys and girls and go off to spend the day and evening at old Aunt Mary's.

The grown up young folks would get up skating parties, oyster suppers and coasting parties.

I recall one year when I was twelve or thirteen years old, when Christmas came on a Sunday. My father had brought me a "Kossuth" hat for a Christmas present and on Sunday morning I donned my Sunday school clothes and "Kossuth" hat and slipped off to a neighbor's, where a "shinney" party had been arranged. "Shinney" was the forerunner of golf. A shinney club was the same as a golf stick, only we did not buy them ready made from the sporting goods store, but made them from dug up shrubs in the woods. We had a good time that Christmas Sunday and I recall I enjoyed myself fine until one of the boys accidentally tore one side of the rim of my new Kossuth hat off with his shinney club. It was not only the destruction of the hat that worried me but the fact I had been indulging in a Sunday game was bound to get to my father, who as a very strict Methodist, disapproved of all kinds of Sunday diversions, except church and Sunday school.

The home going was a terribly sad affair for me. It amounted to a tragedy. (The Holton Recorder, December 18, 1919.)

I have a distinct remembrance of several Christmases sixty-five or seventy years ago. The outside settings and decorations were very different from what they are now on Christmas. There were no Christmas trees then in our vicinity. If the Christmas tree had been invented the innovation had not reached the remote west. The remote west was then in Indiana and Illinois. The Christmas feeling was then about the same as it is now, possibly a little more reverent and more in accord with the principles of Christ.

My grandmother's contributions were cookies cut out in the shape of animals. My mother's was a baked chicken, goose or turkey, with sage dressing and plenty of gravy, pumpkin or mince pie and pound cake. My father's was a pound of candy. If the hickory nut or walnut crop had been good we had nuts and popcorn and apples and cider. Those were great times. (The Holton Recorder, January 6, 1916.)

It may sound incredible but I was once a boy; and what may seem still more strange I was like other boys and would rather go to a circus than to Sunday School.

When I was twelve or thirteen years old a circus was advertised to appear that the county seat some ten miles distant, and I wanted very much to go. My father agreed that if I could hustle up the necessary fifteen cents I could have a day off and old Jim to ride. The circus was to appear on Tuesday, and on Sunday previous I was taken sick with a hard chill and was very sick all day. I did not mind the pain and distress so much as I did the prospect of staying away from the circus. Monday morning I felt much better but dreaded an attack the next day, as the every-other-day chills were conceded to be the worst of the disease, so I hiked out to consult the doctor. I explained the situation to him and impressed him with how much I wanted to attend the circus. He compounded as large and very bitter dose and I took it down without batting an eye. It did the business all right and the next morning I was all right. I ate an early dinner which mother fixed up for me, and struck out for the circus where I arrived in time to join the mob clamoring for tickets. I guess I must have had a slight chill followed by some

fever, for I had not been in the hot, bad smelling enclosure long until I began to be consumed with thirst, I had spent all my money for an admission ticket and had not enough sense to know that I might get a pass out that would enable me to return, so all I could do was stand around and see others drink ice cold red lemonade. Just before the performance commenced and as I was seriously considering whether or not I should sacrifice the show for as drink of cold water, the lemonade man pointed to me and said "here boy go out and get me a couple of buckets of water," and handed me a quarter and a pass out and back. I think at the time, I in sort of a vague way, looked upon it as a kind of interposition of Providence and all I have ever been taught since about the wickedness of the circus has not changed my mind. (The Holton Recorder, January 7, 1909.)

I have never seemed to have much luck. When I was a kid in a family of a goodly number of other kids, and the whooping cough, measles, chicken pox and mumps would have their runs through the family I was never sick enough with any of them to attract any attention, while the others would have the doctor and be nursed and coddled and sympathized with. I remember, when I had the whooping cough, I would cough, and whoop to beat a band of Indians and try my best to lose my breath and scare the family as some of the other children did; but without any satisfactory results.

This same brand of bad luck has followed me all through life, I have never been able to command much attention, sympathy or applause. (The Holton Recorder, March 27, 1913.)

It used to be the fashion when any of the family contracted or was threatened with a "bad cold" to have them before retiring for the night, immerse the lower limbs in a vessel of water as hot as it could be borne, and then, when all of a sweat, jump into bed and sweat it out between feather beds. (The Holton Recorder, May 19, 1927.)

It was in 1852 when the New Albany & Salem now the Monon, railroad was being built from New Albany on the Ohio river to Michigan City on Lake Michigan. The part of the road was being built from Lafayette south, the rails had been laid to about six miles south of Bainbridge, near where I lived in a farm. One evening I was in town with some of the boys and the work train came along loaded with ties and rails. We all jumped on for a ride, about a dozen of us. We were rather surprised that no one objected, and before the adventure was over we found out why they did not. The train bumped along over the rough laid rails with frequent stops until we arrived at the end of the track. Then we were informed by the workmen that if we expected to ride back we would have to assist in unloading those cars, which we proceeded to do. It commenced raining about the time we commenced our job - one of those late fall, cold, wet Indiana rains. It took a couple of hours to unload the cars and get started back. When we got about half way to town the train stopped. We were informed that the engine was out of water and that if we expected to get home and out of the wet that night we would have to carry water in buckets from an adjoining creek to fill the tank. This took another hour. We finally got home about 2 o'clock in the morning, thoroughly soaked and chilled. I doubt if many soldiers of the Civil war, that occurred nine years later, or the more recent World's War, ever spent a more uncomfortable six hours than we fool boys did on that, our first railroad ride. (The Holton Recorder, March 23, 1921.)

Occasionally I read of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show giving entertainment, generally in small towns. It was in the early fifties that Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe wrote this remarkable book, that was destined and did build up an anti-slavery sentiment that brought on the Civil War, doubtless, several years sooner than would have occurred if there had been no "Uncle Tom." I remember of reading it under conditions almost as strenuous as were those attending the escape of Eliza on floating cake of ice, across the Ohio river.

There was an old maid school marm boarding at our house and she had borrowed copy of the book which she carelessly left within my reach. Interesting reading matter was rather scarce in our house in those days, as it was in most country houses. There wasn't on story magazine then in circulation where there are now a hundred or more. Suffice to say I got hold of the book and became interested in the fate of Uncle Tom, Eliza and little Eva before Miss Bickle caught me and informed me that it was a borrowed book and she did not want me to get my "dirty hands" on it. She hid it, but the premises were small and inadequate and did not prevent me from following the destinies of Uncle Tom, Eliza and little Eva to the end of the chapter. (The Holton Recorder, August 26, 1926.)

Speaking of libraries, I remember when the only books in my father's house was a big family Bible, a Methodist hymn book, McGuffey's second and third readers, Hale's History of the United States and two volumes of the works of Flavius Josephus. Later we got a fourth reader, an arithmetic and grammar book and a

Columbian Orator, a book for school exhibitions. In those times a single newspaper was made to serve three or four families. (The Holton Recorder, August 2, 1917.)

It was fashionable in those days to get married. In fact this is one of the customs that never seem to change. Ever since Adam was smitten with Eve in the Garden of Eden and Eve reciprocated the attachment, young men and maidens have in all the ages had a weakness for falling in love and marrying, and all the floods and wars and pestilences and famines and droughts and grasshopper scourges and calamity epidemics have not been sufficient to do away with or even modify the custom. But forty or fifty years ago people did not go off to wedding "towers" and spend a month or two in uncomfortable travel and sight seeing. The sensible custom then practiced was for the company to be first invited to the bride's home, where the marriage would be solemnized, usually in the evening, and the festivities would begin with the wedding supper and generally last until midnight or later, when those who lived convenient would go home and the others would be provided with sleeping accommodations in the house of the bride. The next morning after breakfast the happy pair, accompanied by the whole family and the friends who had remained overnight, would repair to the home to the home of the bridegroom, where another large company would be invited to the "infair." The dinner prepared was usually an elaborate affair, and there was not infrequently considerable rivalry as to which would be the greatest culinary display, the wedding supper or the infair dinner. The young people of the company would be expected to remain to the evening party again, which generally lasted until the "wee sma' hours." The next day the new married couple would settle down and begin the routine of labor that was expected to last with scarcely an interruption the balance of their lives. This programme will doubtless seem to the young readers of The Recorder to be very homely and uninteresting, and they might wonder how people could enjoy life under such circumstances, but my judgment is that they were just as happy and had just as much enjoyment as they now do under the very different conditions that surround us. I am assured of one thing, and that is that there was consistency, fewer scandals and not nearly so much business in the divorce courts then as now. (The Holton Recorder, April 19, 1894.)

Speaking of old fashions, I would give something considerable to again see as I once did, the groom on a horse with his intended on the same horse riding behind, ride up the minister's residence, bound off, go in, get spliced, go out, mount old Dobbin, ride home in time to do the milking and other chores. (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1924.)

I think perhaps there is no class in the community more imposed on and less intelligently understood that boys from 14 to 16 years old. They are that age that, expressed by a wag "They know to much for a boy and not enough for a man." My judgment on this subject is formed from my own experience when I was passing through this transitional period.

A fifteen year old boy falls in love, or thinks he does, on the slightest provocation and even when there is no provocation except a flaxen haired, freckled faced girl, he falls in love any way. After the catastrophic happens he does not know what to do. He is as helpless as a baby, an over-grown specimen of which he proves to be.

I remember my father sent me to town to attend the high school where he hoped I might get a smattering of algebra, geometry and other high studies. The town girls did not look to me like country girls. They were better dressed, that is more fashionably dressed and I thought much prettier. I do not think that I ever mustered the courage to voluntarily address one of them. When they would speak to me I would become too embarrassed to give an intelligent reply. I however worshiped them, at long range. I remember I would look at them from behind my slate or book, and wish that some sort of cataclysm or earth-quake would occur to mix us up.

Everybody has a pick at a boy of that age and no one yet has ever regarded him as having any rights or feelings that anyone feels bound to respect.

The fifteen year old boy is never supposed to get tired, if he happens to live on a farm and has the ambition to make a hand in the field, it matters not how hard he has worked. If there are any chores to do, he is expected to jump lively while the full grown men are resting. The work however is the least of his troubles. The fact that he is ignored socially and in almost every other way is what hurts him the worst. If there is distinguished company in the house the smaller children are dressed up and put on dress parade and are encouraged to show off, while Jim is shoved into the back ground, where the only consolation he has is the fact that there he can hide the patches on the seat of his trousers.

There have not been as mean flings by smart paragraphers made about the boys as there have about the mother-in-law, simply for the reason that the boy has been considered of too little importance.

The fifteen year old boy has, so far as we can discover never had but one friend and defender that he could depend on and she was his mother, and there are cases on record where the mother failed to come to the rescue.

I remember when I was about fifteen, my older brother was married. There was to be a wedding at the bride's home and an "infair" at our home.

I was promised that I should attend the wedding and as it happened that there was an extra girl from our neighborhood, I had the inestimable pleasure of riding with her over to the wedding. The fact that she was a little more than twice my age did not, as I remember it, detract from the pleasure.

Alas! Alas! the supper festivities were hardly over, when father called to me "Adam get your horse, we must hurry home, as there are chores to do to get ready for tomorrow."

The next morning it was raining a regular downpour and I was sent out over the neighborhood to borrow umbrellas for the wedding company which I had to carry over to them. When I arrived with my bundle of umbrellas I selected one of the best for my own use, with perhaps a vague notion that this might be an inducement for some girl to ride with me, but I was detected and my scheme came to naught. My umbrella was given to a dudish fellow by the name of Hal Minor. Hal was decked out in the latest fashion and had for his partner the girl I especially wanted to ride with. They were the last couple in the procession and I brought up the rear. There was a creek to cross and the rains had raised it so that it was almost past fording. The dude was riding a skittish young horse which when it got to the deepest part of the stream concluded to fall down so it and Hal went under. The fact that he was not drowned was not in answer of any efforts or prayers of mine.

There was some compensation in the fact that he had to deck himself out in a homespun suit of father's until his could be dried and pressed.

When I got through taking care of the horses I was wet to the skin, but as far as I can now remember no one suggested drying and pressing out my suit. The whole affair was a sore disappointment to me, I did not begin to cut the figure I had anticipated, I would.

It was, for me from my standpoint, a stupendous failure and because of it, I for a considerable time, seriously contemplated becoming a misanthrope and woman hater. (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, February 4, 1909.)

There is in the life of every youth, a period calculated to make or mar character and career. It is that period when a fellow arrives at an age when he has the ambition and desire to be a ladies' man, but is too young and shy and inexperienced and gawky to succeed. At this stage, when he is to old to enjoy being a boy, and too young to be a man, he wishes he was dead, and everyone else, except, perhaps his mother and father, wishes so too.

It was at this period in my life, when I was about bitter sixteen, that my older brother got married. I attended the wedding and in the dusk of the evening, as I was anticipating the festivities in which I was calculating to participate, my father notified me it was time to go home and compete preparations for the "infair" which was going to be pulled off at our house the next day. I went home. That night it rained an old fashioned Indiana rain, and was raining the next morning.

I and a young brother of the bride, about my age, were sent out to scour the neighborhood to borrow umbrellas. We selected an umbrella apiece for out own personal use. We argued that it would be an inducement for some of the girls to want to ride with us. There were two swollen streams to cross, and everyone rode horseback. There were no autos in those days, and mighty few buggies. When the company came to pairing off, there was not enough girls to go around, and Harve and I had to ride in company with each other; neither were there umbrellas enough, and I had to give mine to a dude by the name of Hal Minor. Harve and I rode at the tail end of the procession and next in front of us rode the dude, Hi Minor, with the girl I hoped I would be permitted to escort. Hi was riding a skittish young horse and when crossing the swollen creek, his horse began acting up and fell, completely immersing the dude, much to the gratification and amusement of Harve and myself. The stream, much to the disappointment and chagrin of us boys, was not deep enough to drown my rival, but when he waded out, he was about the worst bedraggled, dilapidated dude in the business! His horse also got out and struck out for home, before anyone had the presence of mind to secure him.

Then I was subjected to the limit of endurance, and I declared "war to the knife, and knife to the hilt on humanity." I was made to give up my horse to the bedraggled dude, and we had to foot it the rest of the way through the mud and slush.

Is it any wonder that sometimes, even after the decades have piled up upon the other, that once in a while my pen gets the better of my judgment, and makes me the author of sentiments that grate harshly on the sensitive ears and feelings of my readers.

The moral of this story is that boys, even at the unpopular and disgusting age of sixteen, have rights which deserve consideration. (The Holton Recorder, June 24, 1920.)

When I was a boy growing up, I remember there were certain dishes that appealed strongly to my appetite, and of which I scarcely ever seemed to get enough to satisfy. There were also certain pleasures and pastimes, such as fishing, hunting and going to the circus, for which I seldom had either the time or money to indulge. I remember how I used to resolve and plan how when I grew up and became independent of parental restraint and could command my means, I would satisfy my appetite for favorite food and my desire for worldly pleasures and pastimes. Somehow or another, when I grew up my appetite and desires changed and I did not care for the things I craved and desired when they were beyond my reach.

I guess it is a natural weakness, defect or whatever you please to call it, to want those things that are unattainable and undervalue the things that are easy to get. It tends also to solve the problem we used to debate in our "lyceums "Resolved, that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in realization." (The Holton Recorder, May 5, 1921.)

I have a very distinct recollection of hearing of an old-fashioned mother, who used to stint her individual breakfast so that her children's lunch they took to school with them should be as elaborate as the lunch children of the richer people ate.

I now call to mind a neat, good looking girl, who wore a dress of "linsey woolsey" the whole five months of the school session. I think without a change. My recollection is that it was made high in the neck and came down a little below the shoe tops.

Since tops in those days did not extend in an upward direction nearly so far, say by a margin of from six to ten inches, as they do now.

Once when I was connected with what was called a "general store"- a general store was a store that sold sugar and nails, molasses and calico, hose and hats, coffee and women's shawls and other things, as the sales bills say, "too numerous to mention." I purchased a few pairs of women's shoes, that, to make a profit, I would have to have to sell at $5.00 a pair. I think I sold two or three pairs at a profit, and was glad to get rid of the remainder at cost.

The young women of most families in those times generally had about three dresses. One for Sunday-go-to-meeting wear, a house dress, and another, suitable to put on when she went out into the field to help her father in corn planting or to assist in getting up the hay when bad weather threatened.

They did not generally possess party dresses, but would wear their Sunday-go-to-meeting dresses to "apple peelings," "quilting's." "candy pullings." and such other simple gatherings as were indulged in.

About the only "joy rides" indulged in were sleigh rides. When a snow would fall, such as we have had the past week, everybody slid around on "runners." The smooth sliding vehicles ranged from one-horse jumpers to four-horse bob sleds, with big wagon boxes filled with straw, blankets and girls and boys.

The old folks would also sometimes catch the mania and rig up a contraption of some kind, in which to attend the revival meeting in Sleepy Hollow church. The Holton Recorder, December 4, 1919.)

Talk about your joy rides in automobiles and of coaching parties, there never was and never will be anything to beat the old fashioned sleigh ride, when the big wagon box was placed on the wood sled, filled with straw, blankets and buffalo robes, with just room enough left for half a dozen country girls and their beaus to crowd in. Four horses decorated with cow bells, sleigh bells or any other old sort of bells, furnished the motive power, and it was difficult to tell what furnished the most noise the bells on the horses or the belles in the vehicle.

I never knew a more serious accident occur than an upset, depositing the load promiscuously in a soft snow bank. It is my recollection that a joy ride of this kind was not regarded as a complete success unless one or two upsets occurred. My! How we enjoyed those suppers after eight or ten miles of hilarious travel in the cold crisp night air.

Nothing I can remember so contributed to matrimonial results as the ride home under the bright stars, or it may have been through a blinding snow storm. (The Holton Recorder, December 19, 1912.)

This was also back in Indiana. There was a chump of a fellow whom I will call Bill because that was his front name. He was having fun one day with a lot of mischievous girls, and they proposed to Bill that it would be a great stunt for him to get into a barrel and allow them to roll it down a long hill. Bill was finally persuaded to try the experiment, so the barrel was rolled to the brink of the hill and Bill got into it and after getting himself

well braced for the trip made the announcement, "let 'er rip gals." The "gals" let her rip, and down she went with accelerating speed, until it struck a stake and ridered fence. Bill was separated from the wrecked barrel and finally brought to life again, but it was several days before he would have been recognized by his friends if they had not been told it was he. The next time the girls wanted to have fun they had to secure another victim. Bill had had enough. (The Holton Recorder, February 8, 1912.)

The story recently printed that a fool, to win a bet, put a billiard ball in his mouth and it took a surgical operation and the removal of five teeth to get it out, reminds me that back in Indiana I knew a simpleton whose front name was John. One day John was with some girls who were having fun putting hens eggs in their mouths, and John declared that he could put a goose egg in his mouth and the girls dared him to do it. John was brave and wouldn't take a dare, and by dint of perseverance he got the goose egg in, but when he tried to take it out it wouldn't come out and when he was threatened with lock jaw, the girls got scared and hustled John off to a doctor. The doctor after diagnosing the case doubled up his fist and with an under cut belted John one in the chin. John was relieved but the egg never amounted to much as a goose egg afterward. We are sorry to relate that the experience did not do much good in curing John of the silly habit. John kept on biting off more than he could chew for the remainder of his life. In this respect John was not unlike a good many politicians and would be statesmen I have known. (The Holton Recorder, February 1, 1912.)

Speaking of the difference in times now and, say, two generations ago, I recall that money was very scarce and hard to get. Then people raised and manufactured most they ate and wore, and as taxes were light they did not need much money. Lawyers would come out from the county seat six miles distant and spend a whole day pleading a case before a justice of the peace for five dollars or less. I think five dollars was the limit, and they not infrequently took their pay in something to eat, vegetables, flour, meat or fruit.

One of these trials was pulled off one rainy day before Squire Furray, an Irish justice of the peace, and as I could not work in the field, I was permitted to attend. George W. Julian was one of the best lawyers in the state, and afterwards was the nominee of the Abolition, or Free State party, for vice president. My recollection was that I was pretty badly scared, thinking that he and the opposing counsel were going to fight and that there was going to be blood shed. But nothing off the kind happened, and when the trial was over, the two lawyers, after receiving their fee of five dollars or less, got in a buggy and drove off as thick as thieves. (The Holton Recorder, October 11, 1917.)

Seventy years ago today I climbed out of a hay field, brushed the hay out of my hair, put on a pair of shoes and went to town to clerk for my uncle in a small country town store. Suppose, for instance, I had remained a dirt farmer, there is no telling how often I would have been defeated for congressman, governor, etc. (The Holton Recorder, August 19, 1926.)

Speaking of the "good old times," I recall that when I was a youth, I clerked in a general country store. There were no banks, and of course no one had a bank account. A majority of our customers settled their accounts once a year, when they sold their hogs or their wheat. In many cases when the wheat crop had failed or the hog money was not sufficient to go around, the customers would give six or twelve months notes. I think a majority, or at least a large minority of the farmers were from six months to a year behind. When at rare intervals a customer paid the cash instead of having it charged, we would feel quite a shock. (The Holton Recorder, May 26, 1921.)

Countess Primo Magri, formerly known as Mr. Tom Thumb, died at her home in Middleboro Tuesday of last week. I remember when P. T. Barnum brought Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb with his show to Bainbridge, Indiana, sixty years ago. Hotel accommodations being limited, the couple were entertained at a boarding house across the street from the store in which I clerked. Her maiden name, if I remember correctly, was Minnie Warren. I am not sure the couple were married at that time. They were, as small as they were, prominent features of the show. (The Holton Recorder, December 4, 1919.)

An interesting story of P. T. Barnum, a noted showman of a couple of generations ago recalled the first time I saw Barnum's "aggregation."

It was at Bainbridge, Ind., I think, in the year 1857. I was clerking in a store and I well remember the excited anticipation exhibited by the people of the town when the flaming showbills were posted by the advance advertiser.

Bainbridge was a small county town but on show day the country people from far and wide flocked to town and filled the big tent. The leading feature of the show was "Tom Thumb", who had been discovered by Barnum a year or two previous. Tom was advertised, I remember, as a midget 18 years old, 28 inches tall and weighing 28 pounds. Another feature was a man without arms who with his toes could write a fair hand, probably it would be correct to say a "fair foot," load and fire a pistol, and perform other wonderful feats. I remember one of Tom's stunts was, dressed up to impersonate Napoleon Bonaparte. The little country hotel was crowded and Tom and Barnum had quarters at a boarding and rooming house just across the street from the store in which I clerked. Through my intimate acquaintance with the proprietor I was permitted to see and have a few minutes conversation with the midget.

He was quite intelligent and altogether an interesting character. The great showman passed through the room but did not stop to interview me or to be interviewed by me. This was some eighteen years before I became a newspaper man which accounted for the fact that I was too modest and retiring to head him off and get his opinion of politics and other humbugs.

As well as I can remember it was a year or two later that Barnum discovered Jennie Lind and brought her over to this country where she captivated every one who was privileged to hear her sing. (The Holton Recorder, April 19, 1923.)

It was election day in November, 1858. In my home town in the old Hoosier state, the campaign had been exciting. The anti-slavery sentiment had been growing and Republicanism had, since the Buchanan-Fremont campaign two years previous, also had been growing stronger. The paramount issue was "Is slavery national or sectional?" In other words shall the members of both parties had on their fighting clothes, and in some cases, new western territories knocking at the door of the Union, come in as slave or free states. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise by what was known as the "Kansas-Nebraska bill" had precipitated the issue. The concealed somewhere in their clothes were Colt revolvers.

Election day in the little town referred to, had been somewhat strenuous. There had been numerous rather rabid discussions and a knockdown or two. A half an hour before the polls closed I was eating my supper a block away from the polling place, when I noticed six men riding rapidly on horses wet with sweat. They were strangers to me going in the direction of the polling place. Before I had clearly made up my mind what this portended, an old man also on a galloping horse passed in the same direction. I grabbed my hat and followed as fast as my legs would carry me, and that meant pretty fast as I was something of a sprinter in those times. As I neared the election place I heard the old man shout, "I challenge those men, not one of them lives in this township." At the moment it looked a little ominous for the old challenger, there were six to one, and the six assumed a threatening attitude. This disparity did not last long, soon it was six to a dozen or more. While the augment was still going on the announcement was made "the polls are closed."

Later it was ascertained that these six outlaws had voted in at least two precincts. They were not prosecuted, probably for the reason that illegal voting was practiced more or less by both parties.

I have within the past few years heard fellows brag that they voted for Fremont or Lincoln before they had arrived at voting age. That old man, who followed the six outlaws from his country precinct five miles distant where they tried to vote, was my father. (The Holton Recorder, November 27, 1924.)

I remember when three or four of us boys rode on a hand car, which we had stolen, ten miles to Greencastle, Ind., to hear Governor Porter make a Republican speech in 1858, and we not only ran risks of meeting a train and getting knocked into kingdom come, and being arrested for theft, but we had to pump the blamed thing back home on the up grade, through an old fashioned Indiana fall rain storm and not a single mention of it was made in a single newspaper. (The Holton Recorder, December 12, 1917.)

My old friend, James A. Troutman, brags that he has been a resident of Kansas 60 years but reluctantly admits that there are 108 people in Shawnee county that beat him to it. Only a circumstance I was unable to control prevented me from getting here before Jim did. It was the spring of 1858. I experienced a violent attack of Kansas war fever. I had a very intimate chum who also contracted the disease, caught it from me. I throw up my position as clerk in a store, purchased a land warrant, got my picture taken to be distributed among my friends and expected to start in a few days. My chum's family bitterly opposed his going and finally his father bribed him with 11 yearling calves to stay at home. I did not fancy going alone so I gave it up. Some two and half years later I had another attack. This time there were about a half a dozen of us involved. We planned to form a colony and settle out on the border. We sent out a man to spy out the location, but before we got arrangements completed

the war started and the fighting nearer home seemed to be more interesting than the Kansas brand, so again my "Westward Ho" aspirations were checked. I with some of the other boys enlisted. It may be asked, why did you not come as soon as the war was over? Well to be frank I had had about all the fighting my system seemed to demand. I had become a man of peace, a condition from which I never recovered. (The Holton Recorder, December 4, 1924.)

I well remember when, 67 years ago, Kansas was admitted as a state. I was chairman of the Monroe township Republican Club in Indiana and headed the procession in our torch light marches. In the 1860 campaign we erected a bed on a big log wagon, in which we had seats for fifteen young ladies all dressed in white, one representing each anti-slavery state then a part of the union, and one dressed in black representing "bleeding Kansas." In those days politics was a somewhat strenuous problem. (The Holton Recorder, February 2, 1928.)

I notice that some eastern fellows are leagued together to get up a new kind of Fourth of July in which the dangerous explosives, the foolish flopping eagles' wings, the noisy merry-go-rounds, and the health destroying red lemonade will be left out.

If this scheme should prove a success, I wish to inform these wise eastern guys that I and probably half a dozen others still living beat them to it and hold a patent upon which they will infringe at their own peril.

I think it was in 1860 just fifty years ago that the young people of a little Indiana town decided to celebrate the Fourth in a new and patriotically unique manner. They put their heads to work and got up a lot of charades which were performed by enacting patriotic scenes in which our early pioneer fathers played a conspicuous part. One of the scenes was "Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith." The writer of this was Captain John Smith and if a kodak picture of the scene could have been taken of the prostrate hero, the beautiful tender hearted Indian maiden, the savage Powhattan with his cruel club and other savages executing their war dance, the undersigned would cheerfully swap his interests in Guggenheim's Alaska coal lands for a copy of the picture. Another scene was the signing of the Declaration of Independence in which Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, John Adams, John Hancock and other prominent revolutionary patriots were in evidence.

Another scene was the surrender of Yorktown, and another was the Champion pugilistic battle between Sayers and Heenan which had just came off and which was reproduced with startling effect.

It was fortunate for the show that the movement to suppress moving pictures had not yet been inaugurated as the prize fight was about the only performance a large part of the audience seemed to understand or appreciate. I remember hearing one old lady remark after the curtain had fallen on the Captain John Smith-Pocahontas tragedy, "I just wonder what the start naterl fools air a tryin to do ennyhow."

Well that was half a century ago. Both Heenan and Sayers are dead. Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock, George Washington and John Adams are dead. Molly Stark, Martha Washington and most of the continental congress and a majority of the Indian braves have folded their tents and departed to the land of shadows. Captain John Smith and Pocahontas are still on earth but Powhattan long ago passed over to the happy hunting ground.

Until last week, so far as I know and believe no one else ever proposed to reproduce anything resembling that Fourth of July celebration in the that small town in 1860.

I hardly know whether or not it could have been called safe and sane.

If the sanity question had been left to a vote of the audience the probabilities are that it would have been against us by a small majority. The fact that I am here to tell the tale is proof that the audience was conservative even if not all of them were up to date on the historical events of their native land. (The Holton Recorder, July 14, 1910.)

I notice in the Publisher's Auxiliary that a paper, the Bainbridge Messenger, has just been started in my old home town, Bainbridge, Ind. Reading this, there was recalled to my mind the first news(?) paper published in the town some sixty-two years ago. It was edited and published by four or five young fellows of whom I was one. We did not have any type, not even a "shirt-tail Full" and of course dispensed with a printing press. We wrote it out on a big sheet of paper. It was edited and written behind closed doors and the editors all remained incog. They had to, or face a libel suit or two. It was noticeable that after the second issue, which was the last, that there were fewer roughnecks sneaking around a certain business house via the back door.

The paper was branded "The Sharp Stick," and the motto was 'devoted to punching people up." (The Holton Recorder, March 24, 1921.)

There are sometimes expressions of contempt for the "good old days" when conditions were much different from what they are at present time. But after trying to park and finding no place within several blocks of the

business district, almost any sensible man will wish he were back in the time of hitching racks. - W. Y. Morgan in the Hutchison News.

We are inclined, frequently, to exaggerate the "good' in the so-called "good old days." I remember on one occasion I drove my old one horse buggy to Green Castle, Ind., and could find no place to hitch old Selim within two blocks of the business streets. (The Holton Recorder, March 22, 1928.)

When President Taylor died suddenly, only a few weeks after he was inaugurated, there were dark and ominous hints of foul play. This was the second Whig president that had been elected, and both died soon after entering the office. President Harrison lived only a few months to enjoy his honors. I can well remember how the Whigs felt and how many of them believed that the Democrats were determined that no Whig should be president. They were confirmed in this idea when they remembered that Tyler, the vice-president, who succeeded to the presidency when Harrison died, turned traitor to his party, and vetoed the principal measure for which the Whigs had fought. I mention this fact, not because I now believe there were any good grounds in either case for the Whig's suspicion, but to show that party rancor and party prejudices were just as strong and unreasonable then as now. In the campaign of 1852 the Wigs attempted their tactics of running a man on his war record, and passing over Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, their two great statesmen, nominated General Winfield Scott, whose military achievements in taking the Mexican capital had made him a great and worldwide reputation. The Democrats has some experienced statesmen and able men in their party, but they passed them by and took up a third rate politician from New Hampshire named Franklin Pierce. Pierce had been a colonel, or, perhaps, a brigadier general, in the war, but had achieved no distinction. They probably gave him the nomination for the same reason they gave it to Polk, because never having did anything of importance no one could accuse him of doing anything very bad. The Whig newspapers and speakers made all kinds of fun of Pierce, and caricatured him in every ridiculous way, but he was elected.

For several years previous to this the slavery question had been becoming more and more a national issue, and although both parties played fast and loose with the question, the Democrats were the shrewdest and most successful in riding the pro-slavery and abolition horses at the same time. The defeat of Scott, and soon after, the deaths of the great Whig leaders, Clay and Webster, was a death blow to the Whig party, and its disintegration began. In 1853 or '54 the "Know-nothing" party sprang up, and for a year exhibited wonderful vitality. This party got its inspiration from the anti-Catholic and anti-foreigner sentiment that was very strong at that period. The "Know-nothings" was a secret society, organized at first much like the Alliance, and, like that organization, afterwards turned by its ambitious leaders into a political party, which flourished for a year or two, carrying elections in many counties, and gaining the ascendancy in two or three states. But, like the Alliance, and all other political parties that depend on grips and passwords and secret oaths, soon began to decline, and in 1856 ceased to be a factor in politics. After 1844, and up to 1856, there were no such enthusiastic political campaigns as those we described in our last; but now the slavery question had come to the front to stay. People were looking to the western territories of Kansas and Nebraska. This country, which up to a few years before had been represented on maps as the "great American desert," and believed to be good for nothing, was ascertained to be the most fertile and productive. The Missouri Compromise, which had said that slavery should not go north of latitude 36° 30', had been repealed, and "Free territories for free people" became the battle cry of the people of the north opposed to slavery. On this one issue the Republican party was organized, Freemont and Dayton nominated, and the preliminaries, which finally led to the war and the extinction of slavery, inaugurated. Although the Republican party was only about a year old, it gave the old Democratic party such a scare that I do not think it has fully recovered yet. Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, was elected by a scratch, but two years later the Republicans elected a majority in the lower house of congress. The border warfare in Kansas over the question whether Kansas should be a free or slave state, had been raging since 1855. Both Pierce's and Buchanan's administrations had manifested such strong pro-slavery tendencies, and had leaned toward the southern interests that finally the northern wing of the Democratic party, led by Stephan A. Douglass, rebelled and finally resulted in a split, which made it easy for the Republicans to elect Lincoln. I will not try to describe this interesting and exciting campaign. The Republican rallies far eclipsed either the Whig or Democratic rallies of 1844. At all the immense meeting in all of the northern states, "bloody Kansas" played a prominent part. Some of the Kansas scenes, in which "border ruffians" from Missouri had sacked towns and dispersed free state legislatures, were enacted in the most realistic way, and John Brown and Jim Lane were to these scenes what the melancholy Dane is to the play of "Hamlet." In the little town were I was clerking in the store at the time, most of the boys here were Republicans, and business was almost suspended. We built a two story structure on a big log wagon that

would carry thirty-six young ladies, one to represent each state in the Union, and one the Goddess of Liberty. The young lady who represented Kansas was dressed in black and was as mournful looking as she could be made. With this turn out drawn by eight horses we went to rallies far and near, sometimes starting before daylight and not getting back much before daylight the next morning. I do not believe we slept more than a average of five hours a night during the whole campaign. As the Democrats were divided and had two candidates the election of Lincoln was a foregone conclusion.

While we had a great deal of fun and excitement, as young people will, I can remember now that we sometimes felt the oppression of future calamity caused by the ominous threats of the divided and desperate Democracy. The joy and exultation of victory was greatly modified by the threatening condition of things in the south. Though a young man, having just cast my first vote, and inexperienced and devoid of political sagely, I was so impressed with what seemed to be a decided conviction of coming trouble that I was not at all surprised when the first state, South Carolina, passed the ordinance of succession and declared her independence of the Union, and the same state of action of state after state prepared everybody for the final act - the firing on Fort Sumpter, which inaugurated the greatest war of either modern or ancient times.

The news of the firing on a United States fort, though not all together unexpected, caused intense excitement throughout the land. In the little town in which I lived, the feeling was indescribable. There was but little loud talk and no controversy. For a time there was apparently but one party, and that the Union party. The rebels and sympathizers kept discretely silent. Democrats with Republicans in their declarations of loyalty to the government, and many of the former there and then changed their politics permanently. I remember one old man who had been a Democratic leader in the locality for some years. I had heard him argue by the hour in defense of Buchanan's Kansas policy, and of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He never pandered a jot or a tittle to the anti-slavery sentiment, and was considered by Republicans as the most incorrigible Democrat in that part of the county. The day that the news of Lincoln's proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers arrived this, old man came into my store and stood for a few moments without speaking, and then with tears running down his cheeks, his hand raised to heaven, and with a voice trembling with emotion he said: "I have been a Democrat all my life. I have talked and voted against abolition. I have stood by and defended the administration to the best of my ability; but from now henceforth as long as God lets me live, I am not only for the Union, but am abolitionist." And he kept his word. The Republican administration had no more zealous defender, and when the proclamation of freedom was issued, the old man's emphatic "Amen!" was heard a whole block. He lived to see the rebellion put down and the slaves freed. I relate this instance as a sample of the course of many Democrats

If there was one thing of which the young men and boys of the early part of 1861 were utterly and unqualifiedly ignorant about, that thing was the war. I smile as I now look back and realize how little we knew about the military science of killing. I enlisted among the first, only four or five days after the proclamation … (The Holton Recorder, March 15, 1894.)

I well remember the patriotic enthusiasm that prevailed when the Mexican War started. I did my first newspaper reading about that time, and read with interest the accounts of the battles and victories won by our army. Fifteen years later there was still greater excitement and enthusiasm among the people of the North when the Civil War started. Most of the young men of military age enlisted. We had in out neighborhood in Putnam county, Indiana, two brothers, Vol and Henry Stone, sons of a Kentuckian, who had recently moved in. Vol, the eldest of the two sons, was the first man that enlisted from our town in the Union army. Henry, the other son, later went back to Kentucky and enlisted to fight for the south. I never saw either of them after the war was over. (The Holton Recorder, April 19, 1928.)

I have mentioned in a former article that when Ft. Sumpter was fired on and President Lincoln called for volunteers that many loyal and patriotic Democrats declared themselves in favor of the Union, and many of the young men who had adhered to that party enlisted and marched to the front side by side with Republican boys. Some of the older Democrats also were enthusiastic Union men, and, like their political chief, Stephen A. Douglass, stood by the administration, and in every way in their power aided in recruiting the army. But I am sorry to record the fact that a large majority of the party in the locality where I lived were either open and avowed sympathizers with the rebellion or were half-hearted, grumbling Union men, who professed to want to see the Union preserved, but wanted it done in a way exactly reverse of the manner in which the administration was proceeding. D. W. Voorhess and Thomas A. Hendricks were the champions of this latter class, and it is my opinion that by their captious but able and influential opposition to every war measure introduced they did more

to prolong the rebellion and pile up the war debt than any two men in the so-called Southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee not excepted. In our town we had a number of sympathizers with the south who combated and gave the Union people a great deal of concern during the entire four years of the war.

The little town of B ---------- was built at the cross roads, and the business was mostly concentrated on the four corners and the lots immediate adjacent. On one corner was a store kept by a staunch Republican, and diagonally across the street was one kept by a rebel sympathizer. On the Republican corner a tall pole was raised from the top of which floated the flag with all the stars. The Democrats raised a pole on their corner, but on their flag was but sixteen stars, representing only the northern states. Early in May, 1861, word came over the wires that the gallant Ellsworth was killed in Alexandria, Va., while tearing down a rebel flag. The Republicans immediately ran their flag down at half mast in respect for the first martyr of the war. A hour later the dispatches announced that Jackson, the man who murdered Ellsworth, had been shot by the Union forces. Soon after the receipt of this news the Democratic flag was ran down to half mast. By this time there was great excitement, and a number of Republicans had assembled, and one young fellow declared that he was going to find out what the sympathizers meant by their action. He crossed over and asked the little squad in the store why they had draped their flag, and was answered by a strapping big fellow that "it was for Jackson." The Union boy marched up to their pole and seizing the lanyards ran the flag up and informed the Democrats that he would knock down any man who attempted to run it down. This kind of dare from a boy only about half his size was more than the Democratic bully could take, so he ran out, seized the rope, and was in the act of running the flag down, when a stone hurled by the Republican laid him senseless on the sidewalk. The flag remained floating from the top of the pole.

Two years later, when the draft was ordered, the enrolling officer in that township was mobbed and his books destroyed, and he was marched into town and given notice that if her attempted to perform his duty he would be killed. The perpetrators of this outrage were leading Democrats of that locality, and their names were sent Governor Morton, who sent down a squad of soldiers and arrested them. They were tried, found guilty and fined several hundred dollars. A few days after they had paid their fines, five or six leading Republicans, one of whom lived in Holton now, who were suspected of having sent the names to the governor were notified that if the amount of the fines were not made up and returned to the parties in a given time their property would be burned. These threatened gentlemen got together and after talking over the situation, appointed a committee of three, who preceeded to the residence of one of the leading Democrats, and one of the wealthiest men in the neighborhood. This leading Democrat was shown the anonymous threatening communication and informed that if an attempt was made to destroy or injure the property of any Union man in that locality, his houses and barns, and not only his but the property of other leading and wealthy Democrats would go next. To say that the rich old Democrat was scared and excited, would only feebly express it. He saddled his horse and rode for the next twenty-four hours until he had seen every one of the mob who were responsible for the threat. There were no houses burned, no property destroyed, and no more threats of the kind. Retaliation is not always a Christian virtue, but in this instance it proved to be a very effective peace measure in time of war. (The Holton Recorder, May 3, 1894.)

CHAPTER II
School and Church

About fifty years ago I entered school. We lived in one of the oldest settled portions of the Hoosier State, and schools in that section were far in advance of those in many sections of the state. Most of the school houses, however, were of the most primitive character. They were generally built of logs, with "chinking" and clay to stop the cracks, which, especially the clay, had to be renewed every fall. The seats were made of split logs, generally of bass wood and some other species that would split straight and make a smooth, flat surface, with pine stuck in each end for legs. I remember well my first day at school. I was allowed to occupy a seat by my older sister, and the bench was so high that my feet swung some eight or ten inches from the floor. This particular seat "bowed" up in the center, having been split out of a crooked sapling, and having been worn very smooth by use, I found it quite difficult to keep my position, and when one of the "big" boys on the opposite side began to play "peek-a-boo" with me from behind the big box stove, I carelessly lost my equilibrium and fell to the floor "cathrash." I was a great deal more scared than hurt, for I was sure that the "master" would use one of the great beech switches on me, a supply of which he had laid up to season on some pegs out of reach of the scholars. A "slab" some eighteen inches wide and ten or twelve feet long was fastened up against the side of the room on pegs driven into the wall at the proper angle for a writing desk, at which the children would take their turns in learning first to make "pot hooks" and then to follow the copy which read "Many Men of Many Minds, Many Birds of Many Kinds," or "Commandments Ten God gave to Men." In those days children did not use steel pens, and in fact few grown people used them. The pen was made by the teacher from a goose quill, and one of the most popular qualifications of a teacher was that he could make a good pen. In those days the programme in the school room was very different from what it is today. School was opened, or "books called," promptly at 8 o'clock, and the lessons of the day were begun by the primary scholars, the A., B., C., learners being called up one at a time to "say their lesson," that is, go over the letters of the alphabet forward and backward. Then came those who could spell. These were generally organized in classes according to their advancement. Then the four or five reading classes would in their turn stand up. Sometimes a fifteen minutes' recess would be given at 10 o'clock in the forenoon and at 3 in the afternoon. The geography and grammar classes would be called up, generally before noon and the rest afternoon. There were no arithmetic classes. Scholars usually commenced the study of arithmetic, or began "ciphering" as they called it, about the time they took up the third reader, and generally kept up the study as long as they were in school. We never heard of any one graduating from arithmetic in those days. Each scholar had a slate and text-book, and but very few of the text-books were alike. I think in some schools there must have been as many as six or eight different arithmetics in one school. Among those that I now call to mind were Pike's, Talbot's, Davies', and later Ray's and Stoddard's. There were no "primary" or "intermediate" arithmetics thought necessary. There may have been some published, but they had not been introduced out west. Each scholar proceeded to master this science on his own hook, and was expected to occupy all the time not required for his or hers other studies. They would first learn this rule and the table and then proceed to "work out" the "sums." They did not "solve problems" in those days. When they came to one they did not understand they would acknowledge themselves, "stalled" and carry it up to the "master," who would "work" it up for them and explain it, and then they would go back to their seats and continue as before. This kept the "master's" surplus time about all employed, and sometimes he was not equal to the demands made. The scholar who was the most industrious and most "apt" would lead all the rest and "cypher" through the book first, and at the "last day" would be "put forward" to demonstrate on the blackboard to the assembled patrons how the school had advanced. The study of arithmetic was considered the all important study after reading and writing, and grammar and geography were generally regarded as unimportant side issues. This probably gave rise to the legend of the three R's: "Reading, Riten and Rithmetic." Discipline in the school in those days was regarded as a very important matter. One of the first questions asked in regard to an applicant to teach was, "Does he keep good order?' and the next was, "does he whip much?" The "master" usually had his switch in his hand or kept it handy on his desk. This switch was generally a beech or birch limb, some four or five feet in length, and was dreaded by the most stoical. I had an experience with it once when I was quite small. I was engaged in looking at some pictures another boy was showing me in his new book, and of course not getting my lesson as I ought to have been. To see the pictures I was leaning forward and to the left, thus drawing my thin shirt tight over my back and shoulders. The first imitation I had that anything was wrong I heard that particular "swish," or more properly speaking, demonical "shriek," an elastic switch makes when it is forced rapidly through the air, and then the horrible sensation it produced by coming into contact with my back. I involuntarily yelled "ouch" and

made the entire school laugh. But it was no laughing matter with me. The small end of the switch had reached beyond my back and struck my finger, cutting quite a little gash in it near the root of the nail. As the pain on my back decreased the pain in my finger, which I had clasped in my other hand, increased so that I could not help crying. The teacher soon observed my tears and sobs, which I for the life of me could not suppress, and came to investigate, and when I opened my hand and exposed the wound my hand was covered with blood. When the impulsive but really tenderhearted teacher discovered the result of his hasty efforts at discipline I think he felt worse than I did, and could hardly keep his eyes dry. He tenderly washed and dressed my wound, which soon verified what I had frequently heard from my elders, but had never fully realized before, that it "felt mighty good after it quit hurting." But it was not the only use which he put his "gad" to wake little boys and remind them thus gently of their duty to spend their time in storing their minds with useful knowledge. He would occasionally lead a big boy or girl out on the floor and administer a flogging that would not only subdue the culprit, but for the time being terrorize the whole school. (The Holton Recorder, February 8, 1894.)

As to whipping school children by the schoolmaster, I recall that one of the best teachers, Thomas Rogers, an Irishman, always had a switch some five feet in length, in his hand, and he was not hesitant about using it when he thought it was required. The teacher was rather a large strong man with one short leg, pieced out with an iron foot. There was in school a well grown up boy by the name of Tom Dever. Tom was not only mischievous but mean, and bragged to the other boys what he would do if the master ever attempted to whip him. The test soon came. The teacher had given him one or two cuts with the switch when Dever grabbed him by his long leg. The teacher stooped over, caught him around the body and threw him with such force against the door as to break out a panel, after which he took a hard whipping with the switch. I remember that Dever, after damaging the door, got up and indulged in his favorite swear word, "Well I'll be Guinana burned." As well as I remember, no one ever suggested having the teacher arrested. (The Holton Recorder, April 26, 1928.)

Looking backward, as old heads will, you doubtless recall, how you looked joyously forward in the merry month of September, when school should begin again. One felt about as happy as a hearse as the three or four months of personal liberty rushed to a close and one realized that it would soon be time to go back and have the young ideas taught how to shot. Tough luck, it seemed to leave green fields and woods and swimming hole to pore again over miserable books, subject to the tyranny of the teacher. At times, at this time in particular, it seems to us too much fuss is made over the happy days of childhood. They told us then, as we tell youngsters now, that those school days were the happiest in life, but they couldn't remember, or flirted with the short and ugly. Time has brought toil in varied forms, but never a task since tackled has loomed so large as the one which used to be taken up on or about the first of September. - Atchison Globe.

As much as I regret to do so I must take issue with the Globe man. I presume my recollection of school days probably dates a quarter of a century prior to that of my Globe friend. One difference, possibly, in my school days and his was that in my time the three or four months vacation was six to eight months, and was employed by something, a good deal in fact, besides roaming through shady green woods and laving and sporting in the cool waters of the swimming hole.

Our vacation, as I recall to mind, commenced in the sugar camp and our recreation consisted of "tapping" the trees, gathering the sap, cutting wood, making fires and boiling down. This strenuous pastime was followed by cleaning up the corn ground, cutting the corn stalks off the wheat, etc. Next came the plowing, the planting and the cultivation of the corn crop. There were no picture shows to attend or baseball contests to witness in those days. The only real exciting contests were with the weeds in the corn field. The next on the program was the wheat, oats and hay harvest, where the implements we used in the game were the grain cradle, the mowing scythe, the rake and the pitch fork. After this came the wheat sowing and the corn harvest. Of course the "swimming hole" was there on the map and was a great substitute for the modern bath tub, but resort to the swimming hole was only possible after the days work was finished. Instead of picture shows nearly every night and ball games on Saturday, a circus or an animal show would wonder along our way about once on a average of two or three years, to which we might go provided work was not too pressing and further provided we could in some inscrutable way raise the necessary quarter or half dollar.

Is it much wonder that the boys and girls of that time looked forward to the opening of the three, four or five month's school with considerable joyous anticipation? It meant release from, in many cases, hard and more or less disagreeable farm work. It meant daily association with the boys and girls of the neighborhood. It meant, to some at least, a fulfillment of the ambition to acquire an education. It meant an hour at noon of games that were

games, at play that was play. It meant the spelling bee on Friday afternoon, and the friendly but earnest contests for head marks. It meant an occasional night spelling bee, which resulted not only in learning to spell, but in courtships which in some cases culminated in happy marriages and happy homes. It meant the glad and hilarious Christmas time, when a request couched in most polite but uncompromising terms, was made upon the teacher that he treat the school to apples, cider, cakes and candy. Of course the teacher, if he had any of the elements of humor in his make-up, and most of them had, would make a pretense of refusal, and then the boys would rally to the school house early in the morning and bar the teacher out and keep him out in the cold until he unconditionally agreed to the terms proposed in our ultimatum. It meant the exhibition practice towards the last of the school and the final exhibition in which small boys and girls would declare that "You would scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage," accompanied by the earnest request, "And if by chance I fell below Demosthenes, or Cicero, don't view me with a critics' eye, but pass my imperfections by," and in which larger boys and girls imagined that they laid the foundations for a dramatic career that would eclipse Edwin Forest or Mrs. Siddons.

Perhaps young people feel different now but I am confident many of the youth of fifty or sixty years ago, not only looked forward to the three or four months of winter school with pleasurable anticipations, but that these anticipations were pretty generally realized. (The Holton Recorder, August 28, 1913.)

The last day of school was always looked forward to with a great deal of interest and anticipation by the children, both large and small, not only because it freed them from the confinement of study, but because of the interesting programme generally arranged for that occasion. But little attention or time was usually given to examinations. Some times a few of the brightest scholars were put on parade as samples of the learning dealt out at that particular emporium of education. The main feature of this event was the "exposition" in which there were 'pieces' spoken by the children and dialogues and orations by the big boys and girls. Sometimes elaborate preparations were made, and neighboring large barn would be "seated" and "staged" with curtains and dressing rooms like a regular sure enough theater. When such arrangements were made the "exposition" was usually held in the evening, when a large crowd of people from that and adjoining districts would be present to applaud the "acting." I remember one of these affairs that I was connected with when I was quite small. Because I was the smallest boy in the school I was selected to represent the character of David in the tragedy of "David and Goliah." The largest man in the neighborhood, a man upward of six feet tall and weighing over two hundred pounds, was pressed into the service as Goliah, and I can well remember the exultation I felt when, with my sling, I "brought down" the giant and the house at the same time. We were in grave danger at one time while the entertainment was in the course of preparation, of being compelled to suspend. The community was strongly Methodist and most of the members of this church had children who were assigned parts. They had brought their children to rehearsals and fully approved of the business until some one started the fearful story that much of it was "just like a theater." This raised some commotion. If it partook of the character of the theater it must have the devil at the bottom of it, and that would not do in that neighborhood. The teacher was a leading Methodist, and my father a class leader, and both of them, with others who were Methodists, stood by the "exhibition" and defended it, and finally the opposition either quieted down or drew out of the business, and it went on to a final and successful termination.

One of the greatest curses of the school was the prevalence of the itch among the scholars. This gave our parents great concern, and every precaution was taken to shield children from the pestiferous epidemic. I remember that we usually wore a little bag under our clothing attached to a string around the neck in which was kept a small lump of asafetida. This was supposed to keep off not only the itch but other contagious diseases. Another pest were head lice. Every well regulated family kept on hand ready for instant use, a supply of fine tooth combs, and at least two or three evenings a week my mother would investigate the outside condition of my head with one of these "jerusalem overtakers" as they were sometimes called, and not by any means always without results. I have never yet met a boy or girl under ten years of age who enjoyed this process. To me it was one of the banes of my existence. Why the present generation of children are practically exempt from these twin juvenile calamities, the itch and lice, are beyond me. The only theory I have thought of is that they are indigenous to a new timbered country, such as Indiana was, comparatively, fifty years ago.

In all the years of my school life I remember but two women teachers, and they taught only a single summer term each. The winter schools generally continued from three to five months, and were always taught by men. I think no woman ever thought of applying for a winter school, probably because of the prevailing impression that a school consisting of big boys and girls could only be governed by well developed muscular power. One of the

(to the scholars) interesting episodes of the winter term was barring the teacher out of the school house on Christmas morning and keeping him out in the cold until he would agree to treat. No well regulated school would feel like it had done its whole duty until it had a barring out scrape. To prolong the fun the boys would frequently embody some absurd demand in their proposition, such as requiring him to furnish a gallon of whiskey, that they knew he would not consent to. And then sometimes they would, after having kept him out for awhile, make a sortie and catch him, take him down to the creek and duck him. This last named extremity was, however, seldom resorted to before a compromise was effected that was satisfactory to all parties. Usually the teachers enjoyed the fun as much as the scholars, bur now and then a surly, contrary teacher would be encountered and once in a while serious results followed. The interposition of school directors was seldom sought to settle difficulties in schools. The teacher and the scholars usually fought it out, and so far as my memory serves me now, the teacher nearly always came out the victor.

One of the most prolific sources of trouble in schools, and one of the hardest to control was the "courting" that would be carried on between the big boys and girls. I have known districts where the principal qualification sought in a teacher was an ability to prevent "courting," but while some of the teachers had the faculty to discourage and curb it, I do not believe that any one was able to suppress the nuisance. Notwithstanding the crusade against it, and the many slighting sarcastic allusions, such as "puppy love," "spoony infants," and the like, it is my deliberate opinion that some of the tender attachments formed between boys and girls at school would for purity of sentiment and unselfish adoration discount three-fourths of the courtship of adults which end in matrimony, and some of them finally in divorce. How many of the old men and women readers of The Recorder who do not sometimes recall scenes of their school days, and do not in imagination again hear the soft voice and see the beautiful eyes which "looked love to eyes that spoke again," while the cadences of sweet voices singing "Weavly Wheat" and "Ring around the Rosy," almost sets their feet to keeping time with music, and cause them involuntarily to wish they were boys and girls again? (The Holton Recorder, February 15, 1894.)

Twenty years ago most children hated to go to school. - Atchison Globe.

I cannot speak definitely from personal experience how children, twenty years ago felt about, but I very distinctly remember how they enjoyed going to school eighty years ago. The teachers of that day were not as well qualified to make lessons and school programs as interesting as they are now, but the students, we then called them "scholars," learned how to get the most fun out of unfavorable conditions. The noon hour, after disposing of our frugal lunch, was occupied with games of running base, town-ball, bull pen, 4 corner cat, antney-over, ring-marble, knucks and other games in which we all took great interest. Then there was the spelling school and the Christmas treat to which we looked forward with longing anticipation, and which we enjoyed to the limit. (The Holton Recorder, July 1, 1926.)

Things have changed in the past half century. At present about four-fifths of the country school teachers are women. When I studied and played and hookeyed my way from the age of five to fifteen years, through the country schools, I had thirteen different teachers, eleven of them being men and only two women, and the two women were thought only fit to teach summer schools, when the oldest pupils were not over ten and the highest grade the third reader.

My first teacher was Thomas Rodgers, an Irishman, but a very cultured gentleman and esteemed a most excellent teacher. He stood so well with the people they elected him county auditor, and transferred him from the school to the courthouse. My next teacher was Allen Leason, also a good and popular teacher. Then came my first woman teacher, when I was in my seventh year - Miss Sarah Evans. My recollection of her is that she was a very beautiful and attractive young woman. I know she was almost worshipped by her pupils. She taught a three months summer school. Next on the list was John Hutchinson, who nearly in every respect was the opposite of Mrs. Evans. Hutchinson was a great, tall, overgrown, husky young man, who had outgrown his clothes to the extent that his coat sleeves did not reach down to his hands by six inches, and his pantaloons and the tops of his cowhide shoes failed of connection by about the same space. He was considered quite a joke among the larger boys, until they had reached what the teacher considered the limit with their pranks, when the joke was turned and ceased to be funny to three or four of the ring leaders.

My next teacher was a young woman of the neighborhood, by the name of Hannah Ann Stratton. Most people called her "Hanner." "Hanner" was not a success either as a teacher or disciplinarian, and after a few weeks the attendance had dwindled so that she gave it up. Next on the program was John Doddridge. John was a member of one of the wealthy and prominent families of the neighborhood and was distinguished by reason of having

spent a year at Asbury University, the largest college in the state. Notwithstanding these advantages he was even more of a joke than was Hutchinson. Physically he was regulation size, but mentally he was somewhat dwarfed. He had been smitten with and had tried to pay his address to nearly every young woman in the neighborhood, but without success. They all, that is the said young women, including some of the big girls in the school, had considerable fun at his expense. As a result the larger boys and girls made more progress in courting and love making than they did in the three R.'s and other studies.

The next school I attended was taught by David Dunbar, who owned a fine farm and ran a country store. Dunbar was a fine teacher and an excellent disciplinarian. He was the only teacher in the country who was able to maintain discipline without the use of a gad. He kept a big beech switch laid up across a couple of nails in the wall, in full view of the school, but he never used it but once, and then with but one stroke, but as the smart alecky young man's legs were not protected by very much clothing, he carried the marks of that application of the gad wielded by the powerful athletic teacher for a number of days.

The next teacher was Wm. Hurst. "Bill," as he was called, was the son of the wealthiest farmer and stock drover in that part of the county and was another of the three young men who had spent a year at college. Hurst was a dandy. A young fellow was called a dandy in those times who dressed in the latest style and who would pose and strut on every occasion possible. He was not only a dandy in his dress and action, but in his talk. It was said of him, "He talked just like he walked." It may well be imagined that such a man would not have very smooth sailing, with a school composed of many pretty well grown up country boys and girls. He was not employed a second time. Once was enough for the community, as it thoroughly satisfied his ambitions in that line.

My next teacher was my brother, Samuel Beck. He was a well qualified and a conscientious teacher, as was proven by the fact that he was employed in the neighborhood where he lived every fall and winter for thirteen years.

My next four teachers, all men, were in the town school where I attended intermittingly in the endeavor to get some education a shade more advanced than was obtainable in the common country schools, and where I obtained a sort of speaking acquaintance with algebra, geometry and surveying, seasoned with ancient and modern history. With only one or two exceptions the schools I attended were built of logs; some of them with huge fireplaces and some with big box stoves. The seats in most of them were the flat sides of split logs, with pins driven in auger holes for legs and without backs. Our writing desks were slabs or puncheons, fastened against the wall with proper slant downward. In studying arithmetic we used slates, and would start in at simple addition and each fellow for himself "cypher" on through simple and compound numbers, the rule of three, the double rule of three, fractions, vulgar and decimal, the square and cube root, arithmetical progression, miscellaneous examples and so on to the end and the fellow who was the most apt and struck closest to his job would beat the others through, and be rewarded by a few public remarks by the teacher. (The Holton Recorder, February 11, 1915.)

As to school houses in an early day in Indiana, I remember when there was no school house, consequently no school within reach of the neighborhood where we lived, that the neighbors got together and decided to build one. One well-to-do farmer agreed to furnish the logs, and the others agreed to cut and haul them and put up the building. Its chinks were daubed with mud, the shack covered with clapboards. The seats were saplings split with the flat side up and pegs in the round side for bench legs. The writing desks were slabs donated by the sawmill man. I doubt if the cash expense of the building when finished was a much as $10. As I remember the people were as proud of that building as were the people of Holton of Campbell University forty years ago.

A few years later in a nearby neighborhood a church was built by the same method. The church seated about 100, and I overheard a leading member say that the church did not cost in actual money expended over $100. Hundreds of churches and school houses were, in an early day, built by the same method. (The Holton Recorder, March 29, 1923.)

I was born and partly raised and educated, what little education I received, in one of the best and richest counties in Indiana. It had been settled for about a generation when I made my advent. I cannot state the exact figures, but I am sure that more money was spent for educational purposes in Jackson county in one year than was spent for the same purpose in Wayne county in ten years. The common or district schools were few in number and far apart, and from $20 to $40 per month was the pay for teachers. I attended one three months session of school where there were an average attendance of sixty-five pupils, ranging from a-b-c beginners all

the way up to advanced arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history. The school or "books" commenced promptly at 8:00 a. m., and ceased at 5 p. m. I remember hearing the people grumble that the teacher was paid $40 per month. (The Holton Recorder, April 24, 1924.)

The term pen as applied to a utensil used for writing had its derivation from the Latin word "penna," meaning feather, and it was not until man began writing on paper that he adopted quills to his needs. The points of quill pens wore of quickly and had to be sharpened and the knife used for this purpose became known as the "pen-knife." The first steel pens, made separate from their handles, appeared in about 1820. These first separate pen-points, however, were so hard to make that their cost was prohibited, but when machinery was invented for making them, steel pen-points came into general use. - Exchange.

I was well grown up before I ever saw a "steel pen." Farmers all had flocks of geese and when they shed their "quills," which, if I remember correctly, was the spring of the year, we would gather the same and use them for writing during the school session. One of the qualifications of a good school teacher was his ability to make a good pen out of a goose quill. (The Holton Recorder, September 26, 1926.)

In looking back over my school days I recall the different characteristics if my schoolmates. In those days fighting among the boys was much more common than it is now, about two generations later. As a rule, the boys that bragged the loudest about their fighting prowess, did the least fighting. When they found they couldn't bluff or scare an opponent they found some excuse to quit. This was where the term "quitter" originated. Once in a while a quiet, modest sort of boy, after putting up with all the abuse and threatening from a bully he could stand, would take off his coat and roll up his sleeves and lit into a would-be rough-neck and give him a deserved and most complete dressing down, that is he would do it when the rough-neck didn't run.

Another characteristic of some were to be most enthusiastic and aggressive in proposing or starting something, but as soon as danger threatened were the first to flunk and abandon the enterprise. For instance when the teacher was to be barred out on Christmas until he promised to treat, some of the fellows who proposed the escapade, would get scared or discouraged on the slightest provocation, and desert their comrades, it they did not go over to the enemy. Bribery was some times as effective in those days as it has been later.

Well, those boys grew up to man's estate, some went into business and some stayed on the farm, and the same characteristics that distinguished them in boyhood stuck to them throughout their careers. Some of them and their descendants drifted into politics, and still the characteristics and foibles mentioned above clung to them. There seemed to be no way to escape from the weakness and cowardice and habit had saddled upon them. Once and a while, even in this generation, we see a man start out very enthusiastic and zealous in the cause of some reform, but for some reason his zeal soon peters out and his enthusiasm wanes and the first thing anyone knows, he is back seeking the flesh pots, trying to elbow his way up to the political counter. (The Holton Recorder, October 9, 1913.)

Read of another fellow with a broken neck still living and likely to live for a good while. I remember a big school boy who threatened to break the neck of a boy of less size and undertook the job. The self-constituted neck breaker came out of the scrimmage with two black eyes, a broken nose, and a face so scratched up that his mother would hardly recognize him. (The Holton Recorder, September 6, 1928.)

We all love Christmas and enjoy it, grown folks, old folks and children. To us old'uns, Christmas brings to our memory the good times we enjoyed when we were kids. One of those joyful occasions was when the master treated the scholars. Sometimes those treats consisted of stick candy, at other times ginger snaps and apples. School kids of today would not display much enthusiasm over a treat of stick candy or of ginger snaps and apples. When a teacher declined to treat his school, the big boys would go to the school house early and bar the teacher out and keep him out until he promised the usual treat. It was considered lots of fun to bar the teacher out and I remember many of us enjoyed the barring out process more than we did the subsequent treat. (The Holton Recorder, December 30, 1926.)

One day two boys, sons of prominent citizens of the district, and owning adjoining farms, had a scrap over a dispute in a game of town ball. Town ball and bullpen were the forerunners of baseball and football.

The teacher was something of a pacifist and undertook to deal with the matter as so not to offend his influential patrons.

He failed, as all extreme pacifists have in times past, are failing now, and always will, until that blessed day

called the millennium comes, when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, and nations shall learn war against nations no more.

It was the beginning of a feud, which lasted as long as we lived in the neighborhood.

One of the fathers sued the other for damages in torn clothes, and got judgment for $1.00 and costs; the costs amounting to nearly $50.

Then the other farmer sued his neighbor about a line fence adjustment, which cost them both a good deal.

And so it went from bad to worse.

If the school master had taken the matter in hand and given both of them a good trouncing, which I have no doubt they both deserved, it might have settled the matter and saved lots of future trouble and expense. History has a knack of repeating itself and human nature is about the same complicated problem it always was and pretty much the same in Kansas as it is, or was, in Indiana. (The Holton Recorder, December 21, 1916.)

When I was a boy going to school, I remember a boy by the name of John Henry. John Henry was a very peculiar boy. While he learned his lessons about just as well as the average, he hadn't a lick of common sense. He had another strange peculiarly. When anybody said anything or told anything that did not exactly agree with John Henry's ideas of the way things should be, he invariably denounced it as a lie, and the fellow who told it as a base and unregenerate falsifier.

On one occasion, I remember, the teacher got up a a contest by offering the members of John Henry's class a big red apple for each head mark won during six days. John Henry got one and the other boy we called Billy, got five. The next day when Billy was telling now he had beaten John Henry five to one, John Henry flew into a rage and called Billy three or four kinds of liar. Some may wonder why John Henry did not get numerous wallopings. Well, I think the reason was that we all found that this weakness was more John Henry's misfortune than his fault. He just couldn't help it. (The Holton Recorder, April 14, 1904.)

In the times of which I am writing, the "spelling school" was a great institution. Allow me to remark that a half century or more ago, boys were boys and girls were girls, just as they are now. That was the reason the spelling school was so popular. At an old fashioned spelling school the company would divide into two contending factions by two leaders "choosing up." This was done by using the master's beech gad. One would toss it and the other catch it, and then hand over hand they would grasp it, and the one who finally grasped the top of the stick had first choice. Generally he would choose the best speller, if he was not in love with some girl; if so, he would invariably choose her, regardless of whether she could or could not spell baker. He was willing to run the chance of being beaten and to have his side beaten, just for the pleasure of getting to sit beside his sweetheart. Probably he would not have the courage, even if he got the opportunity, to speak a word to her the whole evening. But such was boy nature then, as it is now, only methinks modesty and diffidence is considered old fashioned and out of date, with the boys and also, I fear in some instances with the girls, as well.

I notice they are closing the schools because of the scarcity of fuel. They did not close the schools where I received my "larnin" for lack of fuel. When the woodpile began to get low, the teacher would order the big boys all to bring axes on a certain day. When the day rolled around, a score of big boys and young men would attack the dead timber in the woods nearby with axes. The smaller fry, of which I was one, would carry and pile it up under a lean to outside the schoolhouse. The big and little girls, having prepared for the occasion, would bunch the lunches together and with the added goodies they had brought, would serve lunch picnic fashion. Instead of it being a burden, it was a great frolic, which everyone enjoyed. This program would be repeated every three of four weeks, or when ever the fuel became scare. (The Holton Recorder, December 4, 1919.)

When I was about eleven years old, our family moved to a new location. I was rather advanced, for a boy at that age, in arithmetic, geography, history and some other studies, but deficient in spelling and grammar, a deficiency I have never been able to overcome. They had a spelling contest in a neighboring district, which I was thoughtless enough to attend. Two of the champion spellers "chose up" and as my fame as a somewhat precocious youth had somewhat got abroad, the one winning the first choice chose me as his first choice. That was the first and last time I ever posed as a champion speller, and on that occasion it did not last long, I went down on the third word. (The Holton Recorder, December 9, 1920.)

I do not think that in my adolescent days I was much of an expert judge of female beauty, but as I recall an incident, I find I must have had a somewhat decided opinion on the matter. The incident referred to was a spelling school in a country district, at which a brousy red-headed, freckled-faced girl spelled down the whole school. I

remember how disappointed and disgusted I was when this, as I thought, homely girl spelled down a girl I thought was pretty. I am sure now I was prejudged. And in thinking back over subsequent events, I find I have frequently been more of less governed and influenced by my prejudices. (The Holton Recorder, May 18, 1916.)

It was several years ago that the Recorder printed an editorial comparing, or rather contrasting, McGuffey's series of readers with the various series that have been in use in the public schools for the past half century, to the decided advantage, as I thought, of the old McGuffey's books. … I do not claim to know the year that the first McGuffey's books were first published, but I do know that in 1844, when I attended my first school, I was supplied with McGuffey's second reader, the first lesson in it being the sign post and the man who could not read. The last, or about the last, lesson was "Too Late For School." I remember this Too Late For School lesson, because it was my first declamation delivered on the occasion of the "last Day" exercises. I do not remember now that I was greeted by with applause or hisses. Possibly before this or soon after the series had been revised and changed somewhat. The last of the series I used was the Fourth reader about 1848. I do not think the Fifth reader had been complied up to this date. In our family, money was rather scarce, a school book was made to descend from the older to the younger members of the family, and my father's family, being one of the old fashioned kind, the books, much now to my regret were about used up before the youngest "graduated" from the "destrict" school.

I remember a few years ago while visiting in Chicago in a house where there was an old library, snooping around through the old books I came across a copy of McGuffey's Fourth reader, and hardly took time to eat the rest of the day, until I read every piece in it. (The Holton Recorder, November 8, 1922.)

Seeing Superintendent Palmer's report as to teachers employed in Jackson county and the wages paid, called to mind some of the schools I attended sixty-five or seventy years ago.

My older brother was teacher, and the schools were what were known in those days as subscription schools. That was before the time of the adoption of the splendid free school system of which Indiana has always been justly proud.

A subscription school was an educational enterprise wherein the teacher took his chances. He would first get the permission to use the old log school house, and if there was no school house, which was sometimes the case, he would fix up, at his own expense, an unoccupied log cabin; then he would get as many "scollars," guaranteed as possible at $3 per scholar, for the term of three months.

If he could succeed in getting twenty or twenty-five, he thought safe to launch the enterprise. Some of these schools I remember averaged an attendance of forty, which if it had all been collected, would have made the munificent sum of $120 for the three month's work. But it was seldom all collected. I remember we used to take, calves, pigs, chickens, eggs, in fact nearly everything but dogs in payment. We drew the line on dogs.

The way the accounts were kept, a list of the heads of families was made and these names were called each evening, and the oldest of the children of each family would respond by the number in attendance. Sometimes there would be as many as six from the same family. In this way the account was kept.

Some of the houses had big stoves and others had fireplaces. About once in two weeks would be fuel day, on which occasions the larger boys were requested to bring axes. Then instead of bull pen, town ball or three cornered cat, the whole school, girls and all, would put in the noon hour, the larger boys chopping the wood and the others carrying and piling it in a corner of the room. That was the way the boys and girls of some three generations ago got their education and equipment for life's duties. (The Holton Recorder, July 26, 1917.)

The pail with a tin dipper was stationed at an approachable spot and the school children passed in line at recess and each helped himself to a drink and replaced the dipper in the pail without even rinsing it? - Celia B. Braun in Chicago Tribune.

Yes, we remember it, and we also remember that the school children lived and enjoyed fairly good health and grew up into manhood and womanhood estate about the same as they now do. (The Holton Recorder, September 26, 1929.)

I read in the Emporia Gazette the other day, that about 2000 students attend annually the Kansas State Normal and that only about 2.75 per cent were men. I suppose the balance of them were women. How different this from when us old fellows were boys. Of the fourteen teachers who taught my young intellect to shoot straight, but two of them were women, and they were employed to teach summer schools where only the kids to small to help in the corn and harvest field, attended.

Sarah Evans was the first woman teacher employed in our neighborhood and I remember yet how many people thought the innovation would be a failure, that women were not qualified to teach and because deficient in muscle and physical strength were, of course not able to keep good order and enforce discipline. Miss Evans was a beautiful young woman with fine qualities as to disposition, and good level headed sense. I remember how we children almost worshiped her and what a phenomenal success her school was in the judgment of the parents as well as the children. And yet the success of Miss Evans did not convert the people of that district, as she was the last and only woman employed in the district before I moved away from that locality. (The Holton Recorder, August 12, 1920.)

Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Christian church, which for years was known as the "Campbellite church", was a great preacher. I heard him preach in Bainbridge, Indiana, some six or seven decades ago, his son-in-law, I forget his name, accompanied him. (The Holton Recorder, April 1, 1929.)

Speaking of violins, regionally called fiddles, recalls the time not many generations ago, when a good many straight laced church people believed that the fiddle was invented by the devil and that fiddlers were his emissaries. I remember when a school teacher, with progressive ideas, took charge of the music in our church and introduced the fiddle. Wherever the fiddle came from or who it was that invented it, it certainly raised Sheol in that church. The first time its strains were heard in sacred precincts, Brother F., one of the leading stewards and largest contributors of "quarterege." got up and stalked out of the church. When next week the presiding elder came and was holding quarterly conference, Brother F., was on hand to protest against "satanic music." He declared that if the fiddle was allowed to desecrate the church, they would not get any more quarterage from him. The presiding elder, who had previously served in a city church, where an organ and an orchestra helped out the song services, rather favored the fiddle crowd. The prospective loss of Brother F.'s, contributions was rather a serious matter until another member arose and ascertaining that the peeved brother's contributions were $20 a year, offered to be one of four to make it up. Instantly three others arose and agreed to be counted on that proposition. Then an outsider, who was not a member of the church, but a member of the congregation, agreed to add his contribution, $20. Brother F., being a man who knew when he had enough, arose and with tears in his eyes and emotion in his voice, said that if they were determined to have that fiddle in the church, he would double his contribution as an offset against its influence. The outsider grasped Brother F. by the hand and declared that he was now convinced that there was more in religion than he had ever believed there was, and asked to be enrolled as a member of the church.

The strange thing about it was not that this episode was a beginning of a revival in the church, but that as long as I remained in the neighborhood, there was never anymore "fiddle music" in that church. (The Holton Recorder, February 27, 1919.)

The neighborhood where my father lived, as I have incidentally mentioned, was strongly Methodist. There was a strong county church in sight of our house, and some five or six others within a radius of five or six miles, and, with the exception of the county seat, no other domination had a foothold in our part of the country. Under these conditions and surroundings I grew up somehow with the impression that the Methodist was the only religious denomination worth mentioning. I am very sure my father and mother never tried to make this impression and were not responsible for it, but I think it was the natural results of the surroundings. I had heard incidentally that there were Presbyterians, Baptists, Catholics and United Brethren, but I had no idea that their religion amounted to much. My mother had a distant relative, living some four miles away, who was a Dunkard, and periodical meetings of this denomination were held at his house. He had a large barn, and in this the meetings were held, and owing to this relationship, we as a family, would attend. These people, and especially the ministers, were somewhat like Quakers in the peculiarity of their dress, but the most noticeable peculiarity was their long beards. In those days everybody shaved and went about with smooth faces, and to see and hear these solemn visaged, long whiskered ministers discourse produced a profound impression on my young mind. As I now write I can almost see Father Bowman with his shad bellied coat and patriarchal beard, with his arms spread as he uttered, "Yes, my beloved brethren." This is all of the sermon I can remember, but it is enough; more than I remember of many sermons I have heard since. With the exception of these Dunkards, I never heard other than a Methodist sermon until I was fourteen or fifteen years old.

When my father settled in the western part of the state there was a Baptist church only two miles from our house, and sometimes I attended their services. They were the old fashioned "regular" Baptists, sometimes called "hard shell," and by others "predestination" Baptists, and were as different from the Baptists in this county as

Dunkards differ from the Methodists. Theses people did not believe in paying preachers, neither did they believe in an educated ministry. I have often heard old Davy Wilson, one of their divines, who always took off his coat and tied up his head in a red bandana handkerchief before he commenced preaching, declare in stentorian tones that he "Thanked God he had no eddication." They, however, had a strong church and were good people, honest, industrious and frugal. They were strong against all secret societies and denounced them as "wiles of the devil." I knew of them "churching" two of their members and expelling them for joining the Sons of the Temperance. They did not take much stock in the temperance movement. Although few of them drank to excess, they all liked their dram and regarded whiskey as one of the necessities of life. I remember well of hearing one of the deacons telling about the preparations he had made to entertain the "association," which was about to meet, and one of the supplies laid in was a ten gallon keg of whiskey. In the earlier times I have been describing, while reckless drunkenness was condemned, drinking as fashionable, even among many church people. A 'log rolling" or a "house raising" always demanded a good supply of whiskey and on such occasions there were but a few sober men in the crowd when supper was called. Many, otherwise good people, did not think it possible to harvest their wheat, oats and hay without liquor in the field. At some point in nearly neighborhood someone kept a barrel of whiskey and sold it by the pint, quart or gallon to suit purchasers, as the price was only about twenty-five cents per gallon there was not many pints or quarts sold except for immediate consumption. Although as I have said, this was an exceptionally religious and moral neighborhood, I am very sure there were gallons of whiskey sold there to where there is now ounces sold in Jackson county. Everyone did not drink then. There were temperance cranks than as there is now. My father was one of the first to banish it from his place and refused to furnish it in the harvest field. I remember one year when harvest hands were somewhat scarce we came close to losing a portion of our wheat because of his persistence in this "cranky" notion. Those who were not so strict ran no risk of sacrificing any respect in the community or of lowering their standing in society or even in some of the churches, by following the general custom. While the preachers would occasionally refer to the sin of drunkenness, I have no recollection of ever hearing one denounce the sin of drinking in a moderate way, or advocate teetotalism, until I was about grown.

I can not help thinking that great advancement has been made in the temperance cause in the past fifty years. If my recollection is not generally at fault there was in those days, taking in the country over, in proportion to the population, at least ten times the drunkenness there is now, and the proportion of the liquor drank over what is now drank was still greater. I have no faith in or patience with the assertion of many that in the olden time the liquor was so pure that it did not effect people as injuriously as it does now. My recollection is that there were about as many profane oaths, as many quarrels and fights as much of the devil generally in a gallon of the pure (?) stuff made and sold then as there is in the same amount of the adulterated stuff that is sent out from Kansas City and St. Joseph now by the jug full. I do not believe that it is the "strychnine" or the "stramonium" or the "tobacco juice" or any other kind of the "drugs" that are popularly supposed to enter into the manufacture of modern whiskey of today that makes men who drink it demons. Science has demonstrated that all these drugs when taken separately in sufficient quantities will cause death to ensue, but I have never heard of the tendency of one of them to make a man whip his wife, abuse and starve his children and make him such a general and unqualified nuisance in his neighborhood as to make life a burden to everyone around him. I think nothing but alcohol will do this, and the whiskey of fifty years ago contained was much of this demonical principal as that of today.

Fighting in those days was much more common than it is today. An election, a log rolling, a house raising, or any gathering of almost any kind, including camp and other big religious meetings, were nearly always the occasions of numerous fistic encounters. Sometimes men would fight in a drunken quarrel, and sometimes just to test who was the best man. The bully of the neighborhood was always looked up to with more or less respect, even by men that did not believe in fighting themselves. In school, not withstanding the strict rules against fighting, there were frequent encounters between the larger and somewhat smaller boys, many of whom did not feel like they could lay claim to being manly until they had met and vanquished some boy as big, or bigger, than themselves. Even the teacher in a way respected this sentiment, and the whipping administered were noticeably lighter than those in punishment for other offenses.

I think in those times there was not the same respect and reverence felt by the younger element for religious meetings that is now accorded them by the same class. It was very common for religious meetings, even in churches, to be disturbed and even broken up by what were called the 'rowdies" who would organize and go for that express purpose. Especially on the occasion of "quarterly" or "big" meetings and great "revival" meetings would this trouble develop. It was generally the rule to select from among the brethren two or three of the most

stalwart to sit in the back part of the church to preserve order and, and may times those precautions did not keep down disturbances. In most instances the "rowdies" would bring with them a goodly supply of the pure (?) whiskey, and it was not uncommon to pass it around and drink during the services. (The Holton Recorder, February 22, 1894)

A half century or more every church, especially the Methodist church, had an Amen Corner where the devout ones would sit always ready to respond a more or less Amen when the preacher happened to say something they endorsed. The Amen Corner has about gone out of fashion, which may or may not be considered an improvement in religious worship. (The Holton Recorder, October 18, 1928.)

Wonder how many old timers can remember the custom at all public gatherings when the men sat on one side of the house and the ladies on the other side. The old Congregational church was so divided, with a low partition running through the center. - Muscotah Record.

I am one who remembers when all churches had a woman's side and a man's side. I also remember what a talk it made when on one occasion an adventurous fellow occupied a seat beside his lady friend on the woman's side in church. (The Holton Recorder, March 1, 1928.)

"As a child," says Charley Townsley, "we remember folks talking about ministers of different creeds engaging in warm debates over the proper method of baptism. In later years the practice was discontinued. Yesterday we read of a Meade, Kansas, minister challenging a Dodge City pastor to a public verbal duel on this subject. Sometimes one wonders if hoop skirts will return." - Topeka Capital Grass Roots.

I also remember how both ministers and laymen of the different churches used to scrap over baptisms. Some argued that sprinkling was ample, while others contended that only immersion was efficient. A goodly number of people otherwise fairly good Christians seemed to think that the method of baptism was more important than right living and daily conduct. I protest, however, that there is no relation between baptism and hooped skirts. (The Holton Recorder, September 13, 1928.)

Once upon a time in the good old days of yore, I remember, there happened to assemble in my uncle's store, where I was clerking, four mighty fine men and good citizens.

One was an old school Presbyterian, who zealously endorsed the old Westminster confession of faith in which the fore knowledge of God had decreed and predestinated the people who would be saved and lost so accurately that it could not be added to or subtracted from. He "indulged in hope" that he was one of the elect.

Another was an enthusiastic Methodist, who believed in free agency, free grace and free salvation. He also believed that a person could fall from grace, and if he did not sometimes practice his belief, he could point out to some of his church members who did. He was dead sure that he was on his happy way to heaven - hallelujah, praise the Lord! Amen!

Another was an old fashioned Baptist of the hardshell variety who was steadfast in his belief that the devil was the father of the wicked and that the only legitimate use we had for water was for lavatory and bathing purposes, in which to float ships and immerse sinners.

The fourth member was a Roman Catholic, who had the utmost faith in the infallibility of the Pope and that only through the intercessions of the priests could any sinner find mercy and pardon. He was confident that the Roman church was the only true church and that all the others were interlopers and frauds.

This worthy quartet indulged in more or less drastic, not to say caustic, argument, but did not get within a thousand miles of each other and finally separated, each feeling profoundly sorry for all the others. I was just thinking, when I recalled this incidence of the long ago, what if those four men could get together today, out here in Kansas, how they might feel and talk. I can imagine how quickly they would agree to disagree on non-essentials, and how they would probably, all concede that the main thing was the declaration of the savior, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." (The Holton Recorder, October 11, 1917.)

Minister's salaries varied from $100 to $300 or $400, much of which was paid in garden and field truck. The preacher on our circuit, lived at Green Castle, some ten miles away. My father was a class leader, one of the duties of the class leader was to collect "quarterage." One day my father started out in a two-horse wagon to collect. He was gone all day. The result of his day's work was about five dollar's worth of truck and sixty cents in money, which he had delivered at the preacher's home. If I remember correctly, the load consisted of corn

meal, potatoes, cabbage, pumpkins, spareribs, sausage and a shoulder of hog meat, and was enough to last the preacher's family a month. (The Holton Recorder, October 11, 1917.)

I remember when a carving or pocket knife or other edged tool would not hold an edge it was called "pot mettle." The conference sent to our circuit as our spiritual conductor Rev. Hayden Hayes, a man with a vociferous voice and a tendency to speak out what ever happened in his mind. One Sunday he preached on the subject of free grace and free salvation. After the preaching service, as was the custom there, class meeting was held, led by Brother Hayes, in which the members were called on to give their religious experience. On this occasion one old tightwad brother thanked God for free salvation and in his enthusiastic mood declared that he had been a Christian and on his happy way to heaven for thirty years and it had not cost him thirty dollars. The preacher blurted out so that every one in the house could hear him, "May the Lord have mercy on your pot metal soul."

After that, in that neighborhood at least, when anyone showed great inconsistency he was charged with being "pot metal." (The Holton Recorder, February 6, 1923.)

Lt-Cpt Moses M. Beck

16th Indiana Infantry Regiment (1 Year)

This regiment was organized for state service at Richmond in May, 1861, for a one-year term, but when the news was received of the Bull Run disaster, it was offered to and accepted by the general government. It was mustered in July 23, and left the state the same day, being the first regiment to pass through Baltimore after the firing upon the 6th Mass. in April. It was assigned to Banks' army and stationed in Pleasant Valley. It was attached to Abercrombie's brigade and in August moved to Hyattstown. It left there for Ball's bluff on Oct. 20, reaching there the following morning and went into line of battle, taking part in the engagement that followed, and was detailed to cover the retreat on the 22d, being the last to cross the river. On Dec. 2 it moved to Frederick City, then to Harper's Ferry, and later to Winchester. It built a bridge across the Shenandoah at Snicker's ferry, and was in various movements until Warrenton was reached in April, 1862. Col. Hackleman was commissioned a brigadier-general on April 30. The regiment was mustered out at Washington May 14, 1862, but was reorganized as a three-years regiment during the summer and left the state for Kentucky to aid in repelling the invasion of Kirby Smith's forces. (CivilWarIndex.com)

I have rather an indistinct remembrance of some poetry I read and which impressed me when I was a kid. I do not remember the title of the poem. The first two lines are all I recall:

"There's a cloud in the sky, there's a cloud in the glen,

But one is of vapor, and other of men."

The poem went on to explain how the vapor cloud fructified the earth and made it produce and was a blessing to humanity, while the cloud of men were soldiers thirsting for the blood of their enemies and what a curse it was to the human race. I think, but am not sure, that the poem was printed in one of the old school readers. It prejudiced me against war, which prejudice had to be fought and overcome when the Civil War to preserve the Union was inaugurated. (The Holton Recorder, September 22, 1927.)

The speeches at old soldier's reunions and especially at camp fires, are generally composed of humorous, exciting or pathetic incidents that have, or are supposed to occurred in camp, on the march or in battle. There is one experience of the soldier that has on these occasions been sadly neglected. We allude to his experience when he enlisted. We undertake to say that while later and more exciting incidents may obscure for a time the feelings and sensations experienced when he enlisted and bade goodbye to his friends and marched away to the front, the time will come in every old soldier's life when this remembrance will assert itself and stand out in bold relief as one of the most sensational in his experience. This will be especially true of those who enlisted under the first and second calls for troops the first three months of the war.

If there was anything the young men of 1861 didn't know anything about, that thing was war. It is true that they had read histories of the Revolutionary War, the war of 1812 and the Mexican war. Many of them remembered faintly of hearing the Mexican war news read when they were "kids," but fifteen years of absolute peace had eradicated about all warlike impressions, if they perchance had been any made upon their minds.

The writer of this had an indistinct recollection of hearing the Mexican soldiers talk when they came home, of "Buena Vista," "Old Rough and Ready" and of General Scott's triumphant march to the Mexican capital, but somehow or another I received a very limited idea of what war was really like. When President Lincoln made his first call for 75,000 volunteers for three months service, it seemed to me, as I have no doubt it did to many, that the number was large and at the time somewhat lengthy considering the small job of putting down the rebellion. My idea was that as soon as a few companies were enlisted sufficient to form a regiment, we would be sent down south to join other regiments from other states, and then perhaps the next week we would be led against the rebel forces, and, of course, would annihilate them in a day or two, and then as soon as there were no more rebel armies to conquer we would march back home, possibly in time to celebrate the 4th of July, where we heroes would be given seats on the platform, as had been the custom to honor heroes of previous wars. Well, I did get back just in time to celebrate the 4th, but it was the 4th of July, 1865 instead of 1861.

I have a very distinct remembrance of the way people talked and looked and of how I undoubtedly felt when the news was flashed over the wires that Sumpter had been fired upon, and that Lincoln had called for 75,000 troops. Indiana's portion was six regiments, and there were several of us young fellows immediately fired with a patriotic desire to enlist. I lived in a small town, and it never seemed to occur to anyone to organize a company there or do anything until the leaders at the county seat, ten miles away, led off. News came that Lew Wallace, afterwards major general, was recruiting a regiment at Crawfordville, and two of the boys went up there on Friday, the 17th of April, and enlisted in Lew Wallace's Zouave company. The next day a young friend and I

went to Greencastle and joined a company that was being made up largely of college boys in Asbury University. I remember well the scene on the street where we enlisted.

A druggist by the name of Eli Lilly, who had once belonged to a military company, was principal recruiting officer. He had the boys who had volunteered in ranks and was marching them with a fife and drum at the head from point to point on the street. There was a large crowd of people on the street and great enthusiasm. Everyone was talking war and expressing their determination to go "if they were needed." The fellows who had decided to go without any "if", would be marched to a favorable point, halted and commanded to "front face." Then some strong voiced patriot would make a little speech and call for volunteers. The first opportunity my partner and I stepped forward and joined the ranks, and then "three cheers" were called for and given us, our names being called out in stentorian tones. Thus the enlistment went until the company was complete, which was accomplished in time for us to take the evening train to our homes. We carried in our pockets a regular "furlough" from the officer commanding the company until Monday, when we were ordered to "report at headquarters."

In reverting back to that period it seems to me now that most people failed to realize the full purport of what civil war between the different sections of the Union meant. We were in a kind of dazed condition of mind, the result of the intense political excitement that had prevailed for five years, and even now it is pretty hard to determine just what proportion of the zeal that lead to the filling up of the Union armies was pure and unadulterated patriotism and what political excitement.

When Monday came we left for the county seat to join our company, and a great concourse of people accompanied and met us at the depot to bid us goodbye. I shall never forget the handshaking's, the tearful farewells and the hugging and kissing indulged in. Refined and aristocratic young ladies who had never deigned to notice a fellow before he became a soldier considered it a patriotic duty to kiss him good-bye and send him off to the war with a feeling that he was good and great enough to associate with the Queen of England.

The next day the company left Greencastle for Indianapolis. We were marched to the depot a half hour before the train was due, and formed in line. Oh, what a crowd was there! Every one of the eighty or ninety members of the company had scores of relatives and friends present besides hundreds of others who came through feelings of patriotism or curiosity. After a brief address by a prominent citizen and a response by the captain, the crowd of people formed a line and passed down the line of soldiers shaking hands with every one and kissing and embracing their more intimate friends. I was a stranger to a large majority of the crowd and only encouraged the best looking of the girls to anything more than a hand shake, and yet I got woefully tired of it before the performance was concluded, and slipped out of ranks to escape further infliction. My recollection is that I hadn't much of an appetite for kissing for several weeks after that episode.

A whistle, then the rumbling of the incoming train, a rush to get seats, a prolonged cheer from the crowd and a shout of response from the "departing heroes" and we were off for war - we thought.

But not so. An hour and a half's ride landed us in Indianapolis. The city was already full of soldiers. (They were not yet soldiers, but thought they were, and so I will designate them). We were marched to the old fair ground, which had been converted into a camp, and were assigned quarters in a section of stock stalls, all the buildings, such as agricultural and floral halls, being already full, and we had our first experience in camp life. I remember the first day, I with others, was detailed for "police duty" to clean up around the quarters.
While at this duty I noticed a rather fine looking man at the same work in another company adjoining us on the north, and was informed that the gentleman's name was Schuyler Colfax, member of congress from a northern district. He had enlisted as a private in a company from his county, but did not continue long in the capacity. He was one of the men who could serve his country better in congress than in the army. This incident, however, made us feel like we were in good company, and alleviated greatly the humiliation some of us felt in having to come down to cooking, washing dishes and sweeping up the quarters.

We were camped some three or four days, and had all been examined by the surgeon, before we were one day drawn up in line and informed that the six regiments called for by the state had been filled before we arrived, and that Governor Morton had finally concluded to organize the surplus in six one-year state regiments. And we were further informed that we were to return home and wait a few days until arrangements were made to take care of us. I wish I had a picture of that company when this "bomb shell" was thrown in our ranks, or could remember the remarks made, many of which would not be appropriate for a great and religious paper like The Recorder. Most of the boys were greatly disgusted and felt the disappointment keenly. Others were probably secretly rejoiced, but tried to look mad and disappointed.

On our road home, fortunate we arrived in Greencastle after dark, and slipped thought the city from one depot to another via back streets, and thus avoided the risk of meeting some of those who had wept and wailed over

us as though we were already in the hands of the undertaker. When we arrived home late Saturday night we sought out boarding houses by slipping down back streets and managed to get into the house without being detected. I doubt if any deserter ever felt much worse or tried harder to escape observation than we did on that trip home. The moral and other varieties of courage that was required to go out on the street and meet those who had so lately mourned over out departure, was simply marvelous, even as compared with that required to stand in front of Bragg's batteries at Chicamauqa. We told our friends that we were home on furlough and expected in a day or two to be ordered back to camp. But that didn't prevent them from asking sarcastic and unpleasant questions, such as "How many rebels did you kill?" "How in the world did you make your escape?" and "Did you bring any prisoners home with you?' These questions were generally asked by southern sympathizers, of whom we had many in our county.

Very unexpectedly to us, on Monday we did get orders from our captain to report ourselves at Greencastle without delay. We did not say much about this order, and when the time came we packed up and made our way to the depot by a back street and managed to board the cars without any one being the wiser, for to tell the truth we had very little faith in the story that the governor would organize us into the state service. But much to out surprise and joy we found upon our arrival at Greencastle that our company had been ordered into camp at Terra Haute, and a few hours alter we quietly and without demonstration boarded the train for "Camp Vigo," and in a few weeks our regiment, the 16th Indiana, was sworn into the United States service and ordered to Harper's Ferry, Virginia.

While in camp at Indianapolis we witnessed a scene which illustrated a phase of feeling and sentiment that prevailed in Indiana at that time. During the Mexican war in one of the battles an Indiana regiment, owing to either the incompetence or cowardice of its colonel, had retreated without orders, and in his report General Jefferson Davis had reflected severely on the Indiana troops, even going so far as to denounce their action as 'cowardly." This report had appeared to Indiana people as unjust and uncalled for, and was resented accordingly. When Davis was chosen president of the Confederacy much capital was made of this unjust report, and it was freely used by speakers and recruiting officers to arouse resentment and fire the hearts of the Indiana boys. The Eleventh regiment, commanded by Lew Wallace, was fully organized and ready to take the train to West Virginia. A reception was given them by the citizens, and patriotic speeches were indulged in by both civilians and soldiers, and the Jeff Davis matter was commented on and duly exaggerated, and everybody was worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm possible. Col. Wallace stepped out and commanded the regiment to kneel, and there on their knees, with uplifted hands, they took an oath to avenge the insult Davis had hurled at Indiana. I can remember that as I witnessed the solemn scene how I envied my two Bainbridge chums who had been so lucky as to get into a regiment that was going to capture and hang Jeff Davis without the benefit of clergy. While the Eleventh Indiana did most gallant and splendid service in putting down the rebellion, it is a matter of history that not one of them ever got within long range cannon shot of the president of the Confederacy, while it was the fortune of the writer of these reminiscences to form part of the line in Georgia in the spring of 1865 which intercepted the fugitive president of the defunct Confederacy, and was at General Wilson's headquarters at Macon when he was brought in. (The Holton Recorder, October 10, 1895.)

Fifty years ago last Monday two young fellows of Bainbridge, Indiana, went to Crawfordville, Indiana, and enlisted in Lew Wallace's zouave company which afterwards became part of the 11th Ind. Infantry that under Colonel Wallace made a fine record in the three months service in West Virginia. A day later two other young fellows boarded the train and went to Greencastle. On arriving at the north depot at the county seat, the first sound that greeted their ears was a fife and drum. Numerous flags were in evidence and patriotic bunting decorated business houses and private residences. On arriving at the public square, the significance of the martial music heard, was explained. An officer was marching a company of young men around the square and hundreds of citizens lined the sidewalks cheering. The company would halt when it arrived in the middle of the block, the officer would make a little speech and then call for recruits. The call was seldom in vain.

At the first halt that was made after the arrival of the Bainbridge boys there were a couple of additions to the company and the officer called for three usual cheers, for Howard Scott and Adam Croaker [Moses Beck], which was given with such effect as to drown out temporarily the noise made by the drum corps. The enlistments were so rapid that by noon the company as full. This fact, and the more significant fact that this was the second company organized in the county, the other company having left for Indianapolis on Friday, shows the state of the feeling, the intense enthusiasm, and the patriotic impulses that prevailed and swayed the people of the north at this time. Douglas Democrats vied with the Lincoln Republicans in this display of patriotism and this was

another time when it was difficult to tell a Democrat from a Republican.

At noon the company was marched to Thornburgh Hall and the good ladies brought in the dinner. It was a great dinner, in quality as well as quantity, served by patriotic women.

That afternoon a dispatch was received from the governor, announcing that the six regiments, Indiana's quota of the 76,000 three months troops called for by the president was filled. This was a terrible damper on the spirit of the boys, not withstanding the suggestion that the company complete its organization, and hold itself in readiness for further orders. Many of the boys were greatly exercised for fear the war would be over before the "Asbury Guards" could "get at them."

We were giving a furlough that evening, with orders to report Monday morning. Monday morning came and we "reported," and went into temporary camp quarters in a grove where the women of the town served another of those wonderful dinners.

This day orders were received from Indianapolis for the company to report there on Tuesday. This was greatly encouraging, as it gave us a lively hope that we might be able to get to the front in time to participate in the closing battle of the war and be in position to witness the death of secession and to help fill up the grave of the Confederacy.

Governor Morton, wiser and more far seeing than the Washington authorities, had concluded to organize six state regiments for one year's service, arm and equip them at the state's expense and hold them in readiness for any emergency that might arise. This emergency arose when our army was defeated at Bull Run; and our regiment the 16th was mustered into the United States service and ordered to Harper's Ferry.

The company was made up largely from the students of Asbury University, now Depau University, hence the name Asbury Guards. The fact that many of the boys remained in the army during the four years of the war and after marching thousands and thousands of miles through the south, participating in many battles and came home finally, those who escaped death; bronzed and battered veterans, some lieutenants, some captains, some majors and some colonels, was satisfactory evidence that their fears in April, 1861, that the war would be over before they could get to the front were groundless. (The Holton Recorder, April 20, 1911.)

In April, 1861, our company reported in Camp Morton, Indianapolis, April 21st. We were too late to get into a three month's regiment and after five days in camp we were sent home, with the understanding that later the governor would organize some one year regiments, in which we would be mustered. We were incredulous and believed our officers were fooling us and despaired of getting into the service. To our surprise and gratification, however, some five days later we were ordered to report at Camp Vigo, Terre Haute, where we were mustered into the 14th Infantry, a state regiment.

A few weeks later we were transferred to the 16th in Camp Wayne, at Richmond, Ind., where we remained until July. In the meantime, hearing from the union victories, we worried not a little for fear the war would be over before we were ordered to the front. Immediately after the disastrous defeat at Bull Run we were ordered to Harper's Ferry.

We boarded box freight cars (please take notice, national guardsmen, box freight cars) on which we were three days and nights before we were landed at Harper's Ferry. Time proved that our fears and worry about the war ending before we had a chance to distinguish ourselves, were without foundation. (The Holton Recorder, June 29, 1916.)

Tom McNeal has discovered that war profiteering is nothing new. Of course it is nothing new. Who said it was? In 1861 to '65, I well remember when war contractors furnished the soldiers with wormy meat, sprouting beans; and guns that were more dangerous to the men at the breech than to their enemies in front. I can still taste, in imagination, some of the spoiled food the government gave us to eat, which was supplied by the contractors at enormous prices. Then the shoddy clothes issued to us. My first uniform I drew in June, 1861, just naturally disintegrated, and fell off me, before September. Fortunately the pantaloons were lined with 6 cent lining, which held together and saved the situation.

Then there was embalmed beef issued to the Spanish war soldiers.

The only difference is that in the two former wars a dishonest contractor was satisfied, or appeared to be, if he could make a hundred thousand dollars; while in the late unpleasantness, if they have not made a million, they feel that they are failures. There are dollars of graft now, where were pennies in former wars. (The Holton Recorder, June 10, 1920.)

The first gray uniforms supplied to our regiment in June, 1861, were shoddy of the shoddiest kind. In less than two months that uniform went literally to pieces and dropped off us. The only thing that saved the day was the six cent cheese cloth with which the pants were lined.

When the disintegration first commenced, we tried to remedy the condition with patching, but the stuff was so rotten that it would not hold the patches, and the oil cloth bag in which our coffee came, and other nondescript material we used for patches, dropped material off and was scattered over the camp. (The Holton Recorder, January 24, 1918.)

Speaking of past 4th of July celebrations, sixty years ago, while Dock [Doc] Adamson was swelling around on his big black horse as marshal of the day, watching the naked Indians in the war dance and the more or less dressed up, more or less civilized whites shimmy, Captain J. A. Scott and I celebrated in camp at Richmond, Ind. The next day we got a five day furlough to visit the folks at home. The furlough was limited to five days due to the reason that the regiment was expecting orders to report at the front. We got back just in time to board the train for a three days and three night's journey to Harper's Ferry, Virginia, in freight cars to assist in defending the national capital against rebel hordes under Beauregard and Johnson, that had defeated the Union forces at the first Bull Run battle. (The Holton Recorder, July 7, 1921.)

It is my recollection that no troops were permitted to pass though Baltimore for some two or three months. Directly after the first Bull Run battle when Washington was in imminent danger of being captured by Beauregard's triumphant army, the 16th Indiana regiment was ordered to Washington. Colonel P. A. Hackelman, who was a personal friend of Lincoln's wired the president for permission to march through Baltimore, stating that the sixteenth was anxious to meet and fight the rebels, and would lief fight Baltimore rebels as any other. Previous to this the troops going to Washington were routed through Wilmington, Del. Colonel Hackelman's request was granted and the regiment of which the writer was a member marched through about two miles of streets. Many of the houses were decorated with flags and bunting and not a "pug ugly" made his appearance and not a gun was fired. Of course, we had a better opinion of Baltimore after that. (The Holton Recorder, April 1, 1926.)

I have a very vivid and distinct recollection of some hot days we endured in the service. The most torrid weather I have recollection of we experienced in Pleasant Valley, Maryland, in August, 1861.

Immediately after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, our regiment, the 16th Indiana Infantry and the 12th Ind. was ordered east to reinforce the shattered army around Washington, and assist in protecting the capital of the nation, which was in extreme jeopardy. As I detailed in a former article, we were loaded on box freight cars at Richmond, Ind., and after some four days and nights landed on the north side of the Potomac river, opposite Harper's Ferry. We established our camp in the valley about a mile from the river. Hot? I should say it was hot. Our camp was at the east foot of Maryland Heights. Our camp was surrounded by wooded hills and mountains, and the August sun didn't have a thing to do but beam down upon us with roasting effect.

We were brigaded with the 12th and 13th Massachusetts and the 9th New York.

The 12th Massachusetts was a very fine regiment, commanded by Colonel Flitcher Webster, a son of the God-like Daniel. At that very early period of the war the quartermaster's department was poorly conducted, and the job of furnishing uniforms for three or four hundred thousand men in three or four months was a job entirely too big for it. Dishonest contractors palmed off all kinds of worthless, shoddy cloth on the government. For this reason the 12th Massachusetts boys, most of whom were from Boston, and the 9th New Yorkers were recruited from the better classes in New York City, were furnished by their respective cities or states with tailor made to measure uniforms, out of the best cloth. My readers can imagine the contrasts in appearance between the Indiana boys and their eastern comrades. I say they can imagine, but imagination fails to do justice to the subject. A couple of months wear of our shoddy clothes including the four days and nights on the freight train, had about used up our pantaloons. Fortunately they were lined with a cheap grade of domestic cotton, which though pretty sleazy, stood the test better than the shoddy outside, and this lining was what saved the situation. Otherwise ****** We won the cognomen of "the ragged Sixteenth." There was an additional word attached to the name they gave us, which in deference to 20th century modesty and decorum, we omit.

Some days the thermometer registered over 100 in the shade, and this is some heat, let me tell you, in that climate.

I remember one afternoon a lot of us got permission to go down to the Potomac and take a swim, but while we got partially cooled off, we most of us went back to the camp with blistered shoulders.

I believe, I wrote a story of some of our experiences at the time I am now writing of, some years ago, but as we have now a new generation of readers, I will proceed at the risk of repetition.

I have already referred to the inefficiency of the quartermaster's department in the clothing line. This inefficiency was even more pronounced in the commissary department in the matter of food. The daily ration consisted of hard tack, fat bacon, or mess pork, coffee and beans. The hard tack, bacon and sometimes the mess pork was infested with little worms, commonly called maggots, and it was our constant business to dig out of the crackers and meat these little disgusting nuisances before the banquet was spread. One favorite (?) dish was to cook a lot of the beans in a camp kettle, dump in a hunk of bacon or mess pork, and cook four or five hours and serve as soup, thickened with hard tack pounded up into crumbs. One day we drew around the oil cloth table spread on the ground, and filled our tin pans with soup and began eating. Presently one of the boys with an observing and investigating disposition, discovered that the soup was full of little worms.

Well, as soon as our attention was called to the matter, suffice to say we did not eat many more of that mess, and some of us retired to an obscure place and disposed of what we had eaten. Well, we made it lively for the cook, notwithstanding he protested he had thoroughly expurgated the meat and bread before he deposited in the kettle. It was the next day that we discovered our mistake.

The beans we were using, it seems had at some stage been allowed to become damp and had sprouted and the sprouts had not developed sufficiently to show until the beans were cooked. These sprouts looked for all the world like little maggots.

The first regiments recruited were generally supplied with good bands. Nearly every regiment in Bank's army had a band, some of them very fine ones, especially the two Massachusetts regiments.

The camps on both sides of the river covered probably five or six square miles. After sunset these bands, fifteen or twenty of them, would seek elevated places at different points, and in the gloaming would play such tunes as The Star Spangled Banner; the Red, White and Blue; Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean; Yankee Doodle, the Campbell's are Coming, Home, Sweet Home; Listen to the Mockingbird, the Swanee River, and others, each of these bands playing a different tune, but perfect harmony resulted, made music such as I had never listened to before or since, and never expect to until, if I am so fortunate, my ears are greeted with heavenly strains from the choir celestial. (The Holton Recorder, January 29, 1914.)

Something similar occurred [fist fight] in the 16th Ind. Regiment the first year of the war. In this regiment there was a Captain McQuisten, who before the war and was among the boys at home, was reputed to be something of a fighter. The captain had in his company some pretty tough customers, who did not pay much attention to army discipline. One day an Irishman got into trouble, or rather was making trouble and he was arrested and taken up to the captain's office. The captain sentenced him to some punishment and accompanied the sentence with a somewhat drastic lecture, which incensed the soldier and he defiantly imitated to the captain that it was not for his shoulder straps he would settle matter with him in the old fashioned way. The captain deliberately took off his coat and informed past that there were no shoulder straps now between them. A ring was formed and they went at it and the result was Pat gave the captain a most thorough whipping. The captain admitted afterwards that laying aside those shoulder straps was one of the greatest mistakes in his life. (The Holton Recorder, December 25, 1913.)

In the summer and fall of 1861, my regiment was one of the brigade commanded by General Abercrombie and was stationed on the Maryland side of the Potomac between Washington and Harper's Ferry.

General Ewell, with a confederate army, estimated at 20,000, was at Leesburg in the Virginia side, some six or seven miles south of the river.

Colonel Baker, the popular senator from Oregon, but with no military education or experience, was in command of a brigade of two or three thousand men, some twenty miles above us, near a place called Balls Bluff. Baker was ordered, or permitted to cross his small force over the river, was attacked by overwhelming odds, driven back into the river, and most of his force that was not killed or captured, was drowned in the river. That night our brigade was ordered by a forced march to Edward's Ferry, some three miles below Balls Bluff, where we arrived next morning about daybreak. No preparation was made for this expedition. The men's haversacks were empty and as a consequence we went without breakfast. Anyone who ever made a night forced march of twenty miles will realize what it meant to us to go without breakfast.

It commenced to rain about daylight and rained all day. We waited patiently, with empty stomachs, wet, many of us to the skin, without shelter, and without adequate clothing to keep us warm (this was the 22nd of October),

until three o'clock, when arrangements were completed to cross us over the river in canal boats, which had been transferred from the canal which ran parallel with the river. On the Virginia side we were halted in a corn field between the bluffs, some forty or fifty rods back, and the river. The ground soon became a "lob-lolly," the mud being about shoe mouth deep. In the meantime the cracker wagon had overtaken us and about five o'clock hardtack and coffee was issued. Our company was fortunate in finding a stray calf on the river bank, which was killed, in violation of strict orders, and cooked in the blaze of our camp fires and eaten without salt. Not having had anything with which to satisfy the demands of our stomachs for a matter of twenty-four hours, we were prepared to eat anything eatable.

That night we slept in that muddy field. Some of the boys carried brush, others gathered corn stalks, for beds. I went to the fence and got a couple of heart rails, laid them with the thin edges together just far enough apart to leave a space for my spinal column, and slept the sleep of the tired, if not of the just. The next day there were one or two alarms, when we were rushed to the top of the hill and formed into a line of battle. In one of these there was a considerable of a skirmish out in front, and General Landor, a Mexican war veteran, was wounded; a wound from which he died some months later.

Notwithstanding there was a considerable army only six miles away, outnumbering our little force some four or five to one, we dug no trenches and made no barricades. We were so verdantly green in regard to military matters and war that we would have felt disgraced if anyone had caught us behind a rock, stump or any other protection against the enemy's bullets.

For the thirty-six hours we were over on the Virginia side, we, if I remember, did not have a single cannon, while in front of us and only six miles away was an army that outnumbered us four or five to one and behind us a swollen river that ran so rapidly that a canal boat, the only means we had of crossing, could not be taken across. If we had have been caught or trapped into that dilemma by the maneuvers of the enemy, as portions of our army were at times subsequently, there might have been some excuse for those responsible, but the fact was, apparent even to the men in ranks, we voluntarily butted into danger, and so far as I have ever learned, no one has ever offered an explanation as to what was expected to be accomplished by the expedition, or what good to the cause could possibility come of it.

The second night, most of our regiment and all of our company was placed on picket. About the only wise military feature connected with the expedition, was the placing of a large proportion of our meager force on picket and driving the outlying rebel pickets, making the confederates think doubtless that a considerable portion of McClellan's army was advancing on that line. The second morning the flood of the river had sufficiently subsided to facilitate the crossing and about 2 o'clock a. m. the picket line was quietly withdrawn and we were marched back four miles to the river and about daylight our regiment was the last to cross back to the Maryland side.

Probably all that saved us from the fate that befell Baker's brigade was the fact that the enemy was as inexperienced and as unprepared as we were.

Our loss in killed and wounded and missing was inconsiderable, but the hard marching, the lack of rations and the exposure to cold and rain made hundreds sick and laid them up in the hospital.

There was probably not a hundred men in either ours or Baker's brigades who had any military training or experience, or had ever fired a gun in battle.

Of course I never expect to again be a soldier, and hope that none of my sons or grandsons will ever be called on to serve, in that way, their country. But if such a contingency should happen, I would regard it in the nature of a calamity if they should be as unprepared to cope with the situation and meet the difficulties and responsibilities as I and my comrades were in 1861.

No one, as far as I know, ever attempted to offer an explanation as to why those two fruitless, but costly expeditions were ordered or permitted, and no one was ever court-martialed or brought to account for the miserable blunders. (The Holton Recorder, January 25, 1917.)

After returning from our Goose Creek expedition across the Potomac, feebly described in my article last week, I and many of my company spent the day, which was a pleasant one, trying to make up for lost sleep.

In the afternoon I woke up with a chill, which was followed by high fever.

The following morning we were ordered back to the vicinity of our old camp on the Seneca. The ambulances being full of sick men, I and three comrades, Orlando J. Smith, Will Chenoweth and Billy Allison, received permission to march at will outside the regiment. After dosing on quinine, we shouldered our knapsacks and guns and started in the rear of the regiment.

As we had frequently to sit down and rest, we were left far in the rear and when night approached, we began to look to the right and the left to see an inviting camping place. As the sun sunk out of sight, we saw, somewhat back from the road, an inviting looking old farm house, which we concluded to try for the purchase of some victuals and permission to sleep in the barn. Notwithstanding there were two cultured college boys in the crowd, both of whom were much smoother talkers, they elected me spokesman. I suppose it was because I was the oldest by a year or so, or it might have been that they discerned that nature had somehow fashioned me for "the goat."

We mounted the stoop and knocked and waited for a response. We were lined up on the porch about as ragged, dirty and sorry a looking lot as were ever seen outside the ranks of professional tramps. We had stopped at a branch, washed our faces, combed our hair and made such other changes in our general appearance as our meager toilet facilities admitted.

After a while the door was opened by a beautifully dressed, intelligent looking, handsome young woman. I made my little speech to her that I had been rehearsing in my mind, in which I informed her that we were invalid union soldiers, returning from a perilous expedition across the river. It was a fact, of which we were well aware, that about four out of five of the families in that region were rebel sympathizers, and we had stood there in considerable doubt as to which kind of reception was in store for us. The lady, giving us a very brief glance, in a voice that was to our ears the best music we had ever heard, invited us in the house and informed us that she was looking for her uncle Joe back every minute and that our request would be referred to him. We entered a nicely furnished parlor, a fine looking piano being part of the decorations. The young lady was joined in the parlor by another, whom she introduced as her cousin. The two entertained us for a few minutes Uncle Joe entered and being informed by his niece who we were and what we wanted, very, cordially shook each of us by the hand and informed us that at that ranch they did not put Union soldiers, (he emphasized Union) off with a "hand-out," and peremptory ordered us to resume our seats, until supper was ready.

I have frequently tried, in my mind, to describe that supper served by Uncle Joe and his two accomplished nieces, but never to my entire satisfaction, therefore I shall not attempt it at this late date. Suffice to say, it was a feast none of us ever forgot.

After supper those two angels, with the assistance of Mr. Dawson, entertained us with music and conversation until after 10 o'clock, when we proposed that we would retire. Uncle Joe insisted that they had plenty of good beds and he thought it would be an outrage for us to sleep in the barn, but on this subject we were obdurate, and had our way. We bid the ladies good-night and good-bye informing them that we would have to be on the march by daylight, so as to catch our regiment before it resumed the march. Uncle Joe accompanied us to the barn, where he scattered some hay on the floor, which with our blankets, made an admirable soldier's couch, and left us, protesting that it was an outrage on his hospitably, that we refused to accept beds in the house.

I should like to be able to record that at least one of the boys made such a hit with one of the girls, that a correspondence culminated in a romance, which after the war ended in a marriage, but as this is non-fiction I am compelled to admit that nothing of the kind occurred.

The following spring our year's service having expired, we were discharged, but all reenlisted; O. J. Smith in the 71st Indiana, of which he was commissioned major; Will Chenoweth in the reorganized 16th, where he also held a lieutenant's commission, and Billy Allison, a commission in a hundred day regiment.

After the war Major Smith leased a cotton plantation in Mississippi, where he lost money he had saved during the war. After his failure he returned to Terre Haute, where he engaged in running a daily newspaper for a few years, when he and others started the American News Company, a corporation that furnished "ready print," known as "patent insides." The business grew rapidly and furnished ready print for thousands of newspapers all over the country. Major Smith was elected president of the company, with headquarters in New York, a position he retained until his death a few years ago. He lived to become a millionaire, and when he died, his son Courtland succeeded to his position as president of the company and inherited his wealth.

Will Chenoweth died soon after the war and Billy Allison, I think, is still living somewhere in Missouri.

The writer, soon after his discharge from the 16th, with others of his comrades, organized the 18th Indiana Battery, of which he was the first Sen. 2nd Lieutenant and afterwards Captain, and served to the close of the war. (The Holton Recorder, February 8, 1917.)

During the Civil War each regiment on its organization had a Chaplain, with rank either as captain or major. Some of these chaplains proved to be the right kind of men for the place, others proved to be partial to utter failures. Many of them dropped out of the service early. The first year of the war the chaplain of the 16th Indiana

infantry, the regiment to which I belonged, was an old fashioned Baptist by the name of Jones. He was a good preacher, and in many respects a good officer. I was early prejudiced in his favor by the following: Early one fall morning over on the Virginia side of the Potomac, our brigade, while it was yet dark, started on a three or four mile hike to capture a Confederate force. I noticed Chaplin Jones marching along with the rest of us privates with a gun on his shoulder. The Confederate force made its get-away in time and our expedition proved fruitless, but all the same the chaplain was on hand to perform his part.

Taking a little "for the stomach's sake," in those days did not blast a man's reputation and the following story was circulated among the boys. It was common for the officers to order through the sutler, boots from Baltimore. Some of the foot gear ordered were sewed and some pegged. As the story went, Brother Jones was giving an order to the sutler as was alleged to be overheard by one of the boys entering the sutler's quarters, "Bring me a two gallon demijohn of the very best." Just then he espied the intruding soldier, and added, "pegged or sewed, I am not particular." The irreligious element afterward referred to the chaplain as P. O. S. Jones. (The Holton Recorder, February 12, 1924.)

Reading about the enormous expense the government has incurred in building quarters at Camp Funston and other camps, recalls our first winter quarters at Cantonment Hicks, Frederick, Maryland. After three or four months of strenuous campaigning on both sides of the Potomack, above Washington, about the first of December General Abercrombie's brigade, consisting of the 12th and 16th Indiana, and 12th and 13th Massachusetts, the 9th New York and the 66th Pennsylvania, marched to the neighborhood of Frederick, and orders were given to prepare winter quarters.

We were camped in groves of small timber, the trees being from 6 to 10 inches at the ground. The messes were composed of six. One man chopped down the saplings, three carried them to camp, and the other two put up the building, which was 8X12 feet, with a fire place at one end and bunks, each large enough for two, one above the other, were builded in the other end. The spaces between were chinked and plastered with Maryland mud. The government furnished boards for roofing, which was the only expense, unless it paid for the timber, which was probably an insignificant sum, as timber was a drug on the market in those times.

My how we did work. There was something of a rivalry as to which mess would get their shacks up and occupied first.

We had another incentive to work fast. Those who could get their logs first had the shortest distance to carry them.

All of General Bank's army, scattered up and down the Potomac, composed of twenty or more regiments, prepared winter quarters in the same way, and for nine or ten weeks we lived at home and boarded up at the same place. With the exception of a few cases of small pox, we were free from epidemics and there was but little sickness of any kind.

No Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. administered to our comfort. A good many of the boys got boxes from home, sent by the local sanitary commissions, in which were yarn home knit socks, gloves, comforters, flannel shirts and sometimes cookies and other goodies. Strict discipline was maintained, and when the weather was favorable, drill exercise was enforced.

There was no ban against selling alcoholic drinks, and once in a while some of the officers and occasionally a few of the enlisted men, would come back from Frederick pretty well tanked up. The men sometimes, if they became very obstreperous, were punished. As far as I remember, no officer was cashiered or even reprimanded.

Late in February we broke camp and moved over across the Potomac through Harper's Ferry and Charleston where John Brown and been executed nearly two years earlier, to Winchester, where our division encountered "Stonewall" Jackson and whipped him; the only defeat Jackson suffered during his military career. (The Holton Recorder, January 3, 1918.)

There are two or three men still alive who claim to have been with John Brown in the Harper's Ferry affair of 1856. I was not with Brown, and I am glad of it, but in the spring of 1862 I was in Harper's Ferry and saw the engine house where Brown made his fight. A few days later I was in Charleston and saw the scaffold where Brown was hanged. As the record of the list of Brown's men was never discovered, it is very easy at this distance to claim to have been with Brown, and it might be quite difficult to prove that he was not. (The Holton Recorder, May 6, 1926.)

In last Sunday's Capital I was much interested in an article by a woman whose name I do not recall, on the old popular songs sung a half century ago, including number of war songs, among others "John Brown's Body."

The writer told how the Twelfth Massachusetts commanded by Fletcher Webster, a son of the great statesman, when it entered Harper's Ferry in February, 1862 surrounded the "John Brown Fort," the old engine house, and sung with much spirit "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on."

The writer was a member of the 16th Indiana one of the four regiments that composed General Abercrombie's brigade.

The others were the 12th Massachusetts, the 9th New York and the 66th Pennsylvania. I am not sure whether the 13th Massachusetts was with the brigade at that time or not, Judge J. H. Lowell will know. This February was not the first time the regiments' composing the brigade had been in Harper's Ferry. In August 1861 they did all their first soldiering in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry and at that time the brigade was organized and became part of General N. P. Banks Army. When the brigade broke up winter quarters at Frederick, Md., in February, we crossed the river and as we marched up the Main street past the old engine house, not only the 12th Massachusetts but the whole brigade sung, "John Brown" with such stentorian voice that it echoed and re-echoed from Bolivar Heights and Louden Mountain to Maryland Height!

We camped at the Ferry two or three days and then moved up the river to Charleston, the county seat where two years before Brown had been imprisoned, tried, found guilty, and executed. From here we made a night march to Winchester to reinforce General Shields who was attacked by Stone Wall Jackson. After a day or two at Winchester, the brigade moved back to Snicker Gap in the Blue Ridge Mountain range and spent a week building bridges across the Shenandoah and then marched over across the mountain to Aldee. We hardly had time to prepare supper before an order came to hurry back to Winchester as Jackson had again appeared and threatened to annihilate Shields. The brigade, or that potion of it which had not fallen by the way through fatigue, arrived at the old camp about thirty-six miles and crossed the Blue Ridge mountain range twice in twenty-four hours. Here the welcome news reached us that Shields, or rather General Kimball who was in command, had whipped Jackson and driven him off. After resting a day we retraced our steps across the ridge and camped at night on the old battle field of Bull Run, where as few weeks later at the second battle of that name Colonel Webster was killed. (The Holton Recorder, September 28, 1910.)

It was the first week in March, 1862, that our force at Winchester, Va., under the command of General Shields was threatened by Stonewall Jackson that, along about dark the 12th and 16th Indiana regiments which were at Charleston a few miles from Harper's Ferry, were ordered to the rescue. About midnight we came to the Opequan river. As there was no bridge the only way across was to wade. Most of the men plunged in with their clothes on. Our company hastily undressed. The water was about waist deep, and ice cold, but when we reached the western bank and resumed our clothes, the rapid march carrying our knapsacks and forty rounds of ammunition soon warmed us up. We arrived at Winchester about daylight, several hours ahead of Stonewall.

Winchester remained in possession of our army. It was afterwards claimed that the Winchester battle was the only one in which General Jackson was ever defeated. (The Holton Recorder, December 2, 1925.)

April 4, 1862. WASHINGTON. - Prisoners taken in the recent reconnaissance to Rappahannock river state that the rebel force, there only eight regiments of infantry, two cavalry and six pieces of artillery. Gen. Ewell, who was whipped at Drainsville, was in command. A portion of Gen. Bank's command reached Manassas yesterday after a weary march from Winchester. - 65 years ago war news item in the Chicago Tribune.

My men occupied and slept in a log hut that had been built and occupied by the Johnnies. It was the best quarters I had occupied since leaving Frederick, Maryland, some six or seven weeks previously. (The Holton Recorder, April 14, 1927.)

When the 16th Ind. Infantry, of which I was a humble private in the rear rank, was sent to Washington in May, 1862, to be discharged by reason of the expiration of their one year term of service, some five or six of us boys went up the White House one day to see the president. We were standing around in the lobby waiting for something, we did not know what, to turn up, when a fine looking gentleman, crowned with a silk plug hat, accosted me, and asked if we were some of Colonel Hackleman's men wanting to see the president. I bashfully plead guilty, and he said: "I am Zack Chandler, of Michigan, and I have an appointment to see the president in a few minutes, and I will defer my business and take you in," which he did, and introduced us. Uncle Abe was of course glad to meet us, and gave us some ten minutes of his valuable time, but did not tell us any of his unique stories. Neither did he ever remember afterwards and send me an official paper saying, reposing confidence in your ability, patriotism, etc., etc.: "I hereby appoint you postmaster of Squedum, etc." (The Holton Recorder, February 13, 1919.)

Of course every Civil War veteran remembers some special events of which he was observant or in which he participated that are interesting to him individually if not to the public generally.

When the twelve months service of the 16th Ind. infantry had expired, the regiment, of which I was a member, was sent up from Warrenton Junction to Washington to be mustered out. While waiting for muster out rolls prepared, the men were given liberty to go about where they pleased.

One day four of us boys visited the White House. We managed to get into the vestibule but despaired of getting any further until a distinguished looking man wearing a tall silk hat spoke to us, asking if we were some of Colonel Hackleman's boys. We answered that we were. "Want to see Old Abe, do you, boys?" We told him we sure did. "Well," he replied, "I have an appointment with the president and I will surrender it to you," and soon he escorted us in past the guard and introduced us to the president with whom we shook hands. He paid a nice compliment to Colonel Hackleman and said he would be soon commissioned a brigadier-general, said he would like to make all of us brigadiers, but it was more important to have plenty of good brave privates, who had to do all the fighting.

After we passed out I asked the kind gentleman who took us in his name. He replied "I am Zack Chandler, senator from Michigan."

Mr. Lincoln and our Colonel Hackleman were both distinguished lawyers and warm personal friends. Hackleman was one of the Indiana delegates in the convention that nominated Lincoln and made the seconding speech for his delegation.

Colonel Hackleman was very popular, especially with the privates and non-commissioned officers, and when he was appointed brigadier-general the enlisted men of our company chipped in and raised a fund; to which no commissioned officer was allowed to contribute, to purchase a dress sword which was presented to the Colonel by my chum, Private Jim R. S. Cox, in an eloquent speech which was printed in full in the Cincinnati Gazette.

Some six months later while leading his brigade in a charge at the battle of Corrinth, General Hackleman was killed.

Lincoln and Hackleman were much alike in several respects. They were both tall and spare, with rugged features. They were both the kindest of men with big brains and hearts as large as their features. (The Holton Recorder, May 17, 1923.)

There were some funny stories afloat in and out of the army, the first part of the war. One silly one was that the Confederate authorities just before a battle would dope the soldiers with whiskey in which [gun] powder had been dissolved, which was said to have transformed them into very demons in their desire to kill. Of course the story was pure fiction. The war was not very old when the authorities in both armies found that whiskey impaired not only the efficiency but the bravery of fighting men, and the drinking of intoxicants by soldiers was strictly prohibited. Of course prohibition, in the army, like prohibition in times of peace, did not always prohibit, but it lessened, drunkenness among the rank and file. The officers were the worst drinkers, and intoxication among commanding officers was reasonable for many a defeat and for the death and loss of many soldiers. (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1913.)

While old Civil War veterans generally seem to take delight in recounting their experiences and perils encountered in battles in which they participated, I am inclined to congratulate myself for the battles I missed. Possibly because of some of these battles I missed I owe the fact that I came out of the war alive and unwounded and now, three score years later, I am still able to tell about it.

The two one year Indiana regiments, the 12th and 16th, were state troops and although well drilled and Governor Morton asked and insisted in the government's taking us into its service, the authorities at Washington refused until the day of the first Bull Run defeat and Washington was threatened. Thus I missed the bloody battle of Bull Run.

Abercromby's brigade, which was stationed in the neighborhood of Ball's Bluff on the Potomac in the fall of 1861, was ordered to cross the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, three miles below, instead of at Ball's Bluff and thus I escaped that bloody battle. (The Holton Recorder, June 26, 1924.)

It is now generally understood by even the veterans, themselves, that nothing like all the sacrifice, suffering and anxiety during the War of the Rebellion was endured by the soldiers at the front on the firing line; but that the mothers and fathers, the grand-parents and sweethearts who were compelled to remain at home in their

anxiety and suspense suffered hardships the boys at the front knew little of. I once had a little brief but strenuous experience on that line which I will never forget.

I enlisted in April, 1861 in one of the six one-year regiments which Governor Morton organized out of the over-plus of those who flocked to Indianapolis to enlist for three months. My regiment, the 16th, was ordered to Washington, and put in the year's service in Maryland and northern Virginia. In August of the same year my brother George, some four years my junior, enlisted in the 43rd Ind., which was sent to Kentucky. George was a rather delicate boy and we were fearful that he would not stand the service very long; fears that were soon justified. My regiment was discharged in May, 1862, and we returned home. I had been at home only a few days when word came from the 43rd that George and a neighbor boy, John Coffman, were dangerously sick, down on the Mississippi river. At that time it was difficult for a citizen to get a pass to the front, and somewhat dangerous to make the trip. Because I had some experience in the service, it was decided that I must go and see George. John Coffman's father also wanted to go, and I went up to the capitol and from the governor received a pass and transportation for myself and Mr. Coffman.

We went by rail to Evansville, and there fortunately found a government boat about ready to start. We were three days on the boat before we reached Memphis.

About the only exciting incident of the trip was being shot at by bushwhackers, as we passed down the Mississippi. When we arrived at Memphis we were met with the sad news that both of the boys we had come to visit were dead and had been buried on the banks of the river opposite the city for some four days before our arrival. After visiting with the boys three or four days, we secured some metallic burial cases, exhumed the bodies of the two boys and started for home. A number of the boys in the company were sick and some fourteen of them who were thought to be able to make the trip were given furloughs and accompanied us north. One of these boys, a son of a woman with whom I had boarded before the war, was very low with fever, and the surgeon thought it the only hope for his recovery was to send him home; so I took charge of the invalid with the others. It may be imaged that I had three rather strenuous days on that boat before we arrived at Evansville one morning about sunup. The next four hours before the train started was spent in getting transportation for the boys, something for them to eat, and a special baggage car for the remains of my brother and young Coffman. But we were ready in time.

At Terre Haute we had to change and it kept me pretty busy seeing after the boys and hunting up the superintendent to get our special car switched and hitched onto the Vandalia train. At Greencastle we had to change again and as I could not switch the special car onto the Monon I had to take chances in getting the corpses on the regular baggage car. Fortunately a few minutes before our train was due the west bound train pulled in and three or four Bainbridge men got off. I explained the situation to them. The agent said we could not put the dead boys aboard without an order from the superintendent, and as he was not comeatable, we decided to take matters in our own hands. The boxes were placed at the proper place, and when the train pulled in the stretcher on which my sick boy was carried was first put in the baggage car, and then the four strong men started to put the boxes containing the dead on board. The baggage master objected, and attempted to bar the way but he was shoved aside and the last box was pushed in just as the train started. The men climbed aboard and in half hour we were at home, a little before dark.

I had considerable experience in almost every phrase of soldier's life, campaigning summer and winter and fighting battles, sometimes winning victory and again suffering defeat; but I am ready to declare that the worry, the sad anxiety, the labor and real suffering I endured during those two weeks when I was only a citizen, was not equaled in any two weeks of the four years I was a soldier. (The Holton Recorder, April 1, 1914.)

My memory goes back to the summer of 1862. A brother, younger by three or four years, had enlisted the previous fall and his regiment had been sent to western Kentucky and had become part of General Pope's army opening up the Mississippi river. The boys had not become hardened to the service before they began marching, camping and sometimes fighting in the swamps along the river. Many of them succumbed to the malarial conditions with which they were surrounded day and night. I cannot describe the suspense and solicitude of the folks at home. It was frequently weeks between letters from the front.

When I returned from Virginia, after discharge from my first year's service, my folks were waiting anxiously for word from George, who week or two previously had been reported sick. I had been at home but two or three days, when I was persuaded to try to get to Memphis, where it was supposed the 43rd was stationed. Accompanied by a neighbor, whose son had been reported sick, we finally, after three or four days of more or less delay, arrived at Memphis, only to learn that the boys were both dead and had been buried some three or

four days before our arrival. We purchased metallic burial cases, exhumed the bodies, and took them home with us, and last summer when I was visiting my old home I went to the cemetery and among others, found the grave stones of George W. Beck and John Kaufman, where they had been laid fifty-six years ago. (The Holton Recorder, November 1, 1917.)

During a brief vacation from the army I was on my way to Memphis to see a sick brother. At a cross roads where I had to change I was eating dinner in a little hotel with a half dozen other travelers when a tall, lank, raw-boned, slabsided, hairy faced specimen of the hoosier species dressed in a dirty faded blue uniform appeared at the dining room door and in a loud, harsh voice, big as he was, I then thought his voice the biggest thing about him, said he was a soldier on his way south to join his regiment, and was out of money, and had nothing to eat since supper the evening before, and would not someone pay for his dinner. I waited modestly for the landlady or some other guest to speak up and when they did not I remember that I put them down in my mind as southern sympathizers, of whom there were a good many in that part of the state. I finally told the soldier to sit down and I would settle for his dinner. He did not wait for a second invitation, and with that "big" voice ordered the waiter to bring on the "chicken fixins." I soon discovered that there was one thing about him bigger than his voice and that was his appetite. He ate everything the waiters would bring him and all on the table as far as he could reach and he had very long arms. I remember that I was rather glad he ate so much as I felt it was a just punishment for the rebel landlady. Finally the old lady plucked me to one side and in a sort of stage whisper wanted to know if I did not "think his legs were holler." (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, June 6, 1907.)

Eighteenth Indiana Light Battery.

Capts., Joseph A. Scott, Eli Lilly, Moses M. Beck. This battery was organized at Indianapolis in the summer of 1862 and was mustered in Aug. 24. It left the state soon after for Louisville, where it was assigned to the 4th division of the 14th army corps. The battery marched to Bowling Green via Frankfort, thence to Gallatin, Tenn., and upon the occupation of Murfreesboro by Gen. Rosecrans' army it moved there. The army moved towards Tullahoma in June, 1863, the battery with its brigade (Wilder's) in the advance. The enemy was encountered at Hoover's gap, the brigade charging and driving him through the gap upon his reserves, where he formed line of battle, but the battery opened so warm a fire that he was driven from the field. Chattanooga was reached soon after the enemy abandoned it. The battery was engaged at Chickamauga, aiding in repelling a charge of Longstreet's columns, its execution being terrible and more than flesh and blood could withstand. After the battle the battery moved up the Tennessee river for the purpose of guarding the fords, and in October it was with Crook's command in pursuit of Wheeler in the Sequatchie valley. The enemy was found and routed at Thompson's cove, and three days later he was again overtaken and a sharp fight ensued in which the battery vigorously shelled the Confederates' position, driving them through McMinnville in confusion. It moved to Huntsville, Ala., but retraced its steps, and after the battle of Missionary ridge it was sent with its division to the relief of Gen. Burnside at Knoxville, being engaged at Mossy creek, Fair Garden, and Dandridge. Capt. Lilly was promoted major of the 9th Ind. cavalry in April, 1864, and Lieut. Beck succeeded to the command. In May the battery marched with Sherman's army in the Atlanta campaign being engaged at Resaca, Stilesboro, Cassville, Lost mountain, Vining's bridge, Newnan, Hopkinsville and West Point, and after the evacuation of Atlanta joined in the pursuit of Hood, proceeding to Nashville. Moving to Hopkinsville, Ky., it was in an engagement with the enemy. From there it marched to Eastport, Miss., and from there with Wilson's command to Selma, Ala., engaging the enemy there, and then took part in the raid through Alabama and Georgia to West Point and Macon, where the enemy was defeated and a large quantity of military stores destroyed. It then returned to Chattanooga, thence to Nashville, from which city it moved for Indianapolis June 23, 1865, with 3 officers and 180 men. It was mustered out June 30, 1865. The battery left for the field with 151 men and officers and received 45 recruits. In Nov., 1864, 65 men of the 11th Ind. battery were transferred to the 18th. Thirty-two were killed or died of disease and 26 were discharged for disability. (CivilWarIndex.com)

Union Light Artillery Battery

… "the hospital shall bear the name of Colonel Eli Lilly, whose splendid service as a soldier and a citizen is worthy of the highest honor that can be accorded him in the annuls of American patriotism." - Indianapolis News.

We copy the above because Colonel Lilly, the writer, and Captain Scott were closely and intimately associated for a year and a half during the war. In July, 1862, the three of us, together with Lieutenant Rippetoe, now living in Terre Haute, were authorized to recruit a battery. The result was the 18th Battery, more generally known as Lilly's Battery, was ready for service at Louisville in the latter part of August, and were being routed out every morning at 4 o'clock to be ready to give Bragg's army a suitable reception, provided Bragg beat General Buell to us.

For eighteen months the writer and Captain Lilly slept under the same blanket, and drank from the same canteen.

I think the only thing in the Confederacy Lilly was afraid of was snakes. In crossing the Cumberland Mountains on the Chattanooga campaign, one morning when we arose from our couch, which was mother earth, we discovered a large rattlesnake, coiled up between the blankets. Lilly did not say much, for the reason, although something of a linguist he failed to find language adequate to express his feelings; but the next night he builded a scaffold out of forks and poles and slept in that elevated position. Colonel Lilly was among a considerable number of volunteers I have known, who enjoyed the army service.

I do not think he would have enjoyed modern trench fighting. He always wanted to be where he could do something dashing and sensational. I think that was the reason he resigned his commission as captain of the Battery, in February, 1864, to accept the commission as major in the 9th Ind. Cavalry.

Before the war the Colonel was a druggist, and soon after the war closed he organized the Eli Lilly Pharmaceutical Company for the manufacture of all kinds of pharmaceutical preparations, in Indianapolis, which soon grew to be and still continues to be, the biggest thing of the kind in the county. (The Holton Recorder, March 8, 1917.)

In September, 1862, the battery to which I was attached was ordered to Frankfort instead of Perryville, and we missed another sanguinary engagement. Some weeks later on the eve of the battle of Murfreesboro General John Morgan made a raid on our railroad between Louisville and Nashville and General Reynolds' division, to which my battery was attached, was sent back to head him off. While performing this duty the battle of Murfreesboro was fought. After the battle of Chickamauga, the Confederate general Wheeler made a raid on our railroad between Nashville and Chattanooga and Wilder's brigade to which my battery was attached was sent to head him off and while performing this important duty we missed the battle of Missionary Ridge. In December, 1864, when Hood's Confederate army was before Nashville and General Thomas was deliberately waiting to get a chance to demolish Hood, Confederate General Lyon with a division crossed the river below Nashville and made a raid on our communications. General McCook's first cavalry division of which my battery was a part was sent back to head him off. While we were driving Lyon out of Kentucky the battle of Nashville was fought and notwithstanding the handicap of my absence Thomas fairly mopped up the earth with Hood. Another hard battle escaped.

The reader must not think however that the 18th Indiana battery did not get to indulge in considerable scrapping. The organization that was right on the front in the Tullahoma, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, East Tennessee, and Atlanta campaigns and the Wilson raid that did not get enough fight to satisfy any reasonable aspirations in the hero line, was to say the least hard to please. (The Holton Recorder, June 26, 1924.)

Attending a meeting of the Loyal Legion a few weeks ago at Topeka, I met for the first time, Captain W. H. Mapes, of Emporia, formerly from Lockport, New York, from which place in 1861, he took a company into the service. I wonder if he was acquainted with Robert Madden of the town. In the summer of 1862, two young men, Robert Madden and Samuel Corbin, both I think of Lockport, came to the camp of the 18th Ind. Battery in Indianapolis, where the battery was organizing, and enlisted as privates. They were both intelligent and fine looking young men and developed into splendid soldiers. Both were made gun corporals, and Corbin was killed by a shell at the battle of Mossy Creek, while sighting his gun. The two messed together and were always closest friends.

As an illustration of what an influence weather or unpleasant conditions sometimes have upon people, one evening when a "cold, wet" rain was falling and we had gone into camp after a hard day's march over miserable roads, and were trying to cook some supper over camp fires of wet wood, passing through camp I heard Bob and Sam, as they were familiarly called, quarreling. They were standing one on one side and the other on the other side of their camp fire, on which there was a frying pan of meat, which they had been lucky enough to forage. The quarrel waxed hot, much hotter than the flickering blaze, and I stopped to listen. Finally, I think it was Madden, became so exasperated that he kicked the frying pan scattering the meat among the wet leaves, and they started for each other. I slipped in between them, and soon convinced them that fighting was no way to help matters. They were soon as good friends as ever, and remained so until Corbin's death. Madden served until the end of the war, and when discharged went back to Lockport, where he was connected in some capacity with a manufacturing company. I met him some few years ago, while attending one of Wilder's brigade reunions at Chattanooga. He was a well preserved, fine looking old gentleman and had the appearance of being a successful business man, as he was a brave and gallant soldier. (The Holton Recorder, March 15, 1917.)

I received a few days ago a newspaper from Shelbyville, Ill., giving an account of the death of Albert Allen. Comrade Allen was a neighbor of mine in Putnam county and when war was declared, he, although a Democrat, left his young wife and a lucrative position and enlisted as private in the 18th Indiana Battery in the summer of 1862.

Comrade Allen was a patriot in every sense of the word, and Uncle Sam had no better or braver soldier in the ranks of his grand army.

When I succeeded to the command of the Battery, Allen was made company clerk, and proved an invaluable assistant in making our pay rolls and keeping the company accounts. Mr. Allen was as faithful and efficient in this line of duty as he was on the battle field and in every other relation as a soldier. He served three years until the end of the war without the loss of a day. Although he had left a lovely young bride to whom he was married

about the time war was declared, he never, if my recollection is correct, asked for a furlough. Soon after his discharge, he moved from Greencastle to Shelbyville, Ill., and there his merits and business qualifications were soon recognized and he was made deputy county clerk, to which office he was afterwards elected and in which he served several terms. He was active in county affairs until his death at the age of upwards of 80 years.

His son Ed, who appears to be chip of the old block, is now county clerk.

I had the pleasure of meeting my old comrade at a Battery reunion in Greencastle, Ind., some four or five years ago. At that time he was becoming somewhat feeble from age and almost deaf.

Capt. Scott recalls the following incident, which shows up Allen's quality as a soldier. At the battle of Mossy Creek, where our army was hard pressed by superior numbers, Gun Corporal Corbin had his head shot off by an enemy shell. Allen was Caisson corporal in the same section, and he stepped into the dead gun corporal's place and served the gun as coolly as though it had been a drill exercise.

Comrade Allen was an exemplification of the kind of American who can change from a good citizen into a good soldier, and back again into a good citizen, when his country calls for service. (The Holton Recorder, August 5, 1920.)

A joke was played on William Jennings Bryan at Washington one day recently. Mr. Bryan's glass was empty and the waiter, while Mr. Bryan was descanting with a neighbor on the merits of prohibition, surreptitiously filled his glass with a gin cocktail, which looked like water. Mr. Bryan gulped down a portion of it before he discovered its nature. Then he dashed the glass and contents to the floor. He did not get angry, and joined in the laugh in which his fellow diners indulged.

This calls to mind an incident of the Civil War. One cold morning in November, 1862, our division started from Frankfort, Ky., to Bowling Green. One of my battery men had a severe attack of cramp colic, and, no doctor being available, I went into a drug store and purchased a half a pint of bandy with which I dosed the sick man. In those times bandy was thought to be a specific for many diseases. Thinking that some other soldier might get sick, or possibly I myself might suffer an attack. I poured what was left of the brandy into my canteen, which was attached to the pommel of my saddle. Lieutenant Rippetoe of the battery was a teetotaler of the most radical type. He boasted that he had never tasted anything of an alcoholic nature. Two or three days later the weather had turned warm and we were marching over the Salt River hills where drinking water was scarce. The command had halted, and the lieutenant strolled along my section and stopped to exchange a few words. Seeing my canteen he shook it to see if it had anything in it and then turned it up to his lips and took a swallow. Though generally and naturally one of the most even tempered men I ever knew, I think for a moment he was the most angry. I never was able to explain the matter satisfactory, indeed I do not remember now that I ever tried, and probably to this day Rev. Lieut. W. B. Rippetoe has serious doubts as to my temperance habits.

The lieutenant is still living in Terre Haute, Ind., a highly honored retired minister of the Methodist church. (The Holton Recorder, December 8, 1921.)

Lieutenant W. B. Rippetoe of the 18th Ind. Battery carried a bible with him all through the four years of the war and conditions had to be mighty bilious if he did not read a chapter every night before wrapping himself in his army blanket. I know whereof I speak, for I messed with him and bunked beside him three years and was in the same company with him the other year. I do not think the bible story ever got into the newspapers. Rippetoe was not much of an advertiser, although he was as fine a soldier and as efficient an officer as helped to save the union. (The Holton Recorder, August 19, 1920.)

In the fall of 1862 my command was at Boling Green, Kentucky, having arrived there and encamped for a brief resting spell after the campaign in which the Federals under Buel had driven Bragg and his rebel horde from Kentucky. The battery horses were worked down and so depleted that it was necessary to recruit them, and I was detailed and supplied with a requisition to proceed to Louisville for that purpose. The horses, some twenty-five in number, were secured and shipped to Boling Green, but when I arrived with them I found that my command had moved to Scottsville, some twenty-five miles due east. I arrived at Boling Green about daylight, but was compelled to wait until after the quartermaster's force had breakfasted before I could get the stock unloaded. Then came the question of how to get the horses to the command, twenty-five miles across a rough and geurrilla-cursed country.

Upon application to the post commander I was informed that there were twelve or fifteen men, belonging to my brigade who had just returned from hospital and sick leave, and I found them anxious enough to get to their command to be willing to ride a horse without a saddle and lead another. It was about noon before we finally

got started. If we had have been cavalrymen it would have been alright, but all but myself, were infantrymen and unused to horseback exercise. Riding heavy artillery horses and leading one or two others under such circumstances for twenty-five miles over hilly and rough roads was about the hardest soldiering the boys had yet encountered, and long before night every one of them would gladly have dismounted and taken it afoot. To add to the discouragement, late in the afternoon it began to rain, a cold fall drizzle, which penetrated not only though the clothing but seemly to the marrow in our bones.

There were but few houses on or near the road, and some of the people of whom we made inquiry either did not know or did not care to direct us properly, and so we took the wrong road and lost our way. Just at dusk we came to a cross roads where there were two or three houses in a group, and here we found that we were yet some eight or ten miles from our destination. I say "eight or ten" because no two persons of whom we inquired exactly agreed as to the distance. Old soldiers will well remember this characteristic of many of the people in the sparsely settled districts of the south, how difficult, and sometimes impossible it was to get correct information as to distances, or to get such direction as any one could intelligently follow. We held a council and decided to camp. We rode up the best looking of the rather dilapidated houses and asked of an old man what accommodations he could give us. He informed us that provisions were scarce, but they would do the best they could, and would furnish us one bed and the kitchen floor or sleep on. We tethered the horses to a post and rail fence, fed them on fodder foraged around and managed to get enough supper to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

There were when we arrived two young men in the house, and after supper they were not visible, and we made inquiry as to what had become of them. We found out they were gone, but were not entirely satisfied that our host were just what they pretended to be - strong Union people. The disappearance of the young fellows aroused our suspicion and now we began to think of other things that were suspicious. The lieutenant and myself, who had retired, began to compare notes, and the more we discussed the matter, the darker it looked. So we finally got up and went into the kitchen and aroused the men and had them get up and draw the damp loads out of their guns and reload. We also placed a picket guard on each road, and in case of an attack arranged for a place to rally and protect our horses. The old gentleman heard all these preparations and wanted to know what it meant. I informed him what had aroused our suspicions and just what arrangements we had made to defend ourselves and property, and said to him further that if we were attacked during the night the guard, which I had in place over him had orders to shoot him the first man. I noticed that this did not seem to alarm him greatly, but attributed it to the daredevil life these people had become accustomed to.

After making all theses arrangements we lay down with our clothes on and our guns and pistols handy ready for instant use, and finally went to sleep, from which we did not awaken until broad daylight. I think everyone of us were more or less surprised to find that we were not either dead or prisoners of John Morgan, who was and had been ranging that portion of Kentucky. After eating up everything in the hamlet and getting together all the change there was in the pockets of the party, which barely paid a reasonable price for our accommodations, we bid our kind friends good bye, and having been furnished minute and intelligent directions, in two or three hours we reached the command at Scottsville, without loss of a man or horse.

The first opportunity I had I made inquiry as to the character of the place where we made our perilous camp and was informed that it was a strong Union neighborhood, and that the old man whom we had doomed to be shot in case we were attacked, was a leader of the Union enlistment of the county. A few days after I met him in camp and had an opportunity to apologize to him for our suspicions, and to make amends I brought all the butter and eggs he brought with him at figures which temporarily raised the price of these luxuries in that locality. He did not seem to bear any malice towards any of the boys, who felt that they had misused him, but hunted several of them up and wished them God speed in putting down this wicked rebellion. (The Holton Recorder, June 9, 1892.)

I had little acquaintance with colored soldiers during the war, and cannot say from personal observation, how they conducted themselves as soldiers. But I do know them as cooks, waiters, hostlers and teamsters, and I can testify to their industry and faithfulness and of the value of their services in these vocations. It was in Louisville, Kentucky, in the fall of '62, when I employed Alec, a strong, good looking colored boy, to take care of my horse and do chores for the mess. Alec was good natured, obedient and industrious. He loved horses and soon our horses came to love him and would follow him about the quarters.

It was at Frankfort, when Alec had been with us about a month, that one day a big long haired "Colonel" sauntering by the camp, espied Alec and took possession of him. One of the boys saw the performance and ran up to my tent and informed me. By the time I got out, the "Colonel" and Alec were climbing the fence into the

big road. I called a halt, and they halted, the "Colonel" behind Alec with a big, dangerous looking pistol resting across Alec's shoulder. After an exchange of some diplomatic remarks, the "Colonel" informed me that Alec was his boy and that he had an order from General Ward, which authorized him to take possession of him when and where he found him.

General Ward was a Kentuckian.

I demanded to see the order, which demand he complied with, and sure enough he had the order, all right, and I had to knock under.

A few days after I was taking a ride through the country, (inside our lines, of course) and who should I see coming meeting me, but my big long haired Colonel.

I did not know but I might be in for it, but I put on a bold front, thinking it might be doubtful if he knew me. But he recognized me all right, and addressed me as "major." The easiest and quickest way I know of to get a promotion is to make friends with a Kentuckian. The "Colonel" insisted on me going to his house and taking dinner with him, an invitation that I did not have the courage to resist.

He informed me that Alec ran off again the next day after his capture.

The "Colonel" had a fine home, a nice wife and a good looking daughter. He was a strong Union man and a particular friend of General Ward. (The Holton Recorder, April 15, 1917.)

It was at Murphreesboro, just after the battle of Stone's River, that Tyler came seeking employment. He had belonged to a colonel of a Louisiana regiment, who was severely wounded in the battle and died a day or two later. Tyler was a man about forty years old, intelligent and clean looking. We hired him as cook for our mess, and he proved to be a splendid cook and soon won the respect of everyone in the battery. A few days after we had employed him, he came into my tent and informed me that the colonel, his master, had confided to his care a gold watch and valuable ring with the request that they were to be sent to a Miss Alderson, a cousin of the colonel, who lived at Tensaw Parish, La. I knew the Mississippi river had been opened up, except from Vicksburg to Port Hudson, and that mail and possibly express line had been established.

I wrote Miss Alderson about Tyler, the watch and ring, and somewhat to my surprise received an answer in two or three weeks, asking me to express the things to her, which I did. A few weeks later I received a letter acknowledging the receipt and very cordially thanking me.

I received a number of letters from the young lady, but in violation of the rules of romance, nothing came of it except, on my part, a very pleasant remembrance. A young woman back in Indiana may have had something to do with preventing the usual consummation of such affairs, not to speak of the obstacles, down in Louisiana, which may have been in the way.

Tyler remained with us for a year or more, until he contracted rheumatism and had to give up camp life. While he was with us he learned to read and write, and after the war I received a well written letter from him, after he had rejoined his wife and children in Louisiana. (The Holton Recorder, April 15, 1917.)

While the army was lying at Murphresboro, recuperating after the Nashville and Murphresboro campaigns in the spring of 1863, Granville Moody, the great revivalist, spent several weeks holding meetings and preaching to the different brigades, divisions and corps. A large number professed conversion, among whom was Major General Alexander McDowell McCook, corps commander.

There came to be quite a rivalry between certain regiments as to which could report the most converts.

One day a member of a neighboring regiment was visiting with Colonel Fred Neffler, who commanded an Indiana regiment, and was telling that the night before seven men were converted in his regiment. Col. Fred, who had been an officer in the Prussian army, got excited and called his adjutant. When that officer appeared, the colonel gave him the order to immediately detail eighteen men, take them down to Stone river and have them baptized into the church. (The Holton Recorder, January 13, 1921.)

Batteries were not supposed to need spiritual directors and consequently were not supplied with chaplains. However, such religious aid as we thought we needed was supplied by the chaplains of the regiments composing the brigades to which the batteries were attached. The chaplain of the 17th Indiana Infantry was a big husky man, approaching middle age, by the name of Safety Layton. Brother Layton was intelligent, a good speaker, and fairly pious, but a dangerous man in a rough and tumble fight. It was at Louisville, when the city was threatened of capture by Bragg and General Nelson was in command. General Nelson was a big overbearing, brutish man, who had very little, if any, veneration or respect for Christianity. On one occasion he had summoned the chaplains of his divisions to his presence and was giving them a severe lecture interposed with charges and

invectives. Layton stood it as long as he could and then shed his ministerial coat, doubled up his unministerial fists and shouted, "Stop right there General Nelson. If you do not, Major General as your are, I will knock you down."

As the story ran, General Nelson looked at him, sized him up and responded, "Chaplain you ought to be at least a Brigadier General instead of a chaplain. Some weeks later General Nelson poured out his vials of abuse on General Jeff C. Davis with the result that Davis shot and killed him. (The Holton Recorder, February 12, 1924.)

Nelson was a Kentuckian and Davis an Indianan, both trained at West Point. Nelson was a big man, cruel and overbearing, Davis was under medium size. It was related of Nelson that at the battle of Richmond where our army was outnumbered and defeated, that Nelson met the retreating boys and when they declined to turn about and again face the victorious enemy, he sabered several of them.

The 18th Indiana Battery was in camp in front of Louisville at the time of the above tragedy. Men and officers, as far as I heard an expression, justified Davis. (The Holton Recorder, October 6, 1927.)

Fifty years ago last Saturday Rosecranz commenced his advance from Murphreesboro to Tullahoma. … Wilder's brigade led the advance on Hoover's Gap … Two days later this same brigade led the advance on Manchester, fifteen miles distant, the capture of which so threatened the Confederate right flank as to cause Bragg to retreat across the mountains to Chattanooga.

It rained every day for ten days during the forward movement, during which time the men's' clothes were never dry. On the Fourth of July the advance reached Dechard at the foot of the mountains. It was clear, beautiful day and the Eighteenth Indiana battery fired a hundred guns in celebration of the victories over Pemberton at Vicksburg, Lee at Gettysburg and Bragg at Tullahoma. (The Holton Recorder, June 29, 1911.)

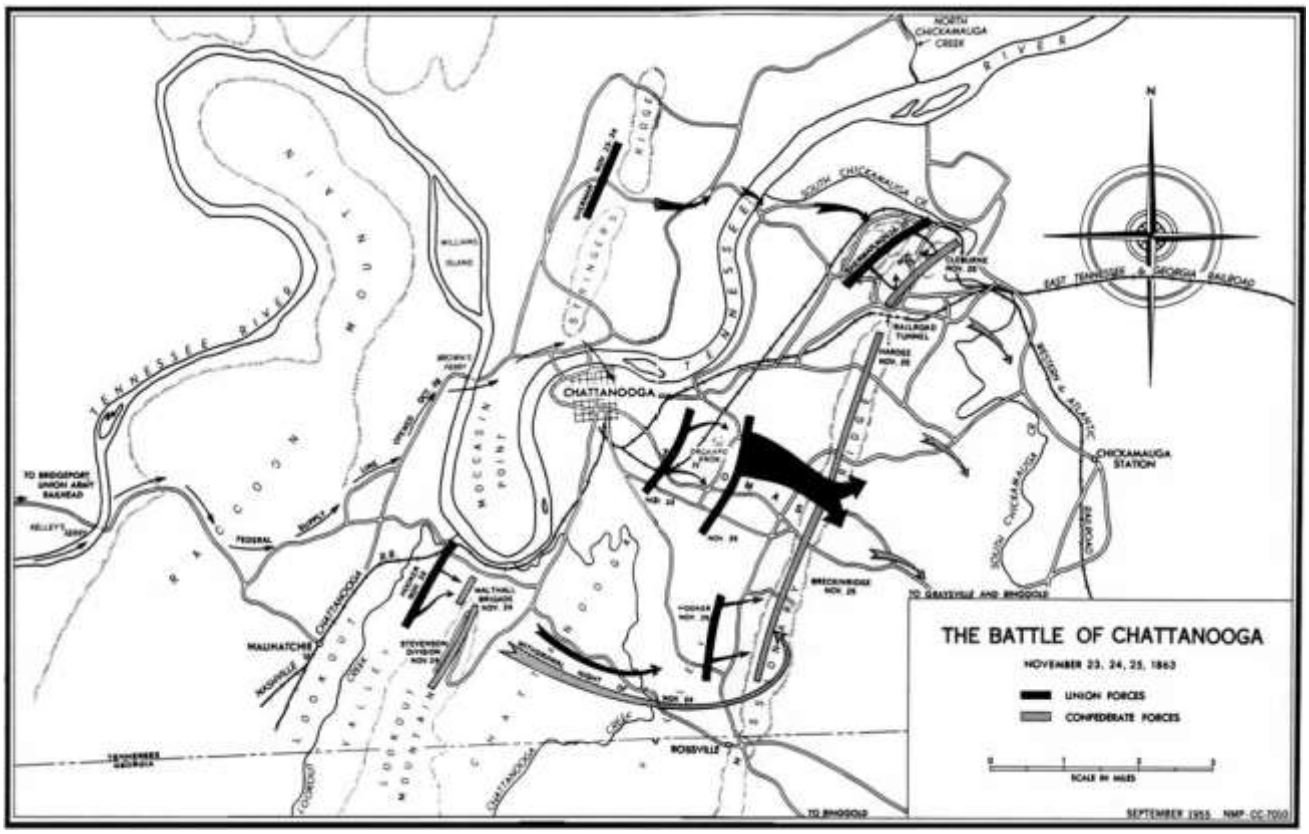
I presume most of our readers have heard of Wilder's Lightning Brigade. I will try to tell you how this brigade became famous. It was organized in January, 1863, at Murphreesboro, Tenn., and consisted of the 17th and 72nd Indiana and the 98th, 122nd, and 92nd Illinois, all infantry regiments, and the 18th Indiana Battery. It was commanded by Col. John T. Wilder, of the 17th Indiana. Soon after the battle of Stones' River, Col. Wilder applied for and received permission to scour the country round about Murphreesboro and capture horses to mount his men. All his regiments had more or less experience in chasing John Morgan and other cavalry forces in Kentucky and heading them off in their raids on our communications. In a few weeks Col. Wilder had his five regiments mounted on captured horses.

Then along came an agent from an eastern gun factory exhibiting a repeating gun called the Spencer rifle. The chamber of this rifle was in the breach and held seven charges which could be fired as fast as the soldier could work the lever back and forth and take sight. Col. Wilder tested this gun and finding it satisfactory in every respect made requisitions for enough to arm his brigade. This requisition was promptly turned down. The Colonel then opened negotiations with the gun factory. He owned a half section of fine land back in eastern Indiana and he and his wife mortgaged the land for the money to purchase the guns, and just before the army started on the Tullahoma campaign, the guns were received. Later the government paid the bill.

18TH INDIANA BATTERY
Hoover's Gap, TN, June 24, 1863. The 18th Indiana Battery, commanded by Capt. Eli Lilly, dislodged one Confederate artillery piece and forced the Confederate batteries to change position. The battery, along with Wilder's Brigade, did considerable damage to the advancing Confederate infantry with double rounds of canister. This battle opened middle Tennessee to the Union forces, resulting in the advance of the Union Army to Chattanooga and Georgia.
The battery was formed in Indianapolis, In. in 1862 by Capt. Eli Lilly. The 18th Indiana Battery was the largest battery in the Army of the Cumberland Comprised of six 3 inch Ordnance Rifles and 4 mountain howitzers. The battery served in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. This plaque is dedicated to the memory of the men of the 18th Indiana Battery and to all American soldiers who fought on this site.

About daylight, on the morning of June 24th, the brigade led the advance on Hoover's Gap, one of the three gaps in the range of hills held by the Confederates. Hoover's Gap was some thirty miles from Murphreesboro, but the march was so rapid and the attack so unexpected by the enemy that Wilder captured first the pickets and then the small force in the gap about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and taking a strong position, held it against three or four times as many men as he had for three hours, until the infantry support came to his relief. It was the seven shooting rifles, aided by the battery, that enabled him to accomplish this feat. This virtually decided the battle on this line of defense and twenty-four hours later Bragg withdrew his army to the Tullahoma line, from which he was routed some days later.

In the movement on Chattanooga, started in August, Wilder's and Wagner's brigades, with the 18th and 10th Indiana Batteries, crossed the mountains via Tracy City and struck the Tennessee river some twelve miles above Chattanooga, and rapidly moved down the river, Wilder being in the advance, and took positions on Stringer's Ridge, opposite Chattanooga and in easy range of the town. The 18th battery destroyed a pontoon bridge and sunk a ferry boat in less than an hour after taking possession. This movement was made to hold as much of Bragg's force as possible in Chattanooga while Rosecranz was making his flank movement south of the river and across the Lookout Mountain range. We held this position for nine days with two brigades and two batteries, a force consisting of not more than 5,000 effective men, while just across the river and in plain view was a large potion of the confederate army of not less than 50,000. (The Holton Recorder, April 22, 1915.)



Henry Watterson is in Pittsburg urging a most cordial invitation to the G. A. R. to meet next year at Louisville. Commenting on his active interest the Chicago *Inter Ocean* tells the following story which is well worth repeating: "It was while he was an impetuous ardent young rebel editor and publisher of his Chattanooga *Rebel* which became particularly abusive of the union officers and soldiers when Rosecrans was maneuvering against Chattanooga while Bragg held position of the city. He described them as low villains, who lived to insult defenseless women and to murder little children rather than to fight the brave men of the south. A copy of this paper was carried over to General Thomas, who was in command of a corps in the union army. The general rode to the brow of a hill and long surveyed Chattanooga through his glass. At last he made out the little brick building which was the home of Watterson's *Rebel*. Then he rode back and got his best gunner in the army and took him to the same point. He handed the gunner the glass and asked him if he could see the *Rebel* office. The gunner found it. "Can you put a cannon ball through that building without doing any other damage to the city?" asked the general. "If you do you can have my favorite horse." The gunner wheeled out a large gun and trained it on the *Rebel* office. One ball only was fired, but that went crashing through the *Rebel* office, smashed everything in it, and sent Watterson and his compositor into the street with the impression that the bombardment of the city had begun. The people of the city were of the same opinion, but they were needlessly alarmed. There was no more firing, and nor another building in the city was harmed. It was simply the compliments of old Pap Thomas to Henry Watterson and his reply to the charge that Yankees made war upon women and children and not upon brave men. Henry Watterson has learned the Yankees better since that time, and he has no better friends or warmer admirers than live in the north. He has atoned for his mistakes of early days by paying the noblest tributes to our great union soldiers."

The above is a good story, but it contains some inaccuracies which we desire to correct.

Those who are acquainted with the details of the Chattanooga campaign will remember that General Rosecrans moved his main army across the Tennessee at Bridgeport, some twenty miles below Chattanooga and executed a flank movement towards Rome, Georgia, thus compelling Bragg to excavate Chattanooga. While executing this flank movement, to divert and mislead the rebel general, and for the more important ant purpose or protecting his rear and base of supplies at Murphreesbrough, the Union Commander sent out Wilder's mounted brigade with the 18th Indiana Battery and Wagner's Infantry brigade with the 10th Ind. Battery across the Cumberland Mountains, via Tracy City, across Sequatchie Valley and Waldon's Ridge, to threaten Chattanooga from the

north. In the afternoon of the third day leaving Dechard, Wilder's Brigade, with the 18th Indiana Battery quietly took position on Stringer's Ridge, about a half -mile back from the north bank of the Tennessee river, and awoke the echoes in that romantic region by sending a shell into Chattanooga. The shot was aimed at some business buildings near the bank of the river, which were afterwards ascertained to be used for quartermaster Stores. Whether or not the attack was a complete surprise to the rebel authorities, it certainly was to the quartermaster and his assistants, and it was interesting in the extreme to see the army wagons going up the street at break-neck speed trying to get out of harm's way while six rodman guns were sending shells after and among their demolished ranks.

It was not perhaps fifteen minutes until there was not an army wagon or a soldier to be seen on the street. The battery next turned its attention to a ferry boat which lay at the south landing and soon sank it. The rebels replied to our fire from some inferior guns from a fort on the south bank of the river, but as they did not have the range very well they did us no damage until the afternoon of the second day, when a thirty-two pound shot killed four horses and took off a man's leg. After that we made a kind of a fort of the sharp brow of the hill, by digging in and making embrasures for the guns. It was, I think, the third day of the bombardment that Wm. Crutchfield, a union man and proprietor of the Crutchfield House, swam the river and joined us. He stayed with one or the other of the batteries most of the time until the excavation of the city by Bragg's army, and took great pleasure in pointing out the headquarters of Bragg and the prominent generals and other buildings used by the army, all of which we perforated more or less during the nine days we bombarded the town. The office where the *Rebel* was published was also pointed out and made a target for the practice of our gunners. Mr. Crutchfield, during reconstruction times represented that district in congress.

It was, I think, the morning of the tenth day following the occupation of Stringers' Ridge, by our forces, that finding the city had been evacuated the night before a detachment of the 17th Indiana went across and took formal possession of the city. Although the forces operating north of Chattanooga were as part of General Thomas' corps, the General himself was with the main army south of the river, and was never within cannon shot of the city of Chattanooga until after the town had been evacuated by the rebels.

Generals Wilder and Waggoner were in command of their respective brigades north of the Tennessee and General Thomas was at no time within twenty miles of a gun that could fire a shell into Chattanooga.

After the evacuation, the brigade and battery crossed the river at Pryor's ford, five miles above the city and advanced beyond Ringgold, and the writer of this did not visit Chattanooga until after the battle of Chickamauga. We have been informed by those who made an investigation that almost every building we made a target of, including the said printing office, showed the effects of our shots. (The Holton Recorder, September 20, 1894.)

Attending a Rotary Club meeting at Manhattan a few evenings ago, I heard a battery lieutenant in the late war make a good talk, in which he claimed that his battery could shoot further and straighter than any ever. This called to my mind an incident of the Civil war. When Rosecrans started out on his Chattanooga campaign, the latter part of August, 1863, he sent General Wilder with his mounted brigade of infantry across the Cumberland range and Waldron's Ridge, to make a demonstration from the north, while he, with the rest of the army, prosecuted his flank movement to the south of Chattanooga.

By a forced march we crossed over the mountains a distance of some forty miles and came down into the Tennessee valley, some twelve miles above Chattanooga. Marching rapidly down on Sunday morning, we took position on Stringer's hill, north of the river, opposite and about a mile from Chattanooga. With the first few shots we sunk a ferry boat and then destroyed a pontoon bridge. A captured picket who was not a very enthusiastic rebel, pointed out General Bragg's headquarters and we commenced firing in that direction. Up to this point I can vouch for the truth of the story. What followed, I had from the lips of General John T. Wilder, the commander of the brigade, who after the war settled in Chattanooga, and became one of the prominent business men of East Tennessee and died some three years ago at the age of 84, honored and respected by all his fellow citizens. The congregation had gathered in a church in the vicinity of General Bragg's headwaters
and after singing with enthusiastic devotion that old, inspiring hymn:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's far and happy land
Where my possessions lie

***

Filled with delight my raptured soul

Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll
Fearless I'd launch away."

The old doctor, with his eyes closed, commenced a long prayer. He had barely gotten through the introductory part, when the whiz and whirr of a three-inch Hotchkiss shell awakened and alarmed the congregation.

The doctor prayed on, and another shell shrieked over the church. Those who have heard a shell go by, know what an infernal noise they make. Well, the preacher apparently did not hear anything but his own voice, it was different with the congregation. They changed their minds in regard to their desire to cross over the river, and their only ambition seemed to be to "launch away from that church."

When the old doctor finished his prayer and opened his eyes, he saw only empty pews. There wasn't a member of that congregation within three blocks of that church. The lieutenant's guns in France may have had a longer range than our rifled Rodman's, but I will venture the assertion that they could not shot so as to hit it, if it was the opposing general's headquarters, and miss it if it was a church or a private residence. (The Holton Recorder, October 7, 1920.)

Just prior to the battle of Chickamauga while Rosecrans was executing his flank movement to get Bragg out of Chattanooga, a Federal scouting party captured a Confederate mail train. I do not new remember how much important information was gained from the captured letters, but I do remember that the boys, many of them, enjoyed reading the love letters written by Confederates soldiers to their sweethearts. I have preserved the following, written by a young soldier to his father, as a rather remarkable sample of the intelligence, and patriotic sentiment, as the confederates at that time defined patriotism. M. M. Beck

Ootawaugh, Tenn., Sept. 7, 1863.

My Dear Father:

After a silence of little more than two weeks, during which time we have been almost constantly on the march, I seat myself on a log to write you again.

We arrived at this place with such an outlandish name, last evening, and as we have received no marching orders yet - 7 o'clock a. m. - it is supposed that we may remain here today. With a soldier the saying that we know not what an hour may bring forth is more true than with any other class of people. One minute we are comfortably squatted on the ground eating our scanty rations, and the next rings with the horrible orders, "pack up," "fall in," "right face," "forward, march!" and in an inconceivably short space of time, we are on the road, going - the soldier knows not where.

One out of the army can hardly conceive how little the soldiers knows of his own movements. It is his duty to obey orders without inquiring why they are given or what will be their effect. This is exactly as it should be, although it is not very satisfactory to us. If we knew as much about our operations as our generals, every man would imagine himself the superior of Bragg, or anyone else, and insubordination would destroy the effectiveness of our forces; besides, whatever is public among our army is sure to reach the ears of the enemy, by means of traitors and spies who infest the country in which we operate.

Just here my letter was broken off by an order to "fall in." We moved camp about a mile, and two hours since I was interrupted I again commenced my letter.

From the foregoing you will see that you cannot expect a very intelligible account of our prospects in this section of the Confederacy from me. At present the whole of east Tennessee is evacuated by our forces, and all the troops heretofore occupying that part of the state are merged into Bragg's army - the right wing or extreme eastern part of which rests at this place and the left wing is at or near Chattanooga, the whole covering a distance of only about 15 or 20 miles. Hence you will see that our army is concentrated and only awaits the approach of the enemy to deliver one of the most desperate battles, and I believe to achieve the most glorious victory of the war. The enemy are only a few miles from our right wing and daily skirmishing occurs on the left and center. Rosencrans is a wily general and he may not see proper to give us battle here, but attempt to flank us. Indeed that is the only way to avoid the battle, which is now imminent, longer than a few days. If he should succeed in flanking our position, we will be forced to fall back into Georgia. At all events the struggle will come soon, and if we are victorious (of which I do not entertain a doubt), it matters but little if it occurred in Tennessee or Georgia. From all I can learn I feel satisfied that Bragg now has the most effective southern army ever marshaled. Such being the case, if God is with us, we are certain of victory. If we can defeat, demoralize Rosesncran's army, he will have nothing gained by having a large portion of southern territory in his rear, and if he escapes with a remnant of his army, he will be a lucky dog.

John and Nathan, as well as myself, are in good health. In fact, the health of our regiment is very good just now. All the men are in as good spirits as home-sick men can be, and when the fight comes off, you well hear of the "bloody old 7th" doing its whole duty and ably illustrating our noble little state on the battle field.

I believe I have nothing further to write that would interest you. I have undiminished confidence in the ultimate success of our cause, and believe that the impending battle here will go far towards bringing about a peace and a recognition of our nationality. Whether the war be long or short, it is to be hoped that our armies are composed of true men, and that the war for independence and liberty will not be given up until our forces are annihilated or dispersed. I hope, however, that another year will bless us with peace, and that we may all be spared to see home and home folks once more.

John and Nath join me in sending love to all our folks.

From your affectionate son, James A. William.

P. S. - Since finishing up my letter, I concluded to add a postscript for the benefit of speculators, etc. The great, I may say only cause of dissatisfaction among the soldiers, is the bad conduct of the people at home. They appear to have forgotten the poor soldier who is risking his life and sacrificing his interests at home, for the protection of THEIR property, as well as country and their God. If the half of what we hear of them is true, they have lost sight of every principle of honesty and are straining every nerve in the work of amassing "filthy lucre" forgetful of the wants of the widows and orphans of the gallant volunteer. Such conduct disheartens the soldier, and bitterly as we hate the enemy, will soon come to regard these "blood suckers" at home as more deserving of death at our hands than the Bluest bellied Yankee and abolitionist of the north. Men who act thus are too mean to live and would disgrace hell if they were to die. One thing is certain, the Southern Confederacy will be too small to hold them and our soldiers too - that is if the latter are as true to themselves in time of peace as they are to their country in time of war. They had either better amend their ways or "make hay while the sun shines," as the day of retribution is fast approaching when they will have to disgorge their illgotten gains. They will be lucky indeed if they get off with whole hides covering their pestiferous hearts! (The Holton Recorder, June 10, 1915.)

Union Battery at drill, Ringgold, Georgia

My experience in the Civil war was to the effect that while here and there a regular army officer appeared arbitrary, cruel and unjust, that as a rule they were as fair and considerate of the rights and welfare of those under them as were the volunteer officers. There were instances where officers of both classes were unreasonably arbitrary.

I remember after Bragg retreated from Chattanooga, my brigade (Wilder's) was leading the advance in a running fight. Near Ringgold my battery was halted in front of a farm house, which some cavalrymen were looting.

General Van Cleve an old regular army officer, who commanded a division, came along and seeing what was going on in the house jumped on one of the battery lieutenants and abused him in language not fit to print. When the lieutenant tried to explain that the looting had been done before the battery had arrived and that none of the battery men had any part in it, the general ordered him to shut his month and give him no back talk. The lieutenant assailed was not only a brave man, but he was a level headed, mild-mannered officer, who knew when "discretion was the better part of valor."

I have always been thankful the general did not jump me. (The Holton Recorder, February 27, 1919.)

"You can't always tell from the size of a man," says Department commander Curley Harrison," "how hard can he hit. One time during the war when we were camped near Chickamauga a row started between the men of our regiment and the men in another regiment camped at the same place. In a little while it developed into a general free for all fist fight. I was asleep in my little dog tent when the trouble broke out but hearing a noise I woke up and started for the scene of conflict. There were about two hundred from each regiment knocking away at each other with their fists and I concluded that I aught to do something to sustain the honor of my regiment. There was a little sawed-off soldier belonging to the other regiment standing near me and I concluded that I would just take a poke at him. He wasn't as big as I was by considerable and it looked perfectly safe. Besides that he had his back to me. I whaled away, intending to hit him just about the butt of the ear, but I miscalculated and struck too high. I just hit him a glancing blow on the top of his head. It didn't hurt him any but it seemed to annoy him. At least I judged that it did, for he just whirled on his heel like it was a pivot and took me right under the chin. I hadn't supposed that a small man could hit so hard. I got right down to see if I had dropped something and then I crawled away. When I got back to the tent one of the boys who had just walked up asked me what was going on. I told him that there was a fight on between the two regiments. "Well," said he, "let us go up and get into it." "No, thanks," said I, "I have just been there." (The Holton Recorder, December 25, 1913.)

When Bragg evacuated the town, our brigade forded the river at a place called Pryor's ford, four miles above the town, and followed the rear guards of the confederates for two days to Ringgold and Rock Springs.

On Friday, the 17th of September, the brigade was stationed at Alexander's bridge, about two miles below Lee and Gordon's mills. About 10 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, the advance of the rebels came in sight and we opened fire on them. Of course we had destroyed the bridge. Minty's brigade of cavalry with two guns of the 18th which had been sent to reinforce him, held Reed's bridge, a mile below. We held two or three times our number at bay until nearly sundown, when a courier informed Wilder that the enemy was crossing above and below us, and we hastily fell back. But we were compressed so closely that we were compelled to halt and form line of battle and give them a salute from Spencer rifles and a taste of Hotchkiss shell. About 10 o'clock we fell back still further and took position in the line of battle where we fought the next day.

As I started out to make this article as brief as possible, I will refrain from speaking in detail of the part the brigade took in the battle of Chickamauga during the two days of sanguinely fighting, and a week or two later in following Wheeler's cavalry division across the mountains, so closely and so effectively as to prevent that redoubtable chieftain from doing any serious damage to our single line of communication.

Because of the holding of Alexander's brigade for eight or ten hours, Rosecrans' was given valuable time to bring McCook's corps down from up the valley and get in line to receive the confederate onslaught the next day. (The Holton Recorder, April 22, 1915.)

I have been asked, "Why, in some of your war reminisces, do you not recount some of the brave, daring deeds you performed in the war?" Well, the inventive faculty seems to have been left out when the component parts of my makeup were assembled, and I have no capacity for writing fiction, I therefore am compelled to confine myself to facts and incidents that actually occurred. This is probably the reason I have seldom been invited to participate on the program at soldier's camp fires.

As a sample of camp fire fiction, I quote a story, or alleged incident, related at a Loyal Legion banquet by Curly Harrison, of which he was the hero.

Curley said that on one occasion he became so scared, and demoralized that he ran to the rear to get behind a big tree. Following close on his heels, or he imaged there was, a big, blood-thirsty Johnny. He got to the tree, and he was running so fast that he could not stop, so he began to circle the tree. In his imagination the Johnny was following, and gaining speed and presently came in sight of his supposed enemy, when he raised his gun and blazed away, and shot himself in the back. (The Holton Recorder, February 8, 1917.)

Uncle Joe was employed to drive our headquarters team, I think on the Tullahoma or Chattanooga campaign. He was a small, slender colored man, I should judge well on to fifty years old. Uncle Joe was like Tyler, a man absolutely honest and one on whom we could always rely. He was entirely without education, not knowing a letter of the alphabet.

It was during the campaign in East Tennessee, one evening, after a long march over fearfully bad roads, Colonel Jordan of the 10th Penn. Cavalry said to me: "Beck, that is a remarkable man who drives your headquarters team." "Yes," I replied, "I have discovered as much, but what discovery have you made?" "Why, I rode just behind his four mule team all day and never heard him swear an oath, and I think a man who can drive a four mule team all day over these roads without swearing, is a remarkable man."

Uncle Joe was very religious, and his religion was of the genuine, all-wool and a yard wide quality.

One of the lieutenants of the battery, when conditions were favorable, would on Thursday evenings get the religiously inclined boys together and hold a prayer meeting. Soon after Joe joined us, I noticed him on one of these prayer meetings occasions, modestly sitting just outside the circle. At my suggestion the leader called on him to pray. I think I never heard a better prayer made. While he did not always use the best English, and sometimes mispronounced his words, I have every reason to believe the Lord understood every sentiment he expressed and every petition he uttered. (The Holton Recorder, April 15, 1917.)

The only time I ever saw General Grant was in the spring of 1864. We were passing a roadside grove where General Grant and his staff had halted and the general was pointed out to me. He was lying on the grass under the shade of a tree with his saddle for a pillow.

Although I was out of funds just at that time I did not have the nerve to interrupt the general's rest by boning him for the loan of ten dollars.

At the celebration of General Grant's birthday last week it was discovered that most of the old veterans of Topeka were intimately acquainted with the general, and aided him in various ways to overcome Pemberton at Vicksburg and Lee at Richmond. Pat Coney was on such intimate terms with him that on one occasion he borrowed ten dollars from the general. (The Holton Recorder, August 31, 1922.)

Cooped up in a little ward of the Baptist hospital in Chicago, with three other patients, General Edwin M. McCook, commander of the cavalry division in "the march to the sea," and for eight years governor of the territory of Colorado, is suffering from the tortures of inflammatory rheumatism. Racked with pain and financially helpless, the famous commander is dependent on the fraternal help which his old army comrades give.

General McCook had had numerous opportunities to save something for a rainy day, but neglected them all. Are you saving something for a rainy day? Do you realize that your rainy day is coming? The shiftlessness of Americans is pitiful. They are nearly all rich in youth and middle age, and die in poverty and neglect. - Atchison Globe.

It was in December 1863 that the battery to which the writer belonged was assigned to the First Cavalry Division, Major-General Edwin M. McCook commanding. We served under McCook for some eighteen months until the end of the war and found him a considerate, genial and good commander. He did not distinguish himself by especially daring and dashing generalship like for instance his cousin, Dan, who met his death at Kennesaw mountain, but he made no breaks, and so far as we know he always had the confidence of those under he served. He was one of the kindest hearted men we ever knew. The writer got a twenty days sick leave of absence at Cleveland, Tenn., in the spring of 1864, but not having received any pay since before the battle of Chickamauga, he had no money to bear his expenses home and all his comrades so far as he knew were in about he same financial stress. In this dilemma he went to see General McCook to see if he could borrow a few dollars. He found the General's finances pretty low. He had but ten dollars left but insisted on us accepting half of it, which we did, and reached home in due time. We are sorry but not greatly surprised that the general in his old age is in

destitute circumstances. (The Holton Recorder, September 27, 1906.)

An article we read the other day in reference to the presidential election of 1864 remained us of an incident that occurred in connection with sending men home on furlough to vote. There is no doubt but the authorities expected that only men who were sure to vote for Lincoln and the Republican state ticket would be given a twenty day's furlough. The Democrats had a majority in the Indiana legislature and they had not only embarrassed Governor Morton in his effects to assist the administration at Washington but had defeated a bill to allow the soldiers to vote in the field. Under these circumstances Democrats were mighty scarce in the army and only those who desired that the war should end and they get out of the army, regardless of results to the country, were out-spoken McClellan men.

Our command was encamped near the railroad bridge crossing the Etown river, assisting in guarding the supplies, Sherman was collecting at Altoona Pass when we got permission to furlough six men. A few days prior to this, Mahlon Wasson, a middle aged man, had received a letter from home announcing the death of his wife and as she had quite a family of little children who needed looking after he had asked for a furlough. Wasson had been a Democrat and lived in one of the strongest Democratic precincts in Parke county. He was a good soldier who had but one bad failing, that was his weakness for strong drink. He professed to be for Lincoln but owing to his well known weakness the officers of the battery were afraid to trust him and we gave him a furlough over the protests of the other officers. Shortly after the election word came to the battery that Wasson's Democratic friends had managed to vote him for McClellan and the whole Democratic ticket and we were compelled to listen to the "I told you so" racket for several days. Mr. Wasson returned when his twenty days furlough was out about as crestfallen and shamefaced an individual as we ever met. When we greeted him and asked about his family we did not mention his broken promise to vote the Republican ticket. We thought he felt bad enough and we tried to treat him as though nothing had happened to destroy our confidence in him. One day soon after he came to us and insisted on making a full confession and wound up with "and now, Captain, this business has cured me of two things, drinking liquor and voting the Democratic ticket."

We attended our brigade reunion in Greencastle some sixteen years ago and among others a well dressed white haired old man came up and took us by the hand and said, "Captain, you have not forgotten Mahlon Wasson and the promise he made you?" He continued, "I have kept that promise in letter and in spirit," and his manner and general appearance convinced us that he had. From other sources we learned that he was a strong temperance man and a leading and influential member of the church. (The Holton Recorder, September 11, 1902.)

I had only to travel a couple of blocks to cast my vote for Lincoln, the first Tuesday in November, 1860. This was not however my first vote as I had voted for township officers a year previous. I had also voted for Oliver P. Morton and other state officers at the October state election a month before I voted for Lincoln.

I did not vote for Lincoln the second time he ran in 1864. The large number of Republican boys who were in the army enabled the Democrats to elect a majority of representatives to the legislature in 1862, and the body being Democratic, defeated a bill allowing the boys in the army to vote, a law enacted by most of the northern states. My will was good to travel some 500 miles to vote for Lincoln and against McClellan, but as I was engaged with a lot of others in the job of keeping Hood's army out of Nashville, which was considered of more importance than adding to the big majority Lincoln seemed sure to receive in Indiana, I stayed on the job down south. (The Holton Recorder, February 14, 1924.)

The above name of Fletcher recalls to my recollection some experience when I was in the Officer's Hospital in Nashville in the summer of 1864. The two buildings, one of brick and one of stone had been before the war a military school. It must have been quite a school, as at that period western colleges were lucky to have one good buildings three or four stories high. Now it is different. If a college that already has twenty or thirty buildings does not get a legislative appropriation of a few hundred thousand to add two or three more buildings the school men feel aggrieved.

Those of us who were convalescing put in most of our time playing chess. Chess playing got to be quite a fad, something like bridge in Holton. The chess players of the brick building changed those of the stone building for a match game, which we readily accepted. I was chosen by the stone building as their champion. Colonel Fletcher, colonel of the 18th Missouri, was the brick building champion. We played one game a day for three days and I won two games out of the three. I imagine it was a good thing for the Colonel that I did not run against him the following fall for governor.

It is altogether probable that some of the Holton people who have seen me play bridge may call for proof that

I won at chess. If so they will call in vain, for I doubt if anyone who witnessed the game is living today.

A day or two after the game was the 4th of July and I celebrated it by going down town and listening to a patriotic address by governor Andrew Johnson, who after the war was President of the United States. (The Holton Recorder, March 26, 1925.)

It was in the fall of 1864, early in the month of September, that I was discharged from the hospital on Lookout mountain, and went down to Chattanooga to get transportation to my battery near Atlanta. I had to lay over a day, and to kill time I strolled over the rocky hills which then environed the little straggling town. On a desolate mound, I ran across a little camp of seven or eight boys, recruits from my home town. One of these boys was my brother David, two of them my cousins and one afterwards became my brother-in-law. They ranged in age from 17 to 19, and were kids when the battery was organized. They had been recruited for the battery, sent forward, and were stranded at Chattanooga.

To say that they were glad to see me, feebly expresses their feelings and actions. I took them down to the Crutchfield House, and after three or four square meals and a night's lodging in beds, we boarded a freight train for the front, where we arrived forty-eight hours later. Those seven or eight young fellows were distributed to the different sections of the battery and were soon as good and efficient soldiers as were to be found in the organization. They served nearly a year before the war ended, and I do not think one of them was ever sent to the hospital or was off duty a day.

All of them, except one, Dr. John T. Scott, are still living and in good health.

At our recent reunion held in Indianapolis, three of these boys were present, all of them hale and hearty. Lige Hansel, a prominent retired farmer from the north part of the state; George Starr, a retired business man, owning two or three good farms in Putnam county, and Tom Gregory, a well to do mechanic, retired, of Ladoga. The others are still living and all of them when last heard from enjoying reasonably good health, are Frank Garver, a banker of Humboldt, Neb.; Ike Nethercutt, a traveling salesman, still active and efficient, of Lafayette, and D. D. Beck, retired of Scott City, Kan. (The Holton Recorder, February 13, 1919.)

I heard an old Civil war veteran the other day speak rather contemptuously of the old boys who served only in the last year of the war. This is unjust to many of these men. A large majority of them enlisted or managed in some way to get into the service as soon as their age permitted; and many of them lied to the authorities in regard to their age, to get in. I had a dozen of these young fellows join my battery the last year of the war, and there were no better soldiers in the service than these young chaps were. Some of them who were still under military age had to deceive their parents and run off, without the money to pay railroad fares to the recruiting station. I know of one young fellow who walked forty miles, mostly after night, to get to fight for Uncle Sam. (The Holton Recorder, March 17, 1921.)

I have had considerable experience with men in the army, and if I were given permission, or it became my duty to organize a company of the most effective men, who would best stand the service on the march and in battle, I would, if I were permitted to exercise my judgment, select young men from 16 to 21 years of age. Of the younger ones I would not choose big, husky overgrown boys, but small and middle sized, reasonably well matured fellows.

The best, all around soldier I ever knew was under seventeen when he enlisted in the fall of 1862. He weighed 110 pounds and was rather boyish in appearance, and I had some difficulty in persuading the examining surgeons to pass him.

He served three years, and was not sick or off duty a day and developed into one of the strongest and most active men in the battery. When the war closed he was first sergeant, and if the war had lasted a month or two longer, would have been commissioned lieutenant.

The same was true, in a modified way, of a number of other boys who were under eighteen when enlisted. (The Holton Recorder, February 15, 1917.)

Many of the readers of the Recorder have heard and enjoyed the song, "Hold the Fort," which was a notable event in the war of the Rebellion, and which was retold as follows in a late number of the Kansas City Star.

"During October, 1864, just before General Sherman began his famous march to the sea, his army was encamped near Atlanta, the army of General Hood managed to get by the right flank of Sherman's army, appeared in its rear and began to destroy the railway, burn the smaller block houses and seize the provisions that were stored in them. Sherman put a strong force in motion to overtake Hood's army and save the most important

posts, the most essential of which was that in Altoona Pass, a defile in the mountains, thru which the railway ran. General Corse was stationed there with a force of about 5,000 men; Colonel Tourtellotte was second in command. No less than 1,500 million rations were stored there. General Hood sent 6,000 men under General French to take the earthworks that defended the post. French surrounded the works and demanded their surrender. Corse refused, and the fighting began. Slowly the Union troops were driven back into one small fort on the back of a hill. Many had fallen, and the defense of the post seemed almost helpless. At this moment an officer saw a white signal flag waving from the heights across the valley, several miles away. It was on the summit of Kennesaw mountain. The signal was answered, and the message that came back read: "hold the fort, I am coming. Sherman."

The cheers rang out, and the defense was resumed with fresh courage. General Corse was wounded in the head, and Colonel Tourtellotte took command. He held the fort thru three more hours of sharp fighting. Then the advance guard of Sherman's forces came up, and French had to retreat."

General McCook's cavalry division, to which my battery, the 18th Indiana, belonged, was stationed at the time at the bridge across the Etawah river some five miles north of Altoona Pass. I remember that we listened, standing in line ready for the march, to the cannonading. It was not until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as I remember, when we were ordered forward, at a gait that was known as "double quick." We had covered about half the distance to the pass, when we met a messenger with the news that Sherman had arrived, that French had given up the fight. Then we hurried back to the bridge.

I have often wondered what would have happened if our division of some 4,000 cavalry and battery had been sent to the rescue two or three hours earlier, and we had to meet French's 5,000 infantry? The regiments composing our division were old campaigners and had never been whipped, and did not believe that they could be. (The Holton Recorder, March 11, 1926.)

I recall another Christmas. It was in 1864. General Thomas' army had been besieged in Nashville by General Hood. While waiting for the icy roads to become passable, so that the rebs could be successfully attacked, a rebel cavalry force crossed the Tennessee river a few miles below the city and made a dash for the Louisville railroad, over which we received supplies.

McCook's cavalry division, to which my battery was attached, was ordered back to head him off, in which effort we were entirely successful, driving him through Russelville and Hopkinsville, Kentucky, until he finally escaped across the river. The next day after we had finally disposed of General Lyon and his raiders, was Christmas, and that morning we received word that old Pap Thomas had attacked and practically annihilated Hood's army. We didn't do a thing but yell hurrah for old Pap Thomas, except to send out and get a big fat Kentucky turkey, and all the necessary trimmings, and such a Christmas dinner as we had, the memory of which has never left me until this day. (The Holton Recorder, December 18, 1919.)

Fifty years ago last Thursday was the coldest day this country ever experienced. The thermometers in central Indiana marked from 34 to 38 degrees below zero. The writer was in east Tennessee, about forty miles above Knoxville, and well remembers how cold, it was in that ordinarily mild climate. The day before the weather was warm and pleasant. We had fought Longstreet's advance all the afternoon at Mossy Creek and had driven the enemy back some four miles when darkness stopped pursuit. It was in this battle that Captain Scott received the wound in his foot that rendered him a cripple for the rest of his life.

That night it suddenly turned cold, and oh how cold it was, and how the wind from the northwest did sweep down, only men who had been furnished no winter clothing and had no tents, and had been living on one-fourth or less, rations for over three months could tell.

We builded big rail fires and stood around in the smoke and had to keep turning around to keep one side from freezing and the other side from scorching. They told the story of one fellow that he turned so fast he became dizzy and fell into the fire and might have been seriously burned if his comrades had not rescued him.

During the night a farm house a few rods from our camp took fire and with some out houses, was burned down. Hundreds of men stood around in the embers of the burned house during the day and thus kept comparatively warm. A smoke house was burned down and as soon as the heat would permit the men began to investigating the embers and ashes, and fished out a number of as finely baked hams and shoulders as ever satisfied hunger. It was a New Year's feast long to be remembered by those who were lucky enough to get in on the banquet. Talk about Democratic banquets, we will venture the assertion that the dinner last Monday at Topeka in honor of Bryan was a cheap fifteen cent restaurant affair in comparison. (The Holton Recorder,

January 8, 1914.)

Some sincere but narrow minded people are strenuously objecting to furnishing tobacco to our soldiers in the trenches. My observation and experience in the army with soldiers, leads to the opinion, which amounts to a conviction, that nothing outside of comfortable clothing and plenty of food contributed so much to the comfort and contentment of soldiers as coffee and tobacco. I know some mighty good soldiers who got along fine without either, but a large majority, I think, were actually benefited and had their health conserved by these two luxuries, if they are to be called luxuries. I call them necessaries to the soldier. As to being detrimental to health and discipline, coffee and tobacco are not to be placed in the same class with intoxicating liquor. Of course I mean the reasonable moderate use of these two articles.

I have always envied the person who has had the resolution to abstain from contracting the tobacco habit, therefore I hope no young man will misconstrue the opinion expressed above, as a recommendation that he learn to chew and smoke. (The Holton Recorder, August 9, 1917.)

The Civil war ended a few weeks too soon to please a good many of the boys in General Jim Wilson's Cavalry Corps. This army, consisting of three divisions of cavalry and three batteries, about 12,000 men, left Eastport, Mississippi, in March, 1865, on a raid through the heart of the confederacy similar to Sherman's expedition a few months earlier. This force passed through Selma, the largest manufacturing center of ordinance, railroad supplies and other army necessities in the south, through Montgomery, the first capital of the confederacy, through Columbus, West Point, to Macon, Georgia.

It was rumored and believed by many of the men that one of the objective points of the expedition was Andersonville, where thousands of Union soldiers had been and were being starved and otherwise mistreated. "On to Andersonville," was the popular watchword with the old boys; however they were not "old" boys then. This popular program was interfered with by the ending of the war, and armistice agreed upon by Generals Sherman and Johnson.

Andersonville is some fifty miles southwest of Macon and some twenty or thirty miles south of our line of march from Columbus to Macon.

If the war had lasted only another month, Wilson's force would have captured Andersonville, freed several thousand Union prisoners and in all probably would have saved the expense of the trial of the villain Wirz, and of the rope that it took to hang him. (The Holton Recorder, March 3, 1921.)

In the beginning of the Civil war there was a tacit exchange agreement between Federal and Confederate authorities, and prisoners were paroled and sent home as soon after capture as convenient. This was a bad arrangement as least for our side, for capture meant rest from military duty and a visit home. It made surrendering easier and safer than fighting and thousands of our men surrendered, when their plain duty was to fight, and I presume, in fact I know, the same was true of Confederates. Finally, as much for this as any reason, all exchange agreements were revoked, and prisoners on both sides were kept in prison pens. The Confederates blundered badly when they commenced to treat and starve their prisoners. The stories from Andersonville and Libby was the means of putting a check on surrendering. During the last two years of the war, the men, as a rule, preferred to die fighting, rather than to be captured and starved to death at Andersonville.

Our limited experience with soldiers in war convinces us that it is the very best policy to treat prisoners of war kindly and as near may be, make them feel kindly towards their captors. (The Holton Recorder, January 7, 1918.)

Fifty years ago tomorrow, at West Point, Georgia, was fought the last battle of the war east of the Mississippi. The union forces consisted of one cavalry brigade and one four gun battery, commanded by Colonel Lagrange of the First Wisconsin cavalry. The Confederates in Fort Tyler, which commanded and defended the bridge across the Chattanooga river, were commanded by General Tyler, who got about on crutches, having lost a leg in a battle of earlier date. Fort Tyler, a strong earthwork, was equipped with two ten-pound and one thirty-two pound gun.

The advance regiment reached West Point about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately charged and secured possession of the bridge, which the Confederates were trying to destroy. An hour later the remainder of the brigade arrived with the 18th Indiana battery and the fort was invested. The federal battery, under command of the writer, took good position in almost point blank range, and in a short time silenced the three guns in the fort. It was, as well as the writer can remember, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the final charge was made and the fort captured. When the final charge was ordered the battery was ordered to cease firing and the

writer rode with Colonel Lagrange toward the fort, and arrived a few moments after the white flag had been run up. Only a few feet inside the entrance to the fort General Tyler lay dead, his crutches by his side. As we rode towards the fort and about ten yards from the surrounding ditch, lay Major Ross Hill, commander of the Second Ind. Cavalry, his thigh broken by a Minnie ball. When we moved out the next morning towards Macon, Major Hill, his broken leg having been set, was left at the hospitable residence of a southerner. When the writer bade him goodbye, he hardly expected ever to see the major again, but to his great joy and surprise just one month later a carriage drove up to battery headquarters at Macon and Major Hill, with the aid of a pair of crutches, got out and limped into our quarters.

About 300 prisoners were captured, among other, Captain Moorehead, a South Carolinian, who commanded the artillery in the fort, and who was the guest of the writer over night and on the march to Macon. A day later, at the crossing of Clinch river, our command received the first news of the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's army, which had occurred ten or twelve days before. General James H. Wilson, who commanded the cavalry, received a flag of truce sent out from Macon by General Robert Toombs, but the writer got his first news of the important events from an old gentleman sitting on a veranda, where he had called to get drink of water. This old gentleman was John Bell, formerly of Tennessee, and the Constitutional Union candidate for president in 1860, along with Edward Everett, candidate on the same ticket for vice president. (The Holton Recorder, April 15, 1915.)

Sutlers as a rule were not very popular with the boys in the army. A sutler was one who was permitted to go along with a regiment, brigade or division to cater to the men in canned goods and other knickknacks of an edible character, gloves, boots, neckties, shirts and other luxuries such as now and then soldiers were inclined to indulge in. To come out even the sutler was compelled to charge big profits, to make up for bad debts frequently contracted and for an occasional capture of his stock by the enemy.

Right after pay day, the sutler enjoyed a big and profitable trade, and while the boys had plenty of money they were willing to pay most any price the cupidity of the sutler disposed him to charge, but when the money became scarce, which occurred on an average of a month after payment, the soldiers were inclined to resent extortionate prices. This and a disposition on the part of the army merchant to collect and square off old scores, is what made the sutler unpopular.

We had in our brigade a sutler who was an exception. He was very accommodating to the boys, would even loan them money on occasions; but the real secret of his popularity was the fact that he was the owner of a Spencer rifle, and never neglected an occasion to use it when we got into a scrap. His name was Richard Gaines, and was familiarly known as Dick Gaines.

As I have said, Dick never neglected an opportunity to get into and do his part in a fight. I now call to mind two or three occasions, when Dick distinguished himself as the bravest of the brave. It was in the battle of West Point, Georgia, of which I gave a brief account a few weeks ago, that Dick was on the skirmish line, and secured a position on the roof of a house, behind a chimney, not over a hundred yards from the fort, a position he occupied for an hour until the fort had surrendered, and he had shot his last round of ammunition. Dick was a fine marksman and it is safe to say that he did not waste on the desert air very many of his forty rounds.

On the Wilson expedition through Alabama, First Sergeant Emery Starr and Dick, being hungry for something fresh, made a detour thorough a rich farming valley a little off the regular line of march. Emery and Dick made a combination that was hard to beat and hard to resist in any project on which they had set their hearts.

Through some colored people they learned that at a certain plantation they would find a chance to get what they were looking for. As they approached the house, they saw some horses hitched to a fence, which aroused their suspicion; and also made them cautious. There were two outside doors to the house, on opposite sides. With guns ready for use they divided their forces and simultaneously entered those two doors. Sitting at the table eating were the family and four Confederate soldiers. The Confederate's guns were standing up in a corner of the room. Of course there was nothing for the Johnnies' to do but surrender, and they were marched into camp by the sutler and the first sergeant.

Dick made himself useful to the writer in another way and on another occasion.

It was in the spring of 1864, after the terrible winter campaign in east Tennessee, succeeding the battle of Chickamauga. I had secured twenty days sick leave of absence and left Cleveland, Tennessee, with barely enough money to pay my way home. My uniform was ragged and dirty, but as far as I could see, I would be compelled to meet and greet "the girl I left behind me" in that disreputable plight. At Nashville, where I was detained over night, walking out after supper, who should I meet but Dick Gaines?

The first words I said to him after the formal greeting was: "Dick, loan me twenty dollars." "Sure," said Dick, "thirty if you want it." (The Holton Recorder, May 27, 1915.)

In the 18th Indiana Battery was a little wiry Prussian, who weighted only 115-pounds by the name of Martin Miller, and a big 180-pound Irishman, John Runey. Miller was a sergeant and was reprimanding Runey for some offense, which so angered the Irishman that he struck Miller a light blow in the head. They mixed then and in less than three minutes John acknowledge that he had had enough. John was one Irishman who knew when he had had enough of that sort of thing.

Miller was afterwards commissioned a lieutenant and was made commander of the First Cavalry Division Scouts and distinguished himself in numerous scraps with the Confederates.

It was in April, 1865, the night after Wilson's cavalry corps had captured Selma, Alabama, and General Forrest had escaped with about 100 men, that he, Forrest, happened to encounter Miller and his twelve scouts, camped some twelve miles from Selma on the road which our troops had passed over the day previous. Miller refused to surrender, and he and his men were all killed except one, who was badly wounded but who lived to give an account of the fight. (The Holton Recorder, December 25, 1913.)

Spencer, Ohio, May 10 - Fifty-seven years ago today Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States, was taken prisoner by the Fourth Michigan cavalry in an early morning surprise near Greensville, Ga.

Today, Thomas Mile Hunter, 79 years old, veteran of seventy-three Civil war engagements, sat in an old arm chair on the front porch of his country home two miles from here and recounted reminiscences of that tragic period.

The president of the Confederacy was not attired in feminine apparel when the Michigan troopers surrounded his little encampment, asserts Veteran Hunter, historical statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

"He wore a gentleman's morning robe over his regular clothes," said the aged soldier. "On his head was an old stripped bonnet. He did not have on any woman's belongings. There wasn't even any strings on his bonnet. He was a man sure enough."

The Michigan troopers 419 of them with 10 officers, were preparing for rest after three days and nights of marching from Macon, Soldier Hunter said, when they espied a little camp secluded amidst a cluster of saplings. An advance guard was sent on a few shots were fired, the entire regiment swooped down, and the camp was taken.

Jefferson Davis, his wife and four children, John H. Regan, his postmaster general; a staff of aides, servants and some others, were found.

"I am the man you are looking for," the veteran quoted Mr. Davis.

"We all surrounded him," Mr. Hunter continued. "Colonel Pritchard did the talking for us. We were all happy and wanted to celebrate. That made Davis mad, and he said "you fellows think you are smart to capture a camp of woman and children. Well, you are not. This is vandalism."

The camp was closely guarded that night and once the Confederate president left his tent and attempted to walk away, only to be betrayed by his spurs and he tripped over a log, Hunter said.

"We took him to Macon two days later," Hunter said. "Then 22 men escorted him to Washington and surrendered him to General Miles."

Mr. Hunter said the men of his regiment were given a $300 bonus for the capture, it being rewarded in 1868 and finally paid nineteen years later.

Aside from Hunter, Henry Windsor of Wayne, Mich., is said to be the only survivor of the column which surrounded the Davis camp.

Parsons, Kan., May 10. - Jasper Taylor, of Salina, assisted in the capture of Jefferson Davis. About 25 years ago he received his $200 reward for assisting in the capture.

"Jeff Davis was not dressed in a gentleman's morning robe when he was captured," Jasper Taylor, aged 80, one of those who received part of the governments reward for the capture of the president of the southern confederacy, declared today. "On the contrary, he was dressed like a woman. I saw him when he came out of the ambulance he was riding in. I saw Hussey, a private in my own company - that was Company C, First Wisconsin cavalry - hoist the hood Davis had on his head. He was wearing pantalettes, too, which woman wore at the time. Davis was coming out of the door of the ambulance when we heard a woman's voice call out to him.

"Mother. Let me get that water, you're too old." "Then Hussy hoisted the hood and said:

"You're the very mother we are all looking for."

"My opinion is that Davis was trying to make his escape in that woman's regalia."

Mr. Taylor also takes exceptions to Thomas Hunter's story on two other points. There were no woods where Davis was captured, and the shots fired were from the "Michigan's" and Mr. Taylor's own unit, he maintains.

The above account is probably as nearly a correct account of the capture of Davis as one has a right to expect after fifty-seven years has elapsed and most of the participants in the event are dead and those that are still living have grown old and forgetful that their stories are not always to be relied on.

My battery, the 18th Indiana, was a part of the first division of Wilson's Calvary Corps which accomplished the capture.

The battery was not with the 4th Michigan, Colonel Pritchard, and the First Wisconsin, Colonel Herndon, the two regiments who captured and brought Davis into Macon. I was at General Wilson's headquarters in Macon when the ex-president of the confederacy was brought in, and saw him, Mrs. Davis, his postmaster-general Regan and other members of the party when they alighted from an ambulance and a covered wagon and walked into the hotel where General Wilson had his headquarters.

I was well acquainted with both of the colonels above mentioned, having campaigned with them some eighteen months. I had a talk with colonel Pritchard, and as I remember it he told me that when the Davis party was surrounded some of the troopers went to Davis' tent and met at the opening one that appeared to be a woman clothed in a long waterproof cloak the hood of which was drawn over the persons' head. Mrs. Davis came to the opening and said to the trooper, "Please let my old mother go to the spring for a bucket of water." The trooper, evidently suspicious, with his sword raised the waterproof cloak and exposed the cavalry boots and spurs and the event was closed by making Davis a prisoner.

Another feature of the story, and this came from some of the Davis party, that when our men were discovered approaching the tent Mrs. Davis threw her cloak over her husband's shoulders and urged him to escape.

The above details of the capture were generally credited by men and officers of the cavalry corps at Macon. (The Holton Recorder, May 18, 1922.)

Fifty-eight years ago today at 5 o'clock in the morning Jefferson Davis and his party were captured near Irwinsville, Georgia, some forty miles southeast of Macon by detachments of the 4th Michigan and the 1st Wisconsin regiments. These two regiments formed a part of the First Division, commanded by General E. M. McCook of Wilson's Cavalry Corps. My battery, the 18th Indiana, was a part of this division. The battery was encamped near Macon, resting up after the Wilson raid from Eastport, Miss., through Alabama and Georgia to Macon.

That same evening I, as did all the commanders of regiments and batteries, received a note from General Wilson informing me that the ex-president of the new defunct Confederacy would arrive at headquarters some time the following forenoon, which was interrupted by the officers as an invitation to be on hand to witness the reception. We were all on hand. No order received during the war was ever received and obeyed with more alacrity, not even an order to fall back out of a position too hot to hold, than was this invitation. Not only the officers, but a large majority of the cavalry corps of 12,000 men filled the street and sidewalk leading to the hotel where General Wilson has his headquarters. I secured a place on the stoop or veranda entrance to headquarters where I had an unobstructed view of the ambulance and covered wagons that brought the ex-president, his wife and daughter Winnie, Postmaster General of the Confederacy Regan and other members of the party as they walked past me into the hotel. As to the story printed somewhat broadcast that Davis had attempted to make his escape dressed as a woman, the only facts justifying it was that Mrs. Davis threw her waterproof cloak over his shoulders and asked the soldiers effecting the capture to let her "old mother" go to the spring nearby for a bucket of water with which to take their toilets.

About a month before this capture we had received the joyful news of the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's and Johnston's armies, and then a few days alter the terrible news of Lincoln's assassination. Alternately joy and gloom, sunshine and clouds. As a matter of fact that I guess is the experience of mankind generally in peace as well as in war times. (The Holton Recorder, May 10, 1923.)

It was in the spring of 1869 that W. T. Scott planned a trip to Kansas. Alec Siddens, who lived a neighbor to us in Putnam county, Indiana, had in some way become possessed of a quarter section of land in this county near where the town of Denison was later located. Hearing of Mr. Scott's contemplated trip he came to out store and insisted that he, Scott, visit Jackson county and ascertain something of the value of this quarter section. Alec was and had been a good customer of our store and Mr. Scott, desirous of favoring him, promised to visit Holton

and look at the quarter.

If Mr. Siddens had not happened to own this quarter section, there is not probability that Mr. Scott would have set foot in this county, or that I would ever have become a resident. We are all, more or less, the creatures of circumstances. (The Holton Recorder, March 29, 1928.)

I have no disposition to court a controversy with Church White or with anyone else on what became of Bill Anderson or where he met his end. Mr. White's statement may be absolutely correct, although it conflicts with information and alleged facts drawn from an episode that occurred in 1869.

I, with my brother Dave and two brothers-in-law, Howard and Wallace Scott, with two teams, were moving from Indiana to Kansas; along near sundown one early October evening, we halted in front of a farm house in eastern Linn County, Mo. On our right and enclosed was a grass plot, and on our left a fine orchard, the trees loaded and the ground under some of the trees were covered with fine, luscious apples. Down a lane and beyond the orchard was a good looking farm house and a fine barn, into the mow of which a man was pitching a load of hay.

I struck out across the orchard to interview the hay pitcher. Coming near I observed that the man was a pretty rough looking customer, with seamed face nearly hid by long, straggling gray whiskers. His hair, of the same hue, was also long and tangled.

I spoke to him but he returned no response, but kept on pitching hay. I explained to him that we were movers and would like to buy some hay for our horses. In a very gruff manner he informed me that he did not have any hay to sell. I then remarked that he had a fine orchard and would he sell me some apples? In the same gruff voice he said he had no apples to sell. I started back to the wagon well satisfied that the horses would probably have aplenty of hay and that we would not be entirely destitute of apples.

Three of our crowd had been in the army only a short time before and had formed a sort of habit of not going hungry or not permitting our horses to suffer for food when there was any around handy. I had not got out of hearing when he called to me and told me to come over and get all the hay and apples we wanted without money and without price. He also informed me that if we cared for milk to drink or cream for coffee or butter for our bread to send over to the house and get us enough for a day or two.

After supper he came out and introduced himself as "Old Bill Anderson. The bushwhacker," and entertained us until midnight with wild stories of his achievements during the war and of his trips to St. Louis with stock after the war.

Of course he may not have been Bill Anderson at all, but assumed that character to frighten us of for some other reason. He certainly looked and acted out the character to perfection. All I can assert confidently is that we had plenty of cream and butter and rambo apples to last us a day or two, and that he was the only Missourian we met on the trip through the state who did not get all the money possible out of us. (The Holton Recorder, Augusta 2, 1913.)

Thirty-seven years ago tomorrow we first saw Jackson county and Holton. The writer, with his brother, D. D. Beck, S. H. Scott and J. T. Scott, had come from Indiana in wagons. We camped the night before near Effingham and struck out on the morning of the 11th across the prairie in the direction of Arrington Mills. After passing Effingham, which consisted of a railroad station, a store or two, and a few one story residences, I do not think we saw more than two or three improved farms until we came to the mills. Here we crossed Grasshopper and our road lay through raw, wild, uncultivated prairie until we arrived at the N. D. Lewis place three miles east of Holton. Between that place and town there were several residences and partially improved farms.

Holton then had between three and four hundred inhabitants. …Thirty-seven years is a long time when looking forward but when looking back it seems but a brief span, and yet, how many changes have occurred in that time; how much of success, of failure, of joy, of sorrow, of hopes realized and of disappointment, no one but the Recording Angel can ever estimate. (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, October 4, 1906.)

Thirty-seven years ago, the writer with some of his comrades started from Louisville, Kentucky, to Chattanooga, Tennessee. Owing to some obstacles which beset the road and interfered with travel in that direction, we were just one year on the road. When some of us got there finally, we met with a somewhat warm reception. In fact it was hot. They came out to meet us and sent us their compliments in the shape of thirty-two pound shells accompanied with salvos of artillery. It beat the average Fourth of July for noise, and we think it was even more dangerous to life and limb. To use a modern slang phrase, "we got there just the same," and notwithstanding some serious difficulties and urgent inducements to leave, remained until we got ready to

advance in the direction of the Confederacy's last ditch.

Two days ago, we, with a couple of comrades, J. A. and S. H. Scott, started on a second visit to this noted section of our now united and common country. Instead of labored marches, we rode in palace cars at the rate of forty miles an hour. Instead of hardtack and bacon, and coffee made from the water out of surface ponds covered with green scum, we breakfasted, dined and supped at first-class eating houses. Instead of camping out in the mud and snow, frequently with nothing to protect us from the falling snow or rain, we slept in luxurious Pullman berths with an attentive, polite porter to black our shoes and anticipate our every want. He also anticipated a liberal tip when we were called to finally bid him adieu. On our route, instead of looking out on country cursed with the institution of slavery and forty years behind the times because of this curse, with the added desolation of war's destructive hand, we passed thrifty plantations and prosperous beautiful towns and cities, built up by capital and enterprise, largely from the north. Instead of a hostile people who looked upon us as invaders and resented our coming, and "welcomed us with bloody hands to hospitable graves," we met a truly grateful and hospitable people who with the hearty handshake and the pleasant countenance showed that their greeting of welcome was as sincere as it was cordial.

On Tuesday morning, the 19th, we left our sleeper and walked out of the depot, and our eyes rested upon a scene which was the result of the changes wrought by enterprise, labor and capital, encouraged and protected by a munificent free government. On the location where the old two-story Crutchfield house, then the most imposing edifice in the city, stood, we saw the magnificent five-story Reed House, a hotel that in every respect will compare favorably with the best hotel in the largest cities of the north. All around where thirty-five years ago stood old ramshackle frame buildings, are now splendid modern business houses, reaching for blocks in every direction, with elegant paved streets, traversed by electric street railway.

Was this Chattanooga? Certainly not the Chattanooga we knew in war times before General John T. Wilder and his associate business men went there and developed the immense coal and iron interests of that section, and taught them how to transform a slow halting stagnant old country into a rich, thriving, hustling mart of trade and commerce. There was absolutely nothing to remind us of the Chattanooga of 1865, until we raised our eyes. Looking due north we saw across the river Stringer's Ridge, where in August, 1863, Wilder's Brigade, with the Eighteenth Indiana Battery, attracted the attention of Bragg's army by shelling the city while General Rosecrans was executing his flank movement, which in nine days compelled Bragg to retreat and give up the city to the meager force in this isolated position, at least two day's march over two ranges of mountains from the main army.

In the same direction, but nearer, loomed up Cameron Hill, which thirty-five years ago was a bald rocky mound some three hundred feet high, but now improved covered to the summit with elegant residences, surrounded by lawns and shade trees. Looking east and southeast some three to five miles distant, was Missionary Ridge, which furnished a strong and apparently impregnable position occupied by Gen. Bragg's army when after the bloody battles of Chickamauga he held our starving army cooped up until the very boys he thought he had whipped at Chickamauga, and whom he had been trying to starve, a couple of months later charged up its rugged steep sides and sent Bragg with his defeated legions flying toward Ringgold.

Looking to the southwest, and only three or four miles distant, there loomed up two or three thousand feet above the river, which washes its base, Lookout Mountain, where one morning Fighting Joe Hooker and his eastern boys fought the battle above the clouds and drove that portion of the rebel army across the valley to Bragg just in time to share in the general defeat and retreat.

Yes, this was Chattanooga. There was no question of it. There is not another city in the United States with such grand scenery and historic surroundings.

There is no language that will give to those who have never been soldiers a very clear idea of the feeling of fraternity and love that exists between comrades who campaigned together for two or three years during the war for the Union. As time passes and the "boys" grow older this feeling of fraternity strengthens and as a result becomes more interesting and important to those who are able to attend. There were at its organization 160 men in the Eighteenth Indiana Battery. Only twelve of them were able to get to Chattanooga last week. Besides the three from Holton, there were Lieutenant W. B. Rippetoe, a Methodist minister from Knoxville, Tenn. Rippetoe was not only a member of the Battery for the entire three years of service, but was with the writer in Company K, Sixteenth Indiana Infantry, the first year of the war. After associating with him for four
years we are prepared to say that he was one of the few men who entered the army a zealous Christian and never for a moment, under any circumstances, laid aside his Christianity. From what we can learn of him we should also class him with the many whom after the war entered the Christian ministry and took his patriotism with him

and never under the most trying circumstances laid it aside or abated it in any degree. Two years after the war, when he had completed his education and entered the ministry, he cheerfully at the request of the Bishop made a life sacrifice by going to Tennessee, where he has labored for thirty years, mostly among the poor and needy. Moses, when he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, did not in our judgment make the sacrifice that W. B. Rippetoe did.

There was W. E. Starr, who entered the battery a sickly spindling youth of sixteen but soon developed into one of the best soldiers that ever wore Uncle Sam's blue, and was finally made first sergeant of the battery. For the past twenty years he has been city marshal of Greencastle, Ind.

Then there was Henry Campbell, of Crawfordsville, Ind., another boy who had to deceive the recruiting officer a year or two in regard to his age to get in. He was made bugler of the battery and was such a splendid soldier that in 1864 he was recommended for and received a lieutenant's commission in another organization. For years after the war he was a leading merchant in Crawfordsville, Ind., and is now an officer in one of the leading banks in that city.

Robert Madden, whose home was in Lockport, New York, happened to be visiting in Indiana when the Battery as being organized, and having a preference for this arm of the service, joined. He was soon made a gunner, and we doubt if there was a man in either army who could sight a gun with more judgment and accuracy than Gunner Madden. He is now in the manufacturing business at his old home in York State.

Bazil Tilson, of Pendleton, Ind., was a messmate of Madden's, both being in the same gun detachment. We wish our readers could have seen these two men meet as we did on the streets of Chattanooga last week. Mr. Tilson was another soldier who was always ready for duty, and who was loved and respected by his officers and comrades. He is now a prosperous farmer and lives near Pendleton.

Hosier Durbin was another member of No. 1 gun. While a soldier, then whom there were none better, he was one of those jolly, cheerful, never despondent boys who made more fun than a cage of monkeys and did more to keep his comrades from giving down under the hardships of camp life than all the doctors and hospital stores to which we had access. He is now a well-to-do citizen of Omaha, Neb., and is as full of fun as ever.

Wm. J. Wolf, a prominent dentist of Brazil, Ind., was with us, and every one was glad to see him. He is president of the Battery Association, which honorable position was given to him because of his popularity, efficiently and faithful interest in all that can or may interest his comrades, as an indication of his standing in the company when we were all surrounded by circumstances and conditions which thoroughly tested the stuff out of which we were formed.

W. O. Crouse had been the faithful and hard-working secretary of the Battery Association ever since its organization, and he never neglects an opportunity to keep tab on the location and condition of ex-members of the Battery. He was sergeant and commander of a gun squad, and there never was a time when his gun was not on the firing line doing execution when the fight was on. Comrade Crouse is now a prominent citizen of Lafayette, Ind., engaged in the insurance business.

Albert Allen, of Shelbyville, Ill., and the popular and efficient clerk of that county, found time to get away from his official duties and be with us. Mr. Allen was been attending to the duties of county clerk in that city for we do not know how many years, and the end is not yet in sight. The reason the people keep him in office so long is because at home he practices the same faithful adherence to duty that he did when he was a corporal in the battery. His popularity seems to be as great there in his Illinois home as it was among his comrades in the army. We were all rejoiced to see him once more.

The twelve of us were together nearly all the time we remained at Chattanooga. On Tuesday forenoon we visited Stringer's Ridge and climbed up to Ft. Wilder, from which position the battery for nine days bombarded Chattanooga. Together we visited the National Cemetery, a beautiful place, where the bones of Corporals Abe McCorkle and Frank Greenwood, two as brave men as ever gave life for their country, repose. Then on to Missionary Ridge, where one of the decisive battles of the war was fought.

On Wednesday morning we all boarded the cars and were in about a half hour landed at Battlefield Station, from whence we wended our way past Bloody Pond to what was the Widow Glen House, where the Brigade Monument is located. Here in the shadow of the massive and beautiful monument, the most prominent object on this historic battlefield, Sergeant Starr called the roll of the Battery and nearly every man was accounted for by those present. The place as well as the occasion was inspiring. Immediately on out left, and in full view, occurred the gap in our lines where Longstreet's legions charged through. Notwithstanding repeated charges. The brigade held the position for nearly two hours and wrought terrible destruction to the enemy by firing into

their flank. We would probably have been there yet if General Sheridan or some one else had not ordered us back to Chattanooga.

The monument is eighty feet high, the base is eighteen foot square and the shaft sixteen feet in diameter. It cost in the neighborhood of $15,000, which amount was contributed by members of the brigade, General Wilder himself giving a considerable portion of it. Here also is a monument to the Eighteenth Indiana Battery.

After the dedication of the monument we twelve Battery boys, including the ladies if the party, engaged wagons and rode over the battlefield. We first went to Alexander's bridge, where on Friday, the 18th, the brigade defended the crossing and kept the advance of the rebel army back for ten hours, thus giving Gen. Rosecrans time to get McCook's corps back into line. From Alexander's bridge we proceeded to the Vinard farm, where the Brigade and Battery had position in the Saturday's fight, and where we repulsed a charge by a division of Hood's corps, on which occasion the enemy left 2,000 dead and wounded in our front, and 500 prisoners in our hands. Here is another beautiful Eighteenth Battery monument erected by the state of Indiana.

While there the boys grouped around the monument and a daughter of Comrade Tilson and a daughter of comrade Hair took our pictures in two or three poses. From there we proceeded down the line two or three miles to Snodgrass Hill where Thomas held his position until night, repulsing every charge and thus saved the army of the Cumberland from defeat. It was a great day and one long to be remembered. (The Holton Recorder, September 28, 1899.)

The senior editor left this morning for Kansas City, where he will visit until Sunday, when he will go to Chattanooga to once more visit and view the ground were he, with the help of a few others, saved the country. The battery of which he was a lieutenant at that time, fired the first shell into Chattanooga some eighteen days before the battle of Chickamauga and some nine days before Bragg's army evacuated the place. Two brigades - Wilder's and Wagner's - with two batteries, the 18th and the 10th Indiana, held a position on Stringer's hill on the north side of the river, and within a mile of the city, during those nine days, from which they shelled the city every daylight hour during that time. They avoided, as much as possible, damaging residences and private property and aimed only at property occupied by the army.

Wm. Crutchfield, a Union man, who owned the Crutchfield House, the only respectable hotel in the town, and who after the war was elected a Republican congressman, swam the river and joined us and pointed out the places occupied by the militia.

Chattanooga at that time was a straggling, unsightly village or town if some two thousand inhabitants. Now it is a fine city of some fifty or sixty thousand; one of the boasted show places of the south. It is interesting to speculate what it would have been if the blight of slavery had not been removed.

Within a radius of twenty miles around this beautiful city, three of the important and decisive battles of the war were fought, the contending armies aggregating between two and three hundred thousand men. These battles were Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. The first was a draw, the latter two won by the Union forces and disposed the rebel army and drove them south never again to get possession of this strategically important point. Besides these three battles there were scores of lesser engagements and skirmishes fought in this locality. We have no idea that with the exception of Richmond, Virginia, there is no locality in the country of equal extent where so many brave Union and equally brave Confederate soldiers gave up their lives at the demand of what they regarded as duty to their country. (The Holton Recorder, September 11, 1913.)

To one who saw Chattanooga a half century ago and who saw it two weeks ago, the change is simply marvelous. The physical features are unchanged. The verdure clad mountains' and hills and valley in all their grandeur are still there. The beautiful Tennessee river, winding in and out between hills and mountains is there, a thing of beauty still, a joy forever to the beholder.

The wonderful thing is how art has improved and decorated nature. The rocky hills, cliffs and mountains enclosing the valleys were always grand and inspiring and always will be, but the work of art in building the fine roads and beautifying these hills with handsome residences, some of which are palatial, and the laying out and cultivating lovely grounds, thus transforming rugged hills into boulevards and parks of the greatest beauty, is what now fairly astonishes the visitor.

Fifty years ago the latter days of August, General Rosecrans detached two brigades, Wilder's and Wagener's, and two batteries, the 18th and 10th Ind., from the main army, which started on its way south across the river to flank Bragg's army out of Chattanooga, at that time regarded as a key to Georgia and Alabama. This detached force, starting at Dechard, crossed the Cumberland mountains, the beautiful Sequachie valley and Walden's

Ridge, striking the Tennessee river some twelve miles above Chattanooga's. From this point, Wilder's brigade, which was in the advance, made a forced march to Stringer's hills a range of hills some four or five hundred feet high on the north side and a half or three-quarters of a mile from the river. With the aid of ropes the battery was dragged up the summit of theses hills and from there we had our first view of Chattanooga.

As I remember, it was a straggling town, of possibly 2000 inhabitants. There were two business streets running from the river back up a narrow valley between Cameron Hill, a bare, rocky prominence some 200 feet high, and the lower rocky hills on the east. These two streets were lined here and there with old style business houses with here and there a dwelling that was apparently devoid of beautifying surroundings. The residential part of town was mostly scattered over these low, rocky hills and in the valley south of the town. Some two or more miles southwest of the town loomed Lookout Mountain and east and southwest was the range of hills called Missionary Ridge, two points that were made historic a couple of months later. Rosecrans, with the rest of the army, had crossed the river at Stevenson and Bridgeport and was separated from us by a river and two ranges of mountains and at least twenty or thirty miles. Just across the river in and around Chattanooga, was Bragg's army, 40,000 or more strong.

The first thing we did was to open fire with our guns and sink a ferry boat which was tied up to the wharf on the opposite bank of the river. There was not bridge across the river, that structure having been destroyed by General Mitchell earlier in the war. We next paid our respects to a river battery which had opened fire on us as soon as our position had been developed.

We varied the program by firing at such buildings as were occupied by quartermasters, commissaries and ordnance stores. We also occasionally fired at a train that came in from the south or that was starting out from the depot, which was at the south end of one of the streets mentioned, but as the distance was some two miles we could not tell what execution we did. I guess we must have at the least scared them, as mighty few trains came in sight during our stay of nine days. After our possession of the city, we found two or three jagged holes in the depot.

The first day or two the enemies' guns did not get our range very well, and we became a little over-confident and careless; then a thirty-two pound shot found us. It passed between the wheels of the gun carriage and under the gun, took off the leg of a soldier who was setting in the rear of the gun and killed four horses. After that we were more careful and this was our only casualty. The soldier died from the effects of the shot a few days after. His name was Abram McCorkle, and was an uncle of our Holton fellow citizen, E. E. McCorkle.

The question may arise in the minds of some readers why did an army of forty thousand allow such a small detachment of two brigades to hold a position in firing distance of the town for nine days. Well, there are two answers to that query. One is that there being no bridges or boats available, and to lay a pontoon in the face of two brigades, one armed with Spencer repeating rifles, and six rifled rodman, and six rifled parott guns, was no easy job. Another answer is that our force had been sent to that point to occupy the attention of the enemy made a diversion in favor of and to help Rosecrans, who was making his flank movement on the city. It would under the conditions have taken at least 10,000 men to have routed us from our position, and General Rosecrans would have been delighted to have had the enemy forces weakened to such an extent, while making his flank movement.

When Bragg excavated Chattanooga on September 10th, we forded the river near the north end of Missionary Ridge and followed as far as Tunnell Hill, skirmishing with his rear guard every mile or two.

Eight days later, on September 18, the battle of Chickamauga was commenced at Alexander's and Reed's bridges across the Chickamauga river. I have traveled around during and since the war through some thirty states and have seen many beautiful places, but I declare without hesitation and confident of no successful contradiction, that Chattanooga and vicinity is the most attractive show place in the country, and that I saw nothing in my brief tour in Europe that compared with it. (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1913.)